




WITHDRAWN

UNCLE SAM'S CAMELS

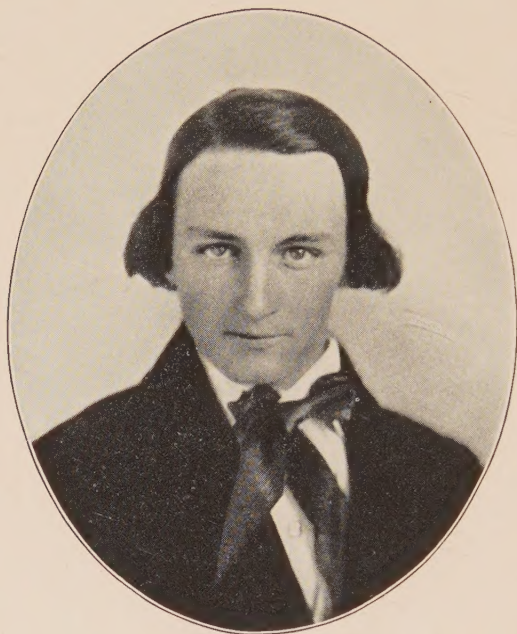
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(Photo by Bachrach)

MAY HUMPHREYS STACEY
(MAY, 1857)

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

UNCLE SAM'S CAMELS

THE JOURNAL OF MAY HUMPHREYS STACEY
SUPPLEMENTED BY THE REPORT OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE
(1857-1858)

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TO

HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON

MASTER TEACHER
SINCERE FRIEND

PREFACE

HEREIN is brought together the story of the little-known camel experiment during the fifties of the last century, an episode constituting one step in the consolidation of a nation. The Journal of May Humphreys Stacey is edited and published for the first time; the Report of Edward Fitzgerald Beale, who headed the expedition, is printed in full in the Appendix, thus bringing that important contribution out from its obscurity as part of a government document. These two journals, together with introductory and concluding chapters, constitute an attempt on my part to bring together a history of the fate of the camels in the West. In many of the footnotes will be found extracts from Beale's *Report* at points where Lieutenant Beale referred to the camels or to matters of particular interest to the readers of Stacey's *Journal*.

Thanks are due to the family of May Humphreys Stacey, especially Bridgham Curtis, Mrs. Edward Curtis, Mrs. C. C. Eyre, Miss Natalie R. Stacey, and George D. Curtis, who have made this publication possible. I am also deeply indebted to Dr. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California for his constant encouragement, one of his many splendid traits which has led his students on in their historical research even in the face of seemingly insurmountable barriers.

L. B. L.

*Bancroft Library, University of California
Berkeley, California
August, 1929*

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Part I

**ORGANIZATION OF
THE "CAMEL BRIGADE"**

ORGANIZATION OF THE "CAMEL BRIGADE"

BURIED away in government reports and in books not generally handled by the public is a story of unfailing interest, that of the first and last "Camel Brigade" which made its way from San Antonio, Texas, to Bakersfield, California, in the late fifties of the last century. For many years after this unusual experiment frequent reports were made to incredulous listeners concerning camels sighted from trails and camps. Such statements were labelled as effects of the mirages so common to the desert area and invariably suffered the fate of the alleged "fish story." We now know that real camels were wandering the desert wastes, and the story of the transplantation of these animals from the Near East to our own country involved a governmental experiment of great importance. Men and beasts were employed in an attempt to link up the expanding commerce and defence of two portions of a rapidly growing nation, and in the background stands the figure of the romantic militarist, that dreamer of national expansion, Jefferson Davis. If at times the story seems to touch on the comic, one must stop and recall the feverish haste of the period, the confusion of aims, for now the "fabulous forties" were melting into the fascinating fifties, and the locale of the new decade was the Far West.

By the year 1850, the problem of the unification of the East and the West was acute. The Mexican War and the discovery of gold in California had been episodes calling

for immediate governmental aid for the new frontier. In the Southwest there was the frontier to be protected, routes of communication to be laid out, preparations made for the onward march of empire. The "Iron Horse" was about to be extended across the vast area of the West, and the breathless race of the interests of North and South for first honors was introduced in the southern section of the United States by the strange camel experiment.

Indians, traders, trappers, and pioneers had crossed the trails of the Southwest before, but in the early fifties a new road was visioned by Jefferson Davis, one that would serve as a prelude to the coming of the "Iron Horse." The first suggestion of the use of the camel in this period came from military officials who were constantly combating Indians on the frontier. Supplies were slow in reaching the forts of the Southwest, and it seemed plausible that the rapid-moving camel would solve the problem of transportation in that regard. As early as 1836, Major George H. Crosman, U. S. A., after service in Florida, broached the matter of the camels to the proper authorities in Washington. While in that city he met Major Henry C. Wayne, who took up Crosman's idea, and, in 1848, suggested that the War Department send to the Near East for a group of camels for use in the frontier military service. To Major Wayne goes the credit of pointing out to Jefferson Davis, then United States Senator from Mississippi, the feasibility of such a scheme. Mr. Davis plunged whole-heartedly into the plan and spent a great deal of time in interviews and study on the subject.¹

1. C. C. Carroll, *The government's importation of camels: a historical sketch*, Washington, 1904, 392. This excellent monograph contains an account of these early efforts.

This was not the first time that the idea of bringing camels from the Old World to the New had been broached. Very early in the history of the Spanish conquest a Biscayan, Juan de Reineza, had attempted to introduce camels into Peru, apparently with some success, for near the latter part of the sixteenth century camels were seen near the base of the Andes Mountains. Another record states that in 1701 a slave trader brought some camels into Virginia. There were also reports of camels in Jamaica.¹

In 1853, Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, and one of his first acts was to turn with renewed interest to his plans for the camel military corps. In his new work Mr. Davis saw even more clearly than before the need of some effective source of relief for the frontier military situation. In his report to the President, dated December 1, 1853, Davis urged Congressional action in the interests of camel importation.² "For military purposes, for expresses, and for reconnoissances, it is believed, the dromedary would supply a want now seriously felt in our service; and for transportation with troops rapidly moving across the country, the camel, it is believed, would remove an obstacle which now serves greatly to diminish the value and efficiency of our troops on the western frontier."³

Davis' recommendation of 1853 did not succeed in moving Congress to action, but it did serve to encourage a group of people in New York who organized and chartered "The American Camel Company," whose object was the

1. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 391.

2. *Report of the Secretary of War*, December 1, 1853, 33d Congress, 1st Session, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc., No. 1, Part II. Washington, 1853.

3. *Ibid.*, 25.

importation of camels to be sent to the West as aids to transportation there. This company early died out.¹ In his report of December, 1854, Davis renewed his appeals for Congressional action. "I again invite attention to the advantages to be anticipated from the use of camels and dromedaries for military and other purposes, and, for the reasons set forth in my last annual report, recommend that an appropriation be made to introduce a small number of the several varieties of this animal, to test their adaptation to our country."²

When the Committee met to frame the annual army appropriation bill it omitted any reference to the camels. In the Senate a champion appeared in Senator Shields of Illinois, who amended the bill, attaching an appropriation of \$30,000, "to be expended under the direction of the War Department in the purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries to be employed for military purposes." The amended bill passed in both the Senate and the House of Representatives on March 3, 1855.³

Meanwhile, Secretary Davis was impressed with the enthusiastic reception of his scheme among officers stationed along the frontier; particularly encouraging was the attitude of Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California and Nevada. Beale had fought in the Mexican War in California as a Lieutenant in the Navy; he had brought the first California gold East. In every way Beale justified what his friend and fellow traveller, Bayard Taylor, called him —

1. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 393.

2. *Report of the Secretary of War*, December 4, 1854, 33d Congress, 2d Session, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc., No. 1, Part II, 8.

3. J. B. McMaster, *History of the people of the United States*, VIII, 365.

“a pioneer in the path of empire.” After the Mexican War, Beale resigned from the Navy and began a series of exploring expeditions in the Southwest. Late in 1852, he received his appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, as above mentioned, and served in that capacity until 1857.¹

While with Kit Carson in an exploration of Death Valley, California, Beale had conceived the idea that the camel would solve the problem of the conquest of waterless wastes of the desert. Particularly was Beale influenced by the reading of Abbé Huc's *Travels in China and Tartary*, which dwelt at some length upon the values of the camel for commerce and travel. Soon we find Lieutenant Beale in Washington, where he met Davis, and together these two enthusiasts looked forward to the arrival in the United States of the first camels.

At the time that Congress passed the necessary legislation for the importation of the camels, Beale was living in Chester, Pennsylvania, vacationing from the Indian service, and he urged his relative, David Dixon Porter, to apply for the command of the expedition about to leave for the Levant to secure camels for experimental purposes in the Southwest. Porter did as he was requested, and was appointed jointly to share the command with Major Henry C. Wayne, whom we have met before in this narrative.²

1. The facts of Beale's life are taken from the standard work on his career: S. Bonsal, *Edward Fitzgerald Beale, a pioneer in the path of empire, 1822-1903*. Beale became a Brigadier-General by appointment of the Governor of California, and later served as Minister to Austria-Hungary during the administration of President Grant.

2. *Report of the Secretary of War respecting the purchase of camels for the purpose of military transportation*, 34th Congress, 3d Session, Senate, Ex. Doc., No. 62, Washington, 1857, 13-15. The following account of the journey to the

Porter was to have charge of the store-ship *Supply*, which was to convey the animals; Wayne was to take care of the business end of the venture.

Wayne first visited England, where he arrived in June, 1855. After a careful study of the camels at the London Zoölogical Garden, he proceeded to Paris and Genoa, and in the latter city learned of the arrival of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Porter at Spezzia, Italy, late in July. While awaiting the arrival of Wayne, Porter had visited the farm of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, about eight miles from Pisa, where there were two hundred and fifty camels "doing work equal to that of a thousand horses."

The commanders of the expedition felt that it was high time to secure at least one camel for study and experimentation, and, with this purpose in mind, journeyed to Tunis, where, late in July, they arrived. The first animal was purchased early in August; just a few days before the Bey of Tunis presented Major Wayne with two good specimens. The three animals were loaded on the *Supply*, where they seemed "as comfortable as if they were on shore."¹

It is interesting to note one of the first lessons gained by the commanders concerning the actual nomenclature of "camel land." Natural historians had designated the two-humped animal as the camel and the one-humped as the dromedary. Wayne differed with the scientists, and here are his own words: "I shall use the word 'camel' as generic,

Near East and the return to Indianola, Texas, is taken from this fascinating report of Secretary Davis.

Wayne was afterward rewarded with a gold medal by a scientific society in Paris for his services on this expedition.

1. *Ibid.*, 26.

including both the two-humped and the one-humped species, which I shall distinguish from each other by the qualifications of the countries from which they are said to have originally come — Bactria and Arabia. I shall call the two-humped animal ‘the Bactrian camel,’ and the one-humped ‘the Arabian camel,’ confining the term dromedary to the saddle or riding variety of the Arabian camel, there being no riding animal, as far as I have been able to ascertain, of the Bactrian species.”¹

The expedition next visited Malta, Smyrna, Salonica, and Constantinople, reaching the latter city in October. Into the very thick of the forces engaged in the Crimean War went these intrepid searchers for camels, and at Bala-klava they learned that the Arabian camel was indispensable to the British military force. The average camel load was six hundred pounds, carried twenty-five to thirty miles a day. A corps of men mounted on the camels could make as much as seventy miles in twelve hours! Furthermore, “upon arriving at the scene of operations the dromedaries were made to kneel in a square — forming as it were a base of operations from which others operated as infantry. . . . In case of extremity, the square offered a cover under which the one thousand men could find comparative shelter behind the animals, who were prevented from rising by a hobble on the foreleg, and use their rifles most effectively.”²

The *Supply* now headed for Egypt, where it arrived at Alexandria in December, 1855. A law had been promulgated by the ruler of the country forbidding the exporta-

1. *Ibid.*, 52.

2. *Ibid.*, 31.

tion of any camels, but a special permit was granted, and on January 22, 1856, the *Supply* sailed with nine dromedaries and the Tunis camel on board. On January 30, Smyrna was reached, and the remainder of the shipment was brought together. Then arose the problem of loading the camels on to the ship. First a flat-bottomed boat twenty feet long and seven feet wide was built, and also a large "camel car" which was made to fit snugly into the boat. The camel was coaxed or forced into the car which was then mounted on trucks and rolled down the beach and on to the boat. Two camels were loaded each hour. (See Plate I.)

On the morning of the 15th of February, 1856, the strange ship left Smyrna for the United States, with its load of thirty-three camels, and it proved to be one of the most unique and interesting of all nautical voyages. One camel died en route, and two were born. One especially fine animal was on board, an enormous fellow, seven feet and five inches in height, ten feet long, nine feet nine inches in girth, and weighing two thousand pounds. Lieutenant Porter was forced to cut a hole in the floor of the deck which served as a ceiling for the camel stable in order to give room for the hump of the animal!

What a stormy trip it was! Gales all of the way across the Atlantic, and frequently, during weeks on end, it was necessary to tie the camels down in a kneeling position (see Plate II), which did not seem to bother the patient animals in the least. Every care was exercised for the welfare of the camels during the long voyage, and cleanliness was the watchword, thanks to the labors of Lieutenant Porter. The Arabs, brought along to take care of the animals,

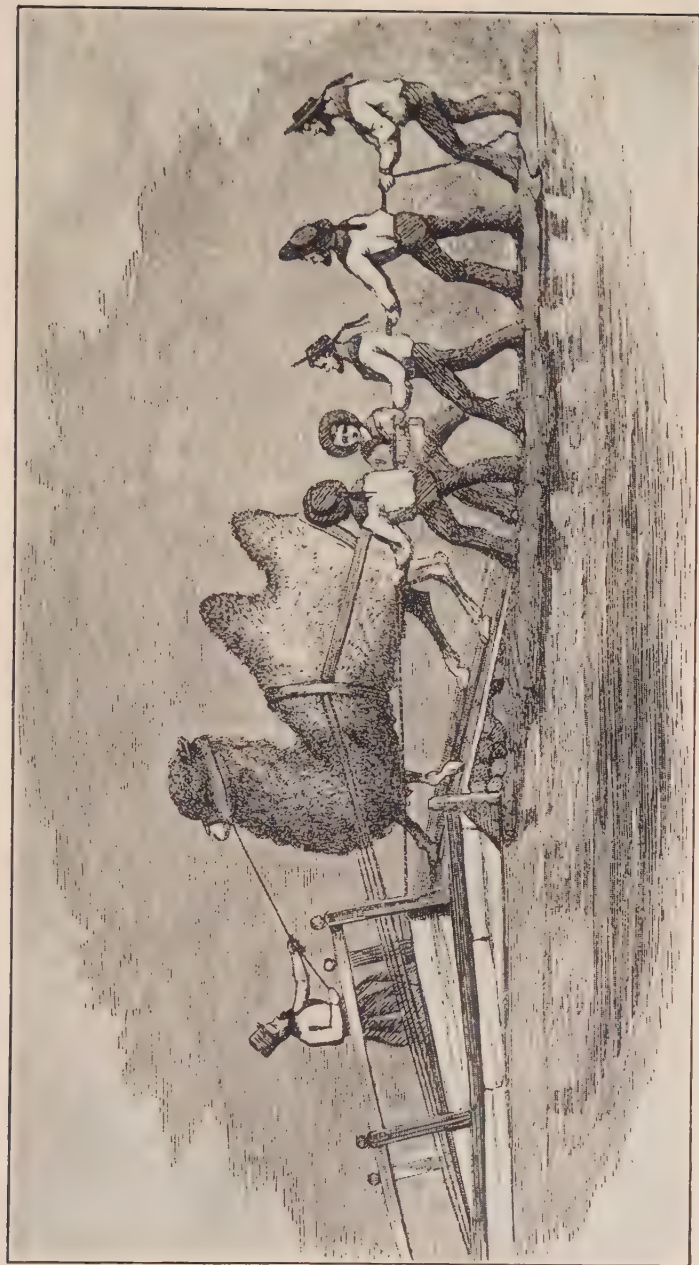


PLATE I.—EMBARKATION OF THE CAMELS AT SMYRNA, 1856

(From a Plate in Jefferson Davis' *Report to the Secretary of War*)

proved worthless, and the full burden fell upon the American crew.¹

After a journey of three months the *Supply* landed at Indianola, Texas, a small port about one hundred and twenty miles south of Galveston, on May 14, 1856. On being landed, the camels, feeling once again the solid earth beneath them, "became excited to an almost uncontrollable degree, rearing, kicking, crying out, breaking halters, tearing up pickets, and by other fantastic tricks demonstrating their enjoyment of the 'liberty of the soil.' " ²

Porter was at once ordered back to Asia Minor to secure another load of camels and was back at Indianola on February 10, 1857, with a fresh supply of forty-four of the animals.

Meanwhile, Major Wayne had proceeded to San Antonio with the camels, where he arrived on June 18, 1856, after a journey of two weeks. The trip was made in hot weather and over dusty roads, but the animals travelled without suffering, and arrived in the best of condition. A temporary camp was made at Major Howard's ranch on the Medina River, twelve miles from San Antonio. Major Wayne seems to have misunderstood his orders, for he was roundly scolded by the Quartermaster-General at Washington for expecting to experiment with camel-breeding rather than to determine only the fitness of the animals for military service.

A permanent camp was selected at Green Valley (Val Verde), about sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, where extensive experimentations were soon undertaken. The

1. For Lieutenant Porter's account of the voyage see *ibid.*, 103-132.

2. *Ibid.*, 98.

camp was known as Camp Verde. The camels arrived at their new home on August 26th, and were not given any very difficult tasks until Wayne felt they were thoroughly rested from their long sea trip. An interesting sidelight into the earnestness with which Major Wayne pursued his task is revealed in a letter of Jefferson Davis, dated September 24, 1856, where he says, "Will you send me the treatise on the 'Zembourek,' or, 'dromedary artillery,' either the French original or my translation; the original French I would prefer, as I had not time to make with my translation copies of all drawings."¹

One day, while in San Antonio with one of the camels, Wayne overheard a few remarks about the weakness of the camel when it came to carrying a heavy load. Calling a crowd about the animal, Wayne ordered a subordinate to bring four bales from the Quartermaster's forage-house. Ordering the camel to kneel, Wayne had two of the bales placed on him, a total of 613 pounds. Then, hearing doubts expressed around him as to the animal's ability to rise under them, Wayne ordered two more bales added, a total of 1,256 pounds! "To convey to you the surprise and sudden change of sentiment when the camel, at the signal, rose and walked off with his four bales of hay, would be impossible."² One of the first fruits of this episode was the publication of a lengthy verse on the subject by one of "the poets of Texas," but Wayne unfortunately forgot to clip the precious lines from the paper.

When the administration of President Buchanan came

1. *Ibid.*, 159. This interesting pamphlet is printed, in its English version, in *ibid.*, 201-238. The plates are fascinating.

2. *Ibid.*, 198. Major Wayne to Jefferson Davis, February 21, 1857.

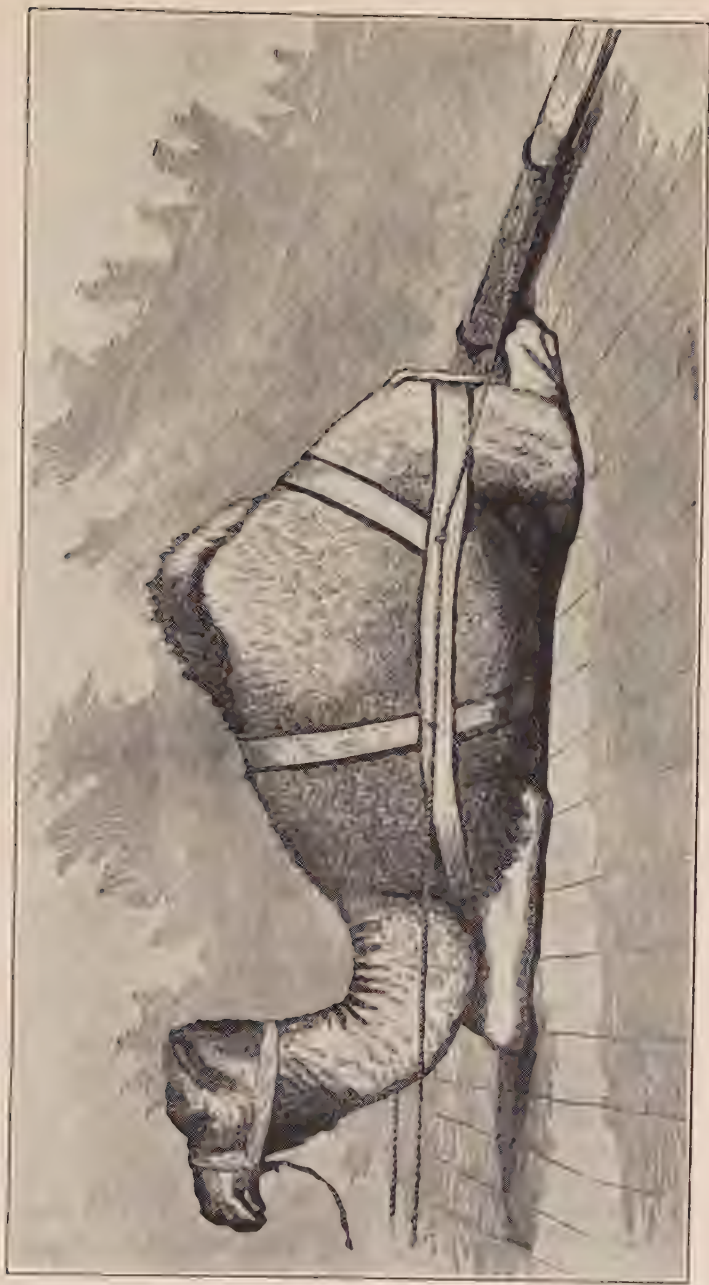


PLATE II. — "CAMEL SECURED FOR A GALE". — ON BOARD THE SHIP, EN ROUTE TO INDIANOLA, 1856
(From a Plate in Jefferson Davis' *Report to the Secretary of War*)

into office in March of 1857, John B. Floyd became Secretary of War. At this time Major Wayne was transferred to Washington, and the camels were left in less efficient hands at their camp. Camp Verde was meanwhile attracting more and more attention, and people came from miles around to see the "circus animals."¹

Secretary of War Floyd took up the work so earnestly prosecuted by Jefferson Davis and, in the fall of 1857, ordered a survey made of a wagon route from Fort Defiance, in New Mexico, to the Colorado River, near the thirty-fifth parallel. To the gratification of all concerned Lieutenant Edward F. Beale was chosen to head the expedition. Beale was first to go to Camp Verde, at San Antonio, Texas, where a part of the herd of camels was to be put at his disposal, for not only was a new route from New Mexico to California to be selected, but Beale was at the same time to test the fitness of the camel as a beast of burden on the deserts of the Southwest. Thus did Lieutenant Beale become commander of the first and last camel corps organized in the United States.²

At the time of the organization of this expedition Lieutenant Beale was sojourning in the quaint Quaker town of Chester, Pennsylvania. Among his friends and neighbors were several well-known families, that of David D. Porter, Davis Bevan Stacey, Judge Thomas H. Bell, and Dr. James J. Porter. Of course the expedition was the "talk of the town," and young May Stacey (son of D. B. Stacey) and his companion, Hampden Porter (son of Dr. James Porter) and Joseph Bell (son of Judge Bell) prevailed upon Lieu-

1. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 404.

2. S. Bonsal, *op. cit.*, 201; J. B. McMaster, *op. cit.*, VIII, 366.

tenant Beale and their parents to be taken along. Beale consented, as did the parents, and in his official Journal of the expedition refers to these eager lads as "my boys, May, Ham and Joe."¹ Beale and the "boys" made their way to San Antonio, and the "Wagon Route Expedition" left that town for Fort Defiance on June 25, 1857.

In his book *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, Lummis, speaking of the "ships of the deserts," says (p. 80): "An important and romantic chapter in the story of the Great American Desert is almost unknown today. It has never been adequately written, even from the exhaustive official documents in Washington; and it is late to write it now, for the personal recollections which would have embellished it have perished largely with the passing of those pioneers who took part in that curious drama."

In the following pages is published for the first time a journal of that strange camel corps as kept by one of the three "boys" so lovingly referred to by Beale — May Humphreys Stacey. One can easily imagine what it must have meant to a youth of nineteen to be included as a member of such a party. Stacey's Journal in almost every one of its items reveals over and over again the fact that in this lad Beale found a never-failing, brave and energetic aid to his efforts. Whenever there was a particularly hazardous and important piece of work to be done on the expedition, Stacey was always one of the members of the group selected by Beale for the undertaking.

Throughout the editing of the Journal I have drawn

1. E. F. Beale, *Report of survey of the wagon road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado River*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc., No. 124, May 10, 1858. This is Beale's log of the journey and is published as the Appendix of this book.

liberally from the log kept by Beale, and these documents, interwoven, tell the story of the "Camel Brigade." The author of this Journal, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel May Humphreys Stacey, had a background of ancestry traceable to Welsh-Quaker and Dutch sources of the most distinguished types. He was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 2, 1837. His mother, Sara Van Dycke, represented the Dutch stock, and the Welsh-Quaker side came to him from his father, Davis Bevan Stacey.

One of Colonel Stacey's ancestors was John Bevan, a friend of William Penn, and, in 1683, Bevan came to Pennsylvania from Wales, where he rendered valuable service in the settlement of the famous Welsh Tract and in the propagation of the Quaker faith. The great-grandfather of Colonel Stacey was Captain Davis Bevan, who served in the Continental Army.

May Humphreys Stacey had all of the advantages of the surroundings of a refined and well-educated family. He received the private school education available in the town of his birth but read widely in the large family library. From his earliest days Stacey was trained in horsemanship, a training that proved of inestimable value to him in later life. His was to be an adventuresome career. At the age of nineteen there was presented to him, through the long-standing friendship of the families of Stacey and Beale, the opportunity to accompany Lieutenant Beale on the expedition of 1857. The Journal here recorded was written during that experience and stands as a vivid testament of what the adventure meant to this brave youth.

At the end of the thrilling trip across the continent Colonel Stacey remained for some time in San Francisco

with an elder brother. Later, returning to Philadelphia, he was granted a commission in the United States Navy and received his first assignment for duty on the U. S. S. *Crusader*, which was at that time engaged in the task of intercepting slave traders in the West Indies.

Shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, Stacey was elevated to a position as First Lieutenant in the United States Army and was sent to join the First Battalion of the Twelfth United States Infantry, which was then organizing at Fort Hamilton in the state of New York. Stacey served faithfully all during the arduous Peninsula Campaign of McClellan and won mention for his bravery during the battle of Gaines' Mill, during which campaign he was badly wounded. As an Adjutant of the Battalion Stacey also served in the battles of the Second Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. (See Plate III.)

It was while he was on "sick leave" in 1863 that the famous "draft riots" broke out in New York City, and Stacey assisted in the command of a small force which succeeded in quelling the riots. Soon our author was back in the field, and we can follow his colorful fighting in Grant's well-known Wilderness Campaign and in the battles of the Fifth Corps from the Rappahannock to the James. During the siege of Petersburg, Stacey was on the staff of General Ayres and received two brevets for special bravery in action during subsequent battles.

By August 19, 1864, Stacey was promoted to a Captaincy in the Army, and during the closing campaigns of the war fought under Generals Hancock and Humphreys and was again rewarded with brevets in honor of his exceptional service. When the Civil War closed Stacey con-



(Photo by Bachrach)

PLATE III. — MAY HUMPHREYS STACEY AS A FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE
UNITED STATES ARMY, 1862 OR 1863

tinued in the Army. On December 9, 1867, he married Mary H. Banks, daughter of the Hon. Thaddeus Banks, and had three children, Delia, Aubrey, and Cromwell, all of whom are living.

For a time Stacey was attached to the staffs of Generals Canby and Emory and was on field service with his regiment at various posts in California, Nevada, and Arizona, later being stationed in New York at Plattsburg and Fort Ontario.

The years of prolonged service in the Army affected the health of Colonel Stacey, and in his forty-eighth year, February 12, 1886, he died at Fort Ontario, New York.

Part II

THE JOURNAL OF MAY HUMPHREYS STACEY,
SUPPLEMENTED BY SELECTIONS
FROM THE
REPORT OF EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE

THE JOURNAL OF MAY HUMPHREYS STACEY,
SUPPLEMENTED BY SELECTIONS
FROM THE
REPORT OF EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE

May 12, 1857. Today I take my departure for the West, belonging to the expedition of Mr. E. F. Beale, who intends surveying the Great Wagon Road, or rather that section of it lying between Fort Defiance and the Mohave River, on the borders of California. The road before me is dangerous and difficult, but I am convinced that energy and the determination to succeed, in other words to do my best, will carry me forward. Leaving Chester in the eight o'clock train of cars, I arrived in Philadelphia about nine. Not meeting Mr. Smith,¹ as was expected, at the depot, Mr. Beale intrusted to my supervision the transportation of some merchandise, belonging to the expedition, from the Baltimore depot to that of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which trust I performed, and met Mr. Smith, who made me his clerk pro tempore, his duties being too numerous for him to attend to unaided. During the whole day I have been very busily engaged. I have supervised the shipment of numerous parcels to New Orleans, via Pittsburg. Tonight at eleven we got underway from Philadelphia for Pittsburg.

1. "Old Alex Smith," in charge of the stores for the expedition. In a letter to his father, dated at Harrisburg, May 13, 1857, Stacey writes, "Old Alex Smith and I get on first rate. I am his clerk. Last night he said to Williams, the mineralogist, that 'Stacey was his right hand man.'"

May 13. Last night traveling in the dark prevented me from seeing any of the country through which we passed at lightning speed. We arrived at Harrisburg just at daylight, and disembarked for the purpose of getting on board the freight train containing our goods, and also two horses and jackasses, that left Philadelphia at six yesterday, but which we passed last night. Owing to some mistake in our information the freight train did not stop, and we had the mortification of seeing our train run past without stopping. There was nothing else for us to do but to wait until some other train came along, that would take us up. Upon inquiry we found that no train came along until one p.m., so we concluded to see something of the town of Harrisburg. So right after a miserable breakfast that we got at a hotel near the depot we started on our tour of observation. Not knowing anything about the locality, we walked right ahead until we reached the Capitol Building, the only decent looking place in the town. The party were unanimous in the opinion that Harrisburg was the meanest place that they had ever visited. We were all thankful when the train arrived, and we were again in motion for Pittsburg. The scenery is most beautiful after you leave Harrisburg, and before you reach the bridge across the Susquehanna, and indeed I may safely say from Harrisburg to Altoona the views were superior to any that I have ever before seen. At Altoona night overtook us and my observations ceased with the sun. We arrived at Pittsburg at half past one in the night, raining, and all exhausted with fatigue.

May 14. Got up this morning at five and immediately went down to the freight depot to ascertain something in

regard to our merchandise and animals. We learned that it would not arrive before eight, and so we returned to the hotel and got breakfast, which was much better than the one we got in Harrisburg the day before. After we returned to the depot we found all our freight discharged. We got our numbers correctly, which took some time and labor. Mr. Smith hit upon a novel way of getting dinner. He proposed to go on board the steamboat about dinner-time, and make inquiry in regard to transportation of freight. Calling me to one side we went on board the *William Wallace*, and ascertained all we wished to know in regard to our business. We were about coming away when the clerk invited us to take dinner. The invitation was accepted and we dined very well, better than we would have done if we had gone to the hotel, as the rest of the party were obliged to do.

May 15. Last night Mr. Smith said to me, "Mr. Beale will arrive tonight in the one o'clock train, and I wish that you would go to the railroad station and meet him there, and tell him where we are stopping." I went to the bartender in the hotel and told him that I wished to be called at one. He promised to have me called, and I went up to my room and lay with my clothes on. I was awakened by the sound of a gong, and opening my eyes saw that it was daylight. Thinks I to myself, here is the devil to pay. I jumped up and being almost dressed it did not take me long to complete my toilet. I immediately went over to the Monongahela (?) House and inquired if Mr. Beale had arrived. The Clerk said that he had not, which was gratifying to me, as the inattention of the barkeeper would not result disadvantageously to anyone. Mr. Beale arrived

in the morning train, and we were soon very busy getting our freight on board the *Sir William Wallace Steamboat*, packet between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. We will not be able to get them all on board till tomorrow.

May 16. This morning engaged in hurrying on board the remainder of our freight, consisting of the wagons. We will go today sometime or other. —*Afternoon.* Everything was on board at one and we were ready for departure, but the boat was detained, waiting for bills of lading. However, at four this afternoon we started, the whole party delighted to be again en route for the far West, and very well pleased to get out of Pittsburg, the meanest place of its size in the U. S. We saw only one good thing in Pittsburg, and that was the magnificent supply of draught horses which the town possesses. I had stopped and looked at these immense dray horses with perfect admiration. The town is noted for its fine animals, and, indeed, throughout the whole of Pennsylvania west of the mountains, there are a very superior breed of draught animals. Pittsburg and Alleghany City are both seen to the best advantage from the river, and they are, at a distance, very pretty towns; but as soon as you get into them it is like entering the portals of Hell. Sandy, Mr. Beale's man, very justly remarked, "It is a one horse town."

May 17. Today is Sunday, but does not seem like the quiet, orderly Sunday at home. Instead of the melodious pealing bell is heard the hoarse whistle and the incessant puffing of the exhaust tubes. Every man works as hard on Sunday as any other day, and if you had lost your reckoning you would not recover it by observation. Nothing has occurred today worthy of observation, except that we are

running rapidly through a most magnificent and beautiful country. We stopped at a place opposite Pomeroy, to take in coal, and the captain having informed us he would not start for an hour, we went ashore and walked back into the country to the entrance to a coal mine. Along through this whole country is seen nothing but the excavations of coal mines. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of this very important necessary of man. It is well that some article can be substituted for wood, which although we still see an abundance of, must in the very nature of things become too high for the purposes for which it is now used.

May 18. Today we were all on the qui vive for Cincinnati, and busy making preparations for leaving the *Sir William Wallace*, a very fine little boat; but we do not care anything about the boat, when we think of her officers, who, to a man, are the most polite and agreeable men we have seen since leaving home. Indeed, we felt more at home on this boat than anywhere else we have been. Porter is very sick today, and has been for the last three days very much under the weather. To the fatigue attending his journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and the exposure there, added to the bad water, which is very hard on one unaccustomed to it, his sickness is in a measure attributable. As usual upon the rivers of the Mississippi Valley, his sickness has taken a bilious type resembling very much fever and ague, without all the symptoms. We arrived in Cincinnati today at three o'clock, and made an arrangement with another boat to continue us forward to New Orleans. *The Queen of the West*, the boat secured, is a very fine boat. I have been standing out in the rain today, taking an account of the freight coming on board,

and to my very great joy, I am glad to say that everything came out "all right."

May 19. This morning we learned that our boat would not leave until a late hour in the day, and having some few things to purchase, Mr. Smith and myself took a walk up through the town. Much to my regret we had not the good fortune to see the Burnett House, a hotel quite extensively known throughout the United States, and having the reputation of being the finest hotel in the country. We saw the Post Office, and it is a splendid building, resembling in structure, not in color, Girard College. . . . We left Cincinnati at half past four bound for New Orleans. Messrs. Beale, Heap and Thorburn started by railway to Louisville for the purpose of examining some mules that they understood to be there. They rejoin us when we arrive. Cincinnati is a very fine town; it has very beautiful buildings in it, and is altogether superior to Pittsburg. To one having friends in the place, it must be very interesting. But to us, who are pushing right through, we have not time to see either all, nor part of that which we would like.

May 20. Got into Louisville at six this morning, and after breakfast Mr. Smith and myself went up into the town to see Mr. Beale. We did not know where he was staying, but we thought he would be in the best house in the town, so went up to the Galt House, this having the reputation of being the best hotel in the place, and found Mr. Beale.¹ We received his instructions which were to get to New Orleans as fast as possible; he and the gentlemen with him having come to the determination to push

1. Beale's official account of the expedition does not begin until the departure from San Antonio, Texas, June 25, 1857.

on in a faster boat and reach New Orleans before us. To-day I met with a misfortune. Having felt like taking a walk after tea, I put on my overcoat, it being quite cool, and walked up to the hurricane deck, but before doing so I laid my knife, which had been previously in my overcoat pocket, in my berth. When I returned in the course of twenty minutes, the knife had vanished, and that will be the end of it, I imagine.

May 21. Nothing has occurred today out of the ordinary routine of steamboat travel, and therefore my entry in this journal must be small. I am getting very tired of the miserable inactive life I am leading. Our decks are so much cluttered up with freight that we can take no exercise and I do literally nothing but eat and sleep and talk. I have heard nothing of my knife, and have given it up, and come to the determination of buying one in New Orleans. We are a few miles above Cairo and will arrive there tomorrow morning sometime.

May 22. We reached Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio at four o'clock this morning. I had not an opportunity of seeing it, being asleep at the time of passing. I am told that the scene was very rich, where the two rivers meet, flowing afterwards together under the name of Mississippi, the "Father of Waters." We ran today, in twenty-four hours, two hundred and sixty miles, very excellent running when we take into account the immense freight with which the boat is burdened.

May 23. Today we got into conversation with a Southerner who was returning home from a visit to his father. He had with him a negro boy, who had stabbed a white man, and would have been hung for it but for his inter-

ference. He said that he was taking him up to his place on the Arkansas River to break him in. We have heard a great deal of the comfort in which the negroes live in slavery. We have heard it said that they are more contented than our free black men. For my part, I never saw a meaner set of black men than I saw today at a wood pile, where we drew in to replenish our supply. They were coarsely dressed, squalid and above all, they had the dejected expression which degrades the human being to the level of the beast. What surprises the Northerner more than anything else, is the tenacity with which they cling to their institutions. They insist that without their negroes we would all starve and go naked. The remark made by the captain of the boat, gave a flat contradiction to this, and the same time opened our eyes to a very important truth. He said, "I take full cargoes down and return empty."

May 24. Sunday. What an immense difference we find between the quiet Sundays at home and the bustling ones on board these river steamboats. One has an air of calmness and inactivity, whilst the other is taken up with the various phases of the steamboat life. At home we see none but well dressed and agreeable individuals; on the steamboat dusty, dirty deck hands are running backwards and forwards, obeying the orders of the officers in charge. We stopped this afternoon at Vicksburg, a town noted throughout the whole U. S. for the rascality of the inhabitants. To us it appeared very quiet, it being Sunday; even the bar-rooms were closed. We are informed that a great change for the better has occurred in this town, and that now-a-days a man can walk about without the constant fear of

having a bullet through his head. Owing to the large quantities of freight which the boat had to discharge, we were detained until evening before we could again start on our journey. While here, we saw two large fish caught called the "Buffalo," which could not have weighed less than from fourteen to sixteen pounds.

May 25. Another town visited, noted like its predecessor for its rascality, Natchez, the great hotbed of all vices. Travelers on the Mississippi eye the passenger from this town with great suspicion, because they expect someone who will cheat them out of their gains. The scenery this afternoon has been very beautiful. The negro cabins have improved in tidiness. Tomorrow night or Wednesday morning will see us most likely in New Orleans.

May 26. This morning we arrived in the Crescent City. I did not see the approach to the city, it being night, and I in my bunk. It is the finest city in the West, and were it not for the awful epidemics which prevail in the summer season, it would be the situation which would rank with any other in the Union. Everyone leaves New Orleans during the months of July, August, and the early part of September that can get away.

May 27. Nothing of importance occurred today, with the exception of my having failed in discovering my relatives in this town. I hired a cab man who cheated me and gave him the direction indicated in the directory. He said he knew where the place was, and we started; after driving a mile or so we found the street but could not find, to save us, the number, so I ordered him to return, which he did along the levee, where we saw many ships lying idle as in New York.

May 28. Spent the day at the St. Charles; saw there some of Walker's¹ officers who returned with him, last evening, from his very unfortunate expedition to Nicaragua. They were about as hard a looking set as one is likely to see in a month's journey. Walker, himself, is staying at this hotel, but he keeps himself very close, and I have not yet seen him. He is described as being a small man with light hair and complexion, no beard, and very undistinguished looking. This afternoon I rejoined the rest of our party, who are quartered in the U. S. Barracks, five miles below the City of New Orleans. The place is arranged very prettily indeed, and would make an excellent summer residence. There are eleven buildings two stories high, having rooms together for some four hundred men. We, of course, do not take any room, yet we occupy an entire building.

May 29. Mr. Beale, having purchased a very nice blooded little mare, asked me if I would like to try her. I told him nothing would give me more pleasure. He then said, "You can ride up to the city." I went and had her saddled, got on her and rode out of the enclosure towards the city. As I was riding along it occurred to me that perhaps I might have a better chance to find my aunt's place of residence, on horseback, than I had in a carriage. With this idea I turned into Greatman Street and when I approached the number 26, I rode slow and watched with great attention the number of the houses. At last opposite 15, I saw 26 and on the door C. Van Dycke.² I drew up and hitched my horse, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a negro servant. I inquired if Madame Van

1. William Walker, the "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny."

2. It will be recalled that Stacey's mother was Sara Van Dycke.

Dycke was in, and she replied that she was. I asked to see her and was ushered into the parlor. Presently, a lady, whose face I at once recognized, walked in. I bowed and opened the interview by saying that Miss Amelia Shives had intrusted to my care a letter for her which I gave her, and then told her my name was Stacey, May Stacey. "Stacey?" she said. "Yes, ma'am," I replied. "Stacey, Stacey." She then threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Directly, two young ladies walked into the room, both of whom I recognized, one being Virginia and the other Mary. I spent a very pleasant hour with them, and then duty calling me away, I took my departure, first receiving an invitation to dinner on Sunday next, which I will accept, if possible.

May 31. Nothing has occurred today worthy of mention.

June 1. I received a note this afternoon from Mr. Smith, who was at the St. Charles, in a great hurry, requesting me to have everything sent up to New Orleans early in the morning as they had made arrangements to take our departure at eight o'clock. Finding that we could not put all our baggage in one wagon, and knowing that we would not have time to make two trips in the morning, I had the wagon loaded, and we started for New Orleans from the Barracks. I ordered the driver to stop at the St. Charles for the purpose of seeing either Mr. Smith or Beale. Not finding them I drove to the steamship and had our baggage put on board. As I was returning to the Barracks, I stopped at Aunt's to bid them farewell. Just before I left them, Virginia acquainted me with the fact that she was going to be married next May, and invited me to

be present. Aunt presented me with a portemonnaie as a souvenir. By the time we got to the Barracks, the gate had been closed, and we were obliged to bawl lustily to get the porter awake.

June 2. Last night it rained, blew, thundered and lightened, one thunder clap being in particular very loud, so loud indeed that it awakened everyone who was asleep. I did not happen to be asleep at the time. The first detachment took their departure from the station at about five without breakfast. The rest of the men got their food, loaded the wagon, and started ahead with the dogs. After seeing everything under way, I mounted and rode very fast into town. I arrived before the wagon, but not before the first party. They had too great a start. I made my report to Mr. Smith, who was glad to see me in such good time. The rain poured in torrents, and the consequence was that I got very wet. After having received everything on board the steamship was cast loose, and we were on our way down the broad Mississippi. As soon as my berth was given to me, I went and changed my wet clothes, and I took a look at our boat. She is an ordinary side-wheel steamship, with two masts, but not carrying sufficient sail to do anything with her in case of an accident happening to her machinery. She has about a nine-foot stroke, and runs at the rate of ten to eleven miles an hour. Her state-room accommodations are very poor, the bunks being very small and the staterooms of a size to match. We entered the Gulf at four, and there being a very fresh breeze from the southeast, considerable sea was on, and I after two hours endurance got seasick. As soon as I could, I turned into my bunk and went to sleep. Next morning, woke up feeling much better.

June 3. I was sick again after breakfast, but not so bad as before. We set some sail on the ship today for the purpose of steadying her. We arrived at Galveston this evening about nine o'clock. The first thing that I did was to go up in the town and get a glass of ice cream which was better than we expected to get.

June 4. All our mules, forty-six in number, and our seven horses, were landed today to make room for the people on board the ship to get at the goods stored in the lower hold. I have nothing to say of Galveston because I did not look over the town, it being too hot and I did not feel very well. We sailed again at four o'clock for Indianola.

June 5. Arrived today at six a.m. The distance between Indianola and Galveston is reckoned at one hundred and twenty miles.

June 6. Indianola is situated on Matagorda Bay.¹ The general appearance of the town is extremely dreary. Surrounded as it is on three sides by the Gulf of Mexico, and the remaining connection is of white sand, as a matter of course no vegetation exists. The town contains about six hundred inhabitants whose general character would not appear very favorably, compared with some of our neat Pennsylvania villages. Nothing of importance has occurred today, only we have been busily employed setting up wagons and harnessing mules, preparatory to the start we shall make tomorrow. As we got the teams harnessed we drove them through Indianola, for the purpose of trying how they would go. Considering it was the first time, they went to our satisfaction. We are now encamped in the corral belonging to the United States, in the midst of our animals.

1. Near what is now Alamo Beach, Calhoun County.

I think I never was in a place where there abounded so many mosquitoes and so many flies.

June 7. We started this morning at eight o'clock bound for the Chocolate River. Mr. Beale gave me a jack to ride, and I left the wagons and rode in company with Messrs. Williams and King. It was the first time that I had seen the Prairies and my impressions are like those of a man who beheld, for the first time, the ocean. A feeling of insignificance and worthlessness I felt when I gazed over the wide expanse of land — and my eyes were opened to the magnificence of Almighty God. We got to the Chocolate River at twelve and at two the teams arrived. One of the men, a worthless fellow, got drunk and fell under the wheel, which passed over his leg and foot, injuring both considerably. Mr. Beale sent him home in the carriage in which he had come out from Indianola.

June 8-11. I have been so busy that it has been impossible for me even to take notes of our journey. In this entry I shall carry the reader forward on my journey without reference to date. To commence, we left Chocolate and traveled through a very fine country, but destitute of water. No population can exist in this region except along the streams, which are invariably small and soon lost in the ground, making their appearance again in some hollow. The Manahuela¹ is a striking instance of this peculiarity in Texas streams. In the wet season when the streams are full from the heavy rains, you see a noble stream of fifty yards in width. In the dry season nothing is visible save a few ponds of the most clear and beautiful drinking water.

1. Manahuila Creek, which runs into the San Antonio River, in Goliad County.

The bottom is of the same nature as that part of the Mississippi, where the immense influx of water is carried off by being filtered through the visible bottom into a submarine river, running for a distance of which no man can form an estimate. We would not at home, at this season of the year, call the Manaheula anything but a good-sized ditch. We had a most delicious bath. No one but those who have been traveling over a sandy track, in a broiling sun, can appreciate the luxury of a cool immersion. After leaving the Manaheula, for several miles, streams are in abundance, but from the time of leaving Cabasa,¹ until you reach the Coto,² the place where we are now encamped, water is extremely scarce. I met with an accident today. Riding my mule along very carelessly, being half asleep, she became suddenly startled, and commenced plunging in a most violent manner. I had a gun in my hand (at all times an unhandy implement on horseback) and, being taken entirely off my guard, I was thrown with great force to the ground, but not until the saddle had turned under me. I would advise all persons riding on strange mules or, indeed, any mules, to be constantly on the watch, because they can never be depended upon, under any circumstances. We saw this morning a herd of beautiful deer, grazing out upon the Prairie. They very quickly became aware of our approach and scurried away with that long easy canter for which they are celebrated.

June 12. I have been hunting all day for some mules which strayed from our camp this morning. Although the train of wagons left early in the morning, we did not leave

1. Cavesa.

2. Cleto Creek.

camp until five in the evening. Once on the road, however, we traveled a distance of eleven miles in an hour and a half. We were informed at the place where we stopped, which was Mrs. Galway's, that the train had passed at one o'clock p.m. and was then encamped on the Lenwillow Creek. Mr. Beale decided to stop at Mrs. Galway's with the mules, and put them in the fine corral of this lady in question. We received orders to push forward to the camp, and in the morning to tell Mr. Heap to send Mr. Beale some money. We then took our departure. It rapidly grew dark, and very soon we were obliged to stop from the fast pace at which we were going, to a slow walk, in order not to lose the road. After riding about three miles we arrived at a house, and made inquiry as to the whereabouts of our camp. They informed us that they had passed onward and intended stopping at a place about nine miles distant. Here was a go but we knew that "faint heart never won fair lady" so we recommenced our journey, each moment growing darker and darker. Very soon we came to a stream in a hollow dark as the devil. I made a reconnoissance, and was convinced that we were at the ford. I put spurs to my mule and dashed in, and was very soon safe on the other side followed by my companions. After considerable difficulty in keeping the road, we reached our journey's end well satisfied. Ab¹ gave us some supper, and very soon we were all fast asleep — in the "arms of Morpheus" — forgetting our toil "in Nature's sweet restorer."

1. Ab Reading was an old colored man who lived for many years at Chester, making his living by hunting and fishing. He was a very good cook and acted in this capacity and as guide for parties of gentlemen when they went shooting on the Delaware. Ab was very fond of the three boys, Stacey, Joe Bell and Ham Porter.

June 13. Yesterday raised camp at five; our way lay over a splendid (road) but parching up by the excessive dryness. We can find neither grass nor water, two great necessities to anyone traveling in Texas. It has been extremely dry, hot and sultry, although there is blowing a fresh breeze from the South. The inhabitants of the country say they scarcely ever have any other wind. Were it not for it, no one could remain in Texas. A man told me that if they did not soon get some corn, hard times would be experienced in the state. As it was they were using corn from New Mexico and New Orleans, for which they were obliged to pay from a dollar fifty to three dollars per bushel, and in consequence the poor Texans were beginning to suffer, although the whole population that had corn turned out and made equal division, an example which is worthy of imitation by all classes of all countries. Our barometer registers five hundred feet above the level of the ocean or tide-water. We tonight had an occurrence in camp which filled us with regret. When we started this morning, Mr. Heap took charge of the train in the absence of both Mr. Beale, who was hunting strayed mules, and Mr. Smith, who was busily engaged in attending to some imperative duty, in the rear. Soon after leaving Mr. Smith rejoined, but remained behind in charge of the rear guard. After going about eighteen miles, we came to a steep hill or rather a deep valley, through which passed a stream of water. The first wagons (eight in number) passed safely over, and Mr. Heap thinking that the rest would go over in the same way, gave orders to resume the march. The train re-started and reached camp about three. When we had arrived a short time and cast loose all our animals, word was received from

Mr. Smith that two teams had been unable to pass over the hill. Very soon after having received this intelligence Mr. Smith himself rode into camp and informed us that after immense labor, they had got through. About dusk the wagons arrived accompanied by Mr. Beale who was in a terribly bad humor. So much was he provoked that when Mr. Williams, the geologist of the expedition, said to him, "Mr. Beale, you look tired," he replied, "I am not tired, but most damnably disgusted." The few who heard this speech, at once knew that a storm was brewing somewhere, and got out of the way. Very soon he walked up to Mr. Heap and commenced speaking in a very harsh and ungentlemanly manner, telling him that he had not performed his duty as wagon master. Mr. Heap said that he "was not wagon master, and did not come on the expedition with any such intention." Mr. Beale continued speaking very harshly, and Mr. Heap finally said, "Sir, I will not submit to this. I resign my post tomorrow." This broke off the conversation and we are about to lose a man who is invaluable as an officer, and the assistant of Mr. Beale, and as a gentleman, a man of honor, and a friend. I regret this occurrence more than anything else I can remember. Everything seems to be going wrong, and it is my opinion, founded on the remarks of others, that the party will never get through. Distance traveled $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

June 14. Left camp this morning at six. This morning quite cool, so much so, that I put on my overcoat until eight. Nothing of any consequence occurred today, until we reached the Salado, which we did at about eleven. Camped and turned the animals out to water and grass. Just after they were all grazing one wild devil took alarm, and struck

for the road as hard as he could. No Mexican herders being near Mr. Beale ordered me to follow the animal until I caught it. He had reprimanded me very harshly for letting one get away two days ago, and I was determined if possible to secure the animal. We quickly had an animal saddled, and I mounted and dashed forward in pursuit. After a long chase, I finally succeeded in recapturing him, and bringing him safely into camp.

June 15. Nothing has occurred today worthy of mention. We have been encamped since yesterday on the Salado and we will remain until tomorrow morning. We are encamped only three miles from San Antonio, one of the most ancient cities in North America. Quite recently its vicinity was the scene of one of the most cold blooded butcheries, and one of the most heroic defences. I allude to the affair of the Alamo, where Col. David Crockett was murdered along with all but one man of his companions, but not until he had slain with his own hand twenty-three of his cowardly assassin cut-throat Mexicans headed by the brigand, Santa Anna.

June 16. We broke camp at half past six, bound for Major Howard's ranch situated four miles northwest of San Antonio. About the time we were thoroughly underway, it commenced raining, where it had left off last night, and we had a shower which was sufficient to wet those who were not fortunate enough to procure their heavy coats. I had mine near, so I escaped. It did not continue more than half an hour. By this time San Antonio hove in sight and we were very agreeably disappointed in finding a very pretty inland town built, of course, on the Spanish principle. As we approached we could see in the distance the old

church of Alamo, wherein fell Bowie, Travis and Crockett. We halted in the Grand Plaza until further orders could be received from Mr. Beale, who has been staying for the last two days in the city. It rained again, and as a matter of course we got wet. Orders at last came to go forward, and we marched. Major Howard and Mr. Beale rode at the head of the train to pilot us to our camping ground, there not being one in the whole camp who knew the road. We reached camp at twelve o'clock and found a very uninviting place for an encampment. It consisted of a barnyard covered with manure, a corral, and two or three negro huts, only one of which is used, and that by the old man in charge of the place. I received an invitation to go up to Camp Verde from Mr. Beale, but Mr. Smith wanting me I can not be able to go. The object of the trip is to bring the camels to this place, that we may more readily load them with the corn in our wagons.

June 17. As usual in cow yards this place is tenanted by fleas, in such marvelous quantities as to prevent a weary traveler from seeking the natural rest which God intended him to have. The little monsters penetrate into the folds of your woolen shirt, and remain quiet until you attempt to go to sleep, when they bring their batteries to bear, and woe be unto him who has not a thick hide. We were busy this morning filling sacks with corn to load the camels with whenever they arrive, which I pray may be soon as the camp which we are now in is exceedingly uninteresting, there being nothing to attract the stranger in the immediate vicinity. Ah, our cook, borrowed my gun today and made quite an addition to our larder, in the shape of two rabbits which, although out of season, go remarkably well,

to one who has been living on salt victuals. We will have a steer tomorrow and we will then luxuriate in a beef steak once more.

June 18. We have been disappointed in not getting our steer. The Mexican who was sent in after it came back with a long story from the butcher, which ended in our not getting any beef. Tomorrow, if we have any kind of luck, we will most certainly have some fresh meat. Nothing has happened today worthy of mention — weather hot in the daytime, and quite cool at night. Level above the sea, seven hundred and fifty feet.

June 19. Not having anything for the men to do, we set them to work putting up the "Little Giant," a machine purchased in Cincinnati to grind corn. It is an admirable machine and every one who saw it in motion was delighted with its workings. No steer again today, although we sent the Mexican on to make full arrangements with the man, a negro, who had the matter in charge. I was in town myself and saw the fellow, and he promised faithfully to send him this evening. He did not come, however.

June 20. I rode into the city today for the purpose of buying some whiskey casks to carry water in, when we come to that region where water is so scarce. Strange to say I was not able to get even half the number we required in all San Antonio. I was much surprised. A city in which is consumed so much whiskey, could not furnish ten empty barrels. My friend Mr. Williams was also in town and met with an adventure. As he was alighting from his mule, before a drug store, an immense Texan came up to him, and slapped him quite familiarly on the back, exclaiming, "How are you, Breckenridge? I am d—— glad to see

you." "My name is not Breckenridge." "Well, you belong to the same Company." "Yes." "Well, let's go in and get a drink." "No, I do not wish anything. I have duties to attend to, and I am going to do them." "You are a saucy man, anyhow." "I can afford to be." "Got a six-shooter there?" "Yes, and by God I know how to use it." "You're pretty spunky." "I came from a spunky place." "Where you from?" "From old Pennsylvania." "Come in then, and take a drink." "No, I won't." This impertinent fellow finally left, and our friend went about his business.

June 21. Sunday morning. This day was not ushered in by the ringing of Sunday School bells, nor did we see crowds of well-dressed genteel people walking about, but still this morning seemed like Sunday. It happened to fall to my lot to have the morning watch, that is, from two until four. I do not think I ever saw a more charming and delightful morning in the whole course of my life. Far off in the blue ether were visible the morning star and the comet, each endeavoring to outshine the other in the brightness of their beams. Then as it grew later, a faint streak began to be visible in the East, and finally the sun rose above our limited horizon in a perfect blaze of living light. All this time, not a sound was heard, except the singing of the birds in the woods, when, all of a sudden, the clear martial notes of our morning bugle awakened many a sleepy eye. We did nothing all day, and for once our camp appeared in a tranquil state. This afternoon I thought I would go to the creek close at hand, and wash some of the Texan sand off. Having two or three pairs of socks, a shirt and some handkerchiefs which were very dirty, I concluded to make Monday out of Sunday afternoon, and so I took

my soap and my duds, and was soon engaged in the mysteries of washing. I think some of my friends would be surprised to see how neatly I wash. I do not iron, of course, but I could do it if I had the material and it was necessary.

Mr. Beale returned from Camp Verde today. He was accompanied part of the way by the camels, but being anxious to push ahead, he left them in charge of Messrs. Bell and Porter. They were first taken to San Antonio and remained in the Quarter Master's yard until evening when they were brought out to our camp. The first intimation we had of their approach was the jingling of the large bells suspended from their necks. Presently, one, then two, three, four, until the whole twenty-five had come within range in the dim twilight. And thus they came, these huge ungainly beasts of the desert, accompanied by their attendants, Turks, Greeks and Armenians. Who would have thought, one hundred years ago, that now camels would be used on this Continent as beasts of burden? Our mules and horses were very much frightened at the approach of the camels. They dashed around the corral, with heads erect and snorting in wild alarm. They were so much excited, that the whole camp was aroused and put on watch. However, in a few hours they became more quiet, and all hands were sent to bed, except the regular guard, and soon the camp sank to silence broken only by the tread of the sentinels. It was a fine scene, and one calculated to awaken curious sensations in the breast of the observer. What are these camels the representation of? Not a high civilization exactly, but of the "go-aheadness" of the American character, which subdues even nature by its energy and perseverance.

Monday, 22d. This morning we turned the camels into the corral with the mules and they were not so alarmed as we anticipated. In the course of a few days when they all get to going together, they will become accustomed to each other, and then we will have no longer any difficulty.

June 23. Tuesday. We received our sailing orders this morning, and at the same time were made acquainted with the fact that a new Wagon Master had been engaged who would relieve Mr. Smith of a part of his onerous duties. Mr. Smith instead of being simply Wagon Master will be General Superintendent of the camp, a post much more suited to his taste and abilities than the other.

June 24. Wednesday. All day the men have been busily engaged reloading the wagons, and arranging the packs to suit the camels. At about one the camp was taken (photographically) by a gentleman from San Antonio. We were not able to do much with our instrument and chemicals, and Mr. Beale determined to have a picture, which he could send home to the Secretary of the Interior. I am confident that when Mr. Williams and myself have acquired some little experience in the art, we will take as good pictures as anybody. Mr. Williams' duties as geologist will occupy much of his time, and, therefore, the duty upon me will be more arduous.

*June 25. Thursday.*¹ The cooks were awakened at half past two this morning in order that they might provide breakfast at an early hour, so as not to detain the train from making an early start. Ab, our man, was quickly ready, and before daylight we were eating breakfast.

1. Beale's journal begins on this day, and will be referred to in the footnotes as *Beale Report*.

There was much difficulty in gearing some wild mules which had been placed in the train, and so much time was consumed in preparing them for the teams, that we were not able to make a start until eight o'clock. The camels were not ready until much later; the men not being accustomed to loading, did not get all ready as quickly as they might have done. There is always much trouble and annoyance in restarting a train after it has been encamped for some days. The camels travel so very slow that they cannot keep up even with a six mule team — not generally very fast. We with the wagons got into camp at one, while the camels did not begin to arrive until four. It is my decided opinion that these camels will prove a failure, and I will give one reason for my belief. The camels which were imported into the U. S. came from the vicinity of Smyrna where they had been used to carry fruits, wine and other products of the country into the city. They never were loaded very heavily. The consequence is, that when they are brought here and loaded with corn weighing from five to six hundredweight, they fail to make any reasonable speed.¹ We reached a place called San Lucas² where we

1. Beale was not as discouraged as was Stacey. "This being the first day, and the animals not having performed any service for a long time, they seemed tired on our arrival at camp; but I hope, as we proceed, and they harden, in flesh, to find them carrying their burdens more easily. Unfortunately, the only men in America who understand them, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the mode of packing and journeying with them, are some Turks who came over with them, and who left at San Antonio, refusing to go on so long a journey, and alleging that they had been treated badly by the government, not having received the pay due them since January. It seems the appropriation having been exhausted, no one is authorized to pay them, although they left their own country under special contract with officers of the government, and have performed their duties very faithfully." *Beale Report*, 15.

2. Sixteen miles from San Antonio. The camels were each carrying a load of 576 pounds.

found a most magnificent spring. It is the finest water we have yet seen in Texas. A most splendid stream comes bubbling up through the ground with water so perfectly pure that it does not interfere with vision, and you can see the smallest pebbles that glisten at the bottom. Every man as he came up drank long and fast from this delicious cool water, and discontinued, not because the appetite was quenched, but because he had no further capacity for more. We found encamped at this spring a train consisting of two wagons and four men, who have just returned across the plains from California.¹ They reported that the Indians had not molested them, but it was solely attributable to the vigilance of the guard which they kept over their effects. They said that the grass was not plentiful and water was a very scarce article; no buffalo on the Plains, but plenty of other game.

June 26. Friday. Hondo Creek Camp. Raised camp from the San Lucas Spring at five and a half o'clock. I was ordered forward to Castroville,² to procure an iron plate to put upon one of the wagons which had been damaged. Accompanied by Mr. Williams I set out; just as we reached the elevation beyond the valley westwardly, the sun rose behind the earth in one mass of unclouded splendor. The scenery between San Lucas and Castroville is perfectly magnificent, fine slopes extending for miles, into rich valleys, tenanted by noble cattle, which I am sorry to say are suffering from the long drought. No man ever saw more beautifully laid land than that through which we have

1. One of these men was a Mr. McLanahan, "of California," who, said Beale, "followed on my trail, made in 1853, and carried through, with great success, thirteen wagons and a considerable amount of stock." *Beale Report*, 15.

2. In Medina County, Texas.

passed today. We reached camp on the Hondo at about two, having made a distance of twenty-one miles.

June 27. Saturday. We quitted camp at a little after sunrise, and watered our animals at a mud hole, about four miles distant from last camp. Mr. Davis, accompanied by Mr. Bell, went out early in the hope of finding some deer. We overtook the men about eight (o'clock) seated under a tree. They had been unsuccessful much to our regret. They had one very far shot at four but missed. Camped at Comanche Creek, having made twenty-two miles and nine hundred yards.¹

June 28. Sunday. Nothing of importance today.²

June 29. We crossed the Nueces River about twelve, or rather we crossed the bed of the stream, there being no water except in the puddles. We were much surprised to see a country so fruitful as Texas must be under ordinary circumstances, so dry and parched; even the grass is found in small patches only, and then not enough to fill our hungry mules. However, our animals, in the space of six days hard travel averaging about twenty-two miles, have not

1. In his journal entry of June 27, Beale speaks of the beauty of the country through which the camel train was passing; particularly does he mention the luxuriant grass and flowers. The entire country "for stock-raising and grazing purposes of any kind . . . is decidedly the finest I have ever met with." Plenty of post oak and mesquite were to be found, and especially valuable was the bean of the post oak "which is eaten with the greatest avidity by (all quadrupeds), and is very sweet and nutritious. In the Great Basin, I have frequently eaten bread made by the Indians from this bean, and found it excellent. The pinole made from it is preferable to that of corn." *Beale Report*, 16.

2. Camp was made about two miles west of the Rio Frio, near Uvalde, after a journey of twenty and a half miles. Speaking of the camels, Beale says on that day: "As soon as they arrive they are turned loose to graze, but appear to prefer to browse on the mesquite bushes and the leaves of a thorny shrub, which grows in this country everywhere, to the finest grass. They are exceedingly docile, easily managed, and I see, so far, no reason to doubt the success of the experiment." *Beale Report*, 16.

failed, and we conclude that if they can support the labor they now undergo without much failing we can get safely through to El Paso with our animals in good condition. Day's travel twenty-four $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.¹

June 30. The men are getting to work better and better every day. Owing to this we made an early start, and were on the road before sunrise. It was pleasant traveling in the cool of the morning, but by eleven o'clock it got intolerably hot. It gets very hot every day from ten until four, and then it gets cooler, and we spend very pleasant nights. I forgot to mention yesterday that a Company of United States Cavalry passed us near Turkey Creek, and encamped at the Spring which makes its head waters. They were a very hard looking party. They had been on scout after Indians for the last ten days, and were returning to Fort Clark, not having been successful in finding any. We reached Fort Clark² at one today, and encamped on the Las Moras Creek just this side of the barracks which constitute the Fort. In the afternoon Mr. Williams and myself took a splendid bath in Turkey Creek finding water of the purest and most beautiful description. This country is all limestone formation, and of course the water is impregnated with that substance. After our bath we walked up into the Garrison to see the men muster in the evening. They not at that time being ready we looked around about a house that they are building out of limestone. While looking about, with his usual curiosity, Mr. Williams discovered an elegant specimen of Ammonite. He was much elated at his good fortune.

1. Encamped on Turkey Creek, which runs through Zavalla and Uvalde counties. *Beale Report*, 16.

2. Near Bracketville, Kenney County, Texas.

July 1. Wednesday. We took our departure from Fort Clark this morning at an early hour. Here we can consider ourselves fairly in the Indian Country, dependent upon ourselves alone for protection from the unrelenting hands of merciless savages. We were joined by Captain Lee of the U. S. A. who was returning to his post, Fort Davis, from a visit to San Antonio. He has in his train three heavy wagons and a light ambulance in which is carried his wife and child. His escort amounts to fifteen men. These numbered, with our party, fifty-five, a force entirely too formidable for Indians to attack unless they had great advantage. We encamped on the Piedras Puitados, a most beautiful stream, but at present very low. Indeed, all the streams that we have passed have shown a great want of water. Men of our party who have traveled the road frequently, state that they have never seen the water so very low as at present.

July 2. Thursday. Nothing has occurred today of any importance. We have been speaking of home and how all our dear friends at home intend spending the "glorious Fourth." We wish that we could step home, and sit down to the board surrounded as usual by friends and family, and enjoy once more the good dinners prepared by our good mother and aunty. Captain Lee received a dispatch tonight saying that an Indian fight had taken place, and that four men had been killed. The Indians, as usual, were in the majority largely. Our camp was visited by a courier this evening who asked leave to remain with us throughout the night. He stated that he had come from California via El Paso, and having come through with the mail, the rapid rate at which the latter went wore down his animal, and

he was compelled to remain behind, while the mail came on. Of course, we permitted him to remain.¹

July 3. Friday. We geared up and made an early start this morning for the purpose of reaching Devil's River early in the morning. At about eight we stopped at the river and crossed to the opposite shore where we encamped.² The scenery round the ford of this river is-certainly the wildest we have seen in Texas, and it would be an apt place for an Indian ambushade. Large mountains are on each side of the river, and the road on either side winds among them, affording splendid opportunities for an enemy to attack to advantage. We remained in camp until five when we started on our first evening journey towards the second ford, distant thirty-five miles with no water between. We continued marching until after ten when we stopped, all hands being sleepy and tired.

July 4. This day was not ushered in by the resounding of firearms and the shouts of apprentices, glad that a holiday had arrived once more on which they were expected to do pretty much as they pleased; but in the silence of the prairie with no sound disturbing the quiet, save the tramp of our sentinels, and the moaning of the

1. Camp was made at a water hole of the San Felipe Creek. Distance made that day twenty-four miles. "The camels are doing better today, and arrived shortly after the wagons," records Beale. "I am very much encouraged to see how eagerly they seek the bushes for food instead of grass, which certainly indicates their ability to subsist much easier than horses and mules in countries where forage is scarce." *Beale Report*, 17.

2. "As our line of wagons ascended the hill the camels appeared on the further side, winding down the steep road, and made a picture well worthy the pen of a great artist. The steep, grey rocks, the beautiful green bottom, or meadow, the clear sparkling stream, the loose animals, the wagons and teams, and then old Mahomet, with the long line of his grave and patient followers, winding cautiously, picking step by step their way down the road on the opposite side, was a very interesting and beautiful scene." *Beale Report*, 18.

breeze as it swept past, the Fourth of July dawned upon us. Our weary band were too glad to prolong their slumbers, to make any motion. At last the guard, finding the hour for arousing the camp rapidly slipping away, gave orders to wake the bugler. Soon the glorious old National Anthem "Hail, Columbia" awoke, probably, for the first time, the echo of the wilderness. Then followed the "Star Spangled Banner"; next "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," swelled on the air. None of the airs seemed to touch a chord in the hearts of the slumberers, for they slept on, regardless of everything but the call of Nature. But one by one they commenced waking up, folding their blankets as they rose, and soon all were busy, harnessing up for an early start, to complete the twenty-two miles remaining of the thirty-five. After daybreak we got underway, without breakfast, in the midst of a heavy rain. We traveled steadily but slowly for five hours; it was still raining very hard, and with everybody who was exposed, wet as water could make him, when we arrived in The Dead Man's Pass. This received its name from a melancholy incident which happened about five years ago. I have it from our wagon master who is well posted in regard to the whole road. A party of Californians returning to Texas by this, the lower route, got to quarreling among themselves, and it ended in a separation fatal to the party which had the imprudence to make the first start. Five of them started for San Antonio in a six horse team. While coming down through the Pass three of them were lying asleep in the wagon, the fourth was driving, and the fifth was walking ahead with his rifle. The Indians surprised them, shot the first three in the wagon, shot down the other two, cut them to pieces,

and took their animals. The next day, a man found the mutilated remains, and gave the alarm. The people at the upper ford turned out and buried the sad remains of a "quarrel among friends." A pile of stones marks the spot where they repose in the deep solitude of the mountains with no friend to look upon their tomb. It has been very hot and disagreeable all day until about four o'clock, when it slackened up. We, however, were all wet, and when riding suffered considerably from the cold.¹ We are encamped in a very insecure spot. We are surrounded on all sides by large mountains rising perpendicularly over us. An enemy with any resolution could readily destroy the whole party, but we are obliged to remain, because in coming through the Pass the leading wagon broke its tongue short off, the road being so very bad. Another team in attempting to pass on the outside, bogged the two foremost mules, proving conclusively that we were for the present badly "stuck."

July 5. Sunday. Broke ground at twenty minutes of five, and started for the second crossing of the Devil's River. After traveling about two hours, we had a repetition of yesterday's rain, only on a smaller scale. However, we had made rather better arrangements for the shower, and I for one rode into camp at the second ford, a distance

1. Beale's account of the day is also graphic. "Blankets were rolled up and thrust into the wagons, and the men cursing their mules with unusual vigor, as if they were the cause of our discomfort. . . . All day long it rained and a cold relentless torrent, accompanied with gusts of wind which drove the chilled water through everything. Clothing and blankets offered no protection, and the party was soon thoroughly drenched. No emotions of patriotism availed to warm one against such a storm. The men sat shivering in dogged silence on their mules, which shivered and humped themselves in return. It was a terrible fourth of July, and the recollection of the jolly times our fellow-countrymen were enjoying at home made our toilsome and miserable day all the more so." *Beale Report*, 18. The camels apparently stood the storm as well as did the mules.

of over ten miles, entirely dry. It seems strange to do just the same on one day as another. If we had not kept a reckoning the Sabbath would be the same as any other day. The birds do not have any church, neither do the deer, nor does even Nature give any sign, that this day is more holy than any other. It is only in the settlement, where you find that man pays his devotion to that Being who rules the destinies of all. In the afternoon we commenced crossing the river, and forded it upwards of ten times in going a distance of eleven miles. The road lay in the valley of the river and was very rough. This valley presents a singular appearance. It is about a half a mile wide, and the hills are divided by canyons into cone-shaped elevations, of very similar formation and height. We traveled today, notwithstanding the heaviness of the road, a distance of twenty-one miles and three-quarters.¹

July 6. Monday. We got out at last of the Valley of the Devil's River today, much to the satisfaction of every one of the party. When we entered Dead Man's Pass, a gloom seemed to settle on every one, and it was not to be wondered at. The day was cold and rainy, and the road heavy, and just at the entrance to the Pass we saw the graves of men who had been murdered by the Indians, and

1. Beale, recording the events of this day, says: "This morning we found at our camp, for the first time, a shrub, of which we are to see a great deal between this and the end of our journey, and in many places shall find no other wood. It is known as greasewood, and I was delighted to see the camels eagerly seek it, and eat it with the greatest apparent relish. It is certainly very gratifying to find these animals eating, by their own preference, the coarse and bitter herbs, hitherto of no value, which abound always in the most sterile and desolate parts of every road, so far as discovered, which traverse the broad extent of wilderness between the eastern States and our Pacific possessions." *Beale Report*, 19. Camp at Pecan Spring, on Devil's River.

how did any of us know, but that the same fate awaited us? It would have been the easiest thing in the world for a concealed foe to exterminate every mounted man in the party with comparative impunity. We got clear of the place for good at about sunset, and rode forward into a beautiful prairie which stretched away as far as the eye could reach, in all the loveliness of a splendid garden, teeming with green grass and sweet flowers. The day had been a hard one on the animals and men, especially the former. They were continually passing down one hill and up another over a very miserable road. Of course, they could not make very good time, and the time spent by the men in the saddle had tired them very much. The rain has benefited us very much. It gave us water in places where we should have been obliged to go without. It also freshened the grass up. We made twenty-three miles. It kept us until eight in the evening to accomplish the distance, however.

July 7. Tuesday. We made an early start this morning, and drove eleven miles, when we reached a water hole and fine grass. The water had been caught in a hollow of the rocks, and was there to refresh the weary and thirsty travelers. The animals were all turned out to seek the food they needed. It was impossible for us to remain as long as we wished, because the nearest water that we knew anything about was Howard's Spring, distant twenty miles, a good long drive for an afternoon. So we started at eleven — or, rather, the train of wagons started, but I, accompanied by Messrs. Porter and Bell, remain behind to go with the camels. One of their men being sick and they not having sufficient force (they supposed) to travel through the very dangerous valley in which Howard's Spring is situated.

There have been many murders, and trains have been frequently attacked. The camels being very hungry and the grass good, Mr. Beale ordered them to remain in the camp for an hour after the train left. The order was obeyed to the letter, and we started an hour after the rest had departed. The camels walked up better than they commonly do, and we got along quite well. In the afternoon Mr. Alexander got a shot at a deer, but missed. We could see the deer bound up the hill, like a black streak after the shot. We overtook our train encamped about fourteen miles from the last camp, in one of the most exquisite valleys that I ever beheld. Here they found a water hole made by indentations in the rocks, and concluded to remain all night. Total distance traveled this day twenty-five miles.¹

July 8. Wednesday. We made a good start this morning and reached Howard's Spring at eight o'clock and got breakfast. This Spring is a bad place for Indians. It is the only water near, and they know that all large trains must stop for water, and again this is the Pass that they choose to connect with Eastern and Western Texas. Five months ago a bloody scene was here enacted. The mail party consisting of seven men was attacked and four out of the seven killed. They were coming through the valley towards the Spring, when the Indians rushed out upon them, on both sides of the road. The three men that were mounted alone

1. Beale was passed in the morning by the monthly El Paso Mail and found that he was the recipient of a large box sent on to him by some friends. The mailing charge on the box (two feet square) was twenty dollars. Commenting on this charge Beale writes: "The dangers of this road, however, justified any price for such matters. Scarcely a mile of it but has its story of Indian murder and plunder; in fact, from El Paso to San Antonio is but one long battle ground — a surprise here, robbery of animals there." *Beale Report*, 20. Encamped eleven miles south of Howard's Spring, Crockett County.

escaped. The party was commanded by a Sergeant in the Army, and the whole party was composed of brave men. When they were attacked they commenced firing their revolvers and rifles, and did good execution. Presently the Sergeant and the other men were wounded. The mounted men picked him up and dashed ahead. They had not gone far before he was struck by another shot, and mortally wounded. He fell off his horse and when they attempted to put him back he besought them to leave him. They remounted and the last they saw of him alive was, he was sitting up with his revolver in his hand, waiting the approach of the Indians. Soon they heard two shots fired and then an expressive silence told them of the death of another brave man. Next day when they returned, accompanied by troops from Fort Lancaster, they found the bodies of the three drivers horribly mutilated and scalped. Not so with the Sergeant; the Indians had bound wreaths round his wrists and ankles, cut out his heart and laid it on his breast and placed a beautiful wreath around it. It was a barbarous tribute of admiration for true courage. Continuing our journey this afternoon, we passed over some rough places, but afterwards struck a beautiful natural road, which resembled more the well finished track of a race course than a pathway in the wilderness. Day's travel 26½ miles.¹

1. Speaking of the camels at this point Beale shows in his Report that the one great trouble was that no one knew how to pack them. Many of the camels had sore backs, although the healing was more rapid than in other animals. "The more I see of them the more interested in them I become, and the more convinced of their usefulness. Their perfect docility and patience under difficulties renders them invaluable, and my only regret at present is that I have not double the number."

Beale interjects a brief commentary on the Indians which is amusing.

July 9. Thursday. We made today Live Oak Creek, the only water between Howard's Spring and Fort Lancaster.¹ We encamped within two miles of the fort, on excellent grass and plenty of water.² This afternoon a very melancholy fact was communicated to us. Captain Lee, the officer second in command at Fort Davis, who had traveled with us from Fort Clark where we met him, had the misfortune to lose his little son fifteen months old. The poor little fellow has been very unwell for several days and gradually growing worse each day, notwithstanding our efforts to relieve him. The Captain had hardly reached the post before the mournful event occurred. We were all very sorry, and sympathized deeply with the Captain and his poor wife. For her our sympathy was particularly lively. There she was in the wilderness, or at a frontier post, with only two or three of her own sex, and they entire strangers. They could not feel and appreciate a mother's grief, like one who had an acquaintance with Mrs. Lee before.

July 10. Friday. We all received (the officers) an invi-

"This evening many of our party have seen Indians, but for me, 'Ah, sinner that I am, I was not permitted to witness such a sight.' I encourage the young men, however, in the belief that deer, bushes, etc., which they have mistaken for Indians, are all veritable Comanches, as it makes them watchful on guard at night." *Beale Report, 21.*

1. The Fort was near what is now Sheffield, Pecos County, Texas.

2. Beale also comments on this spot. "Just before descending into the valley of the stream we came to a very steep, rocky hill, overlooking a valley of great beauty and graceful shape. The sides of the hills were covered with the most brilliant verdure and flowers, and our long train, as it wound down the steep descent, and became stretched out on the winding road through the valley, presented a scene of uncommon beauty. It was about sunrise when we arrived at the hill, and the view was so striking that Thorburn and I remained behind to enjoy it until the whole train had passed some distance into the valley." *Beale Report, 22.*

tation to attend the funeral of Captain Lee's child. We rigged ourselves out in the best clothes we had, got underway from camp about ten and drove up to the post and alighted. We were introduced to the officers who appeared to be very clever young men. They are pretty gay and as usual drink their grog without winking. Our camels attracted much attention, the whole garrison turning out to see them. Captain Carpenter after being invited to try one, by Mr. Beale, mounted and took a short ride. He expressed himself much delighted at the gait and said that after one became used to the motion, he would prefer the camel to a mule. At two o'clock we attended the funeral, and after the ceremony Captain Carpenter invited us to take a bite with him. We availed ourselves of the invitation with an alacrity that was very amusing even to ourselves. The dinner consisted of ham and eggs, elegant rolls and butter, and claret, and I can say that I never tasted better in my life. The dessert took down anything of the kind that I have ever tasted. Peaches preserved, with cream, and fruit cake. To us who have been living on salt junk and hard biscuit it was a treat that we will always remember with lively feelings of pleasure. The Captain's wife was one of the cleverest little women that we have seen in Texas. After dinner we started after our wagons which had gone on to cross the Pecos. We overtook them just as they had crossed the stream which is narrow and deep. Captain Pope¹ in his report to the Secretary of War says it is navi-

1. The survey of the possibility of a railroad route in the Southwest was agitated by Jefferson Davis, and in the spring of 1853, he was authorized to send out a series of exploring expeditions, surveys known by the parallels of latitude they followed. The survey of the thirty-second parallel route was made by two parties during the early part of 1854. One covered the land from

gable for steamboats for a great distance. The worthy Officer of Engineers made a slight mistake, because the stream, though deep enough to float a Mississippi steamer, has scarcely breadth for a man to row a large skiff. The Pecos takes its rises somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, and empties into the Rio Grande after running a distance of eight hundred miles. It has few tributaries and most of them are waters impregnated with substances which give the Pecos a bad taste. At this point the water is very muddy, much thicker than the Mississippi, and so brackish that the mules will hardly drink it. We are so situated at present, however, that if they do not drink this water they will be obliged to go without. The officers of Fort Lancaster paid us a visit this evening, and took a smoke with those of the party who indulge in the luxury. They returned at ten after wishing us all kinds of good luck. Day's travel 12 miles.¹

July 11. Saturday. Our road has been of the finest description. No one could wish to travel over a smoother and finer track. It lies between two ranges of mountains, which form the valley through which the Pecos flows at the rate of eight miles an hour. They present all kinds of appearances. Just at sunset this evening, after the sun had sunk beneath the mountain, two formations were brought out in bold relief on the light background. One resembled a fort and the other an altar. As we rode towards it, we

the Pacific to the Rio Grande, under the direction of Lieutenant J. G. Parke, with a party of fifty-six persons. John Pope commanded the other group who explored along the thirty-second parallel route east from the Rio Grande between January 16 and May 15, 1854. The survey began at Albuquerque and extended to Preston, Texas. Charles F. Coan, *A History of New Mexico*, I, 358.

1. Camp made at Pecos Spring on the Pecos River.

could almost see the flag descending and hear the rapid roll of the drum beating the retreat from evening drill. We are now about four hundred and ninety miles from Indianola, and we expect to be in El Paso in sixteen days. If we meet with no accident and continue to travel as rapidly as we have been doing, we will make it in less time. Today's travel 23 miles.¹

July 12. Sunday. We spent our Sunday in "rolling" as Mr. Davis calls it. Ham and I as we rode along together amused ourselves in indulging in speculations as to how our friends were employed. We in imagination could see the girls getting ready to attend church in the morning. After service away they would go home to take their dinner. At about two, when everything would be boiling with the heat, they would retire and take their afternoon sleep, a luxury that we wished several times today that we might indulge in. Day's travel 26½ miles.²

1. In his journal entry of July 11, Beale speaks of the remarkable endurance of the camels on the road, a road strewn with a fine sharp, angular flinty gravel. "The camel has no shuffle in his gait, but lifts his feet perpendicularly from the ground, and replaces them, without sliding, as a horse or other quadrupeds do. This, together with the coarsely granulated and yielding nature of his foot, which, though very tough, like gutta percha, yields sufficiently without wearing off, enables them to travel continuously in a country where no other barefooted beast would last a week." *Beale Report*, 23.

2. During the day one of Captain Lee's men caught a catfish in the Pecos River, a fish that weighed fifty-seven pounds. This led to a fishing craze on the part of all of the group but not a single fish was caught. Beale was glad to leave the Pecos, for "a more stupid and uninteresting river cannot be imagined — rapid, muddy, brackish, timberless, and hard to get at." After leaving the river, Mr. Williams, the geologist, wandered off from the main party to pursue his scientific investigations when he suddenly found himself face to face with two Indians. The rule of the country was to shoot on first sight, but the Indians were so surprised at the antics of the "stone-breaker" that they fled in different directions; "the affair was thus settled honorably to both parties." *Beale Report*, 23.

July 13. Monday. Our friend Bell must have been very sleepy last night, because long before three the bugle awakened us from our profound slumbers. We have no watch, the camp watch being broken, and those who have private watches are too mean to let the officers of the watch look at the time. In consequence we often make mistakes. Sometimes a fellow gets waked up about an hour or half an hour, before his time. Well he, as a matter of course, never grumbles in the least. It happened that Bell, very fortunately, just hit the thing off exactly, as we had a long and tedious drive before us. The teams got started, and we went ten miles to breakfast, then rested until after twelve, when we went ahead again, and drove over twenty miles before sundown, making a drive of over thirty miles. Some of the animals exhibited considerable fatigue. The camels did not arrive until half an hour after the wagons had camped. Distance 30 miles and $\frac{1}{4}$.

July 14. Tuesday. Last evening we encamped on Comanche Creek,¹ the great thoroughfare of the Comanche Indians, through which that tribe pass in their thieving expeditions into Mexico. Yesterday afternoon the trail of a large carear² was discovered heading across the road in a northerly direction, and some of our party ahead in the light ambulance saw a solitary Indian, mounted, riding across the prairie. We made an excellent start this morning, and reached Leon Spring where we got breakfast. There is something very singular in regard to this spring.

1. Near what is now Fort Stockton, Pecos County.

2. Stacey probably refers to a Mexican corruption of the verb *carear* which is defined as follows: "to tend a drove of cattle or flock of sheep." (See Mariano Velásquez de la Cadena, *A new dictionary of the Spanish and English languages*.) It is possible that the verb was corrupted in the Mexican dialect into a noun meaning a herd of horses or a drove of cattle.

It empties into an immense hole, whose depth it was said had never been ascertained. Mr. Thorburn, assisted by several of the party, measured it, and discovered it to be, in the middle, twenty-four feet. The ground surrounding the water is extremely boggy making the approach to it by animals rather dangerous. Several of our officers bogged their animals by coming up on the wrong side. We saw plenty of deer and antelope in the immediate vicinity of the spring, but so wild that it was not possible to get within gunshot. The waters of this spring have a saline inky taste. The latter is given to it by the presence of iron. This afternoon we again got underway at about three and made camp, a dry one, at nine, having made a distance of eighteen miles. Total distance today 29 miles.

July 15. Wednesday. Very early this morning (at or before one) the whole camp was thrown into commotion by the stampede of our mules. All was perfectly still, when all of a sudden, the animals dashed off at full speed into the prairie and in the midst of the tumult and confusion two shots were fired. Everybody was roused up from sleep with the greatest rapidity, and each man snatched up his gun, expecting a charge of Indians every moment. I was among the first awakened and jumped into my boots and ran up to Mr. Beale's bed with my double barrel in my hand ready for anything. Mr. Beale sang out, "Let every man that can get a mule mount and follow the carear." I instantly seized one and put on my saddle and bridle, and was one of the first to leave camp with Mr. Beale. After going for about a mile we caught up to our animals and surrounded them. With the aid of the guard, who had pursued with all haste, we stopped all and turned them

back toward the camp, where we were fortunate enough to get them after some difficulty. When we came to count our stock, we discovered the loss of two splendid grey trotting horses that Mr. Beale brought from Chester, and two bay horses with a very fine pony. We could do nothing toward recovering them at night, and after making preparations for an early start in the morning, all hands again sought their couches, and were soon lost in profound slumber. Before going to bed I was informed that I would be of the party who were to be detached from the main body, to go in pursuit of the lost horses. We got some biscuit, dried beef and water all ready, and went to bed. At three o'clock we were ordered to get ready and start the minute we could see the trail. We accordingly started and just as the sun rose, we made out some animals distant about five miles. We pushed on, and we were soon convinced that the animals were not far distant. As soon as they saw us they started and ran a mile very swiftly. One of our Mexicans was ordered to make a detour to the left and head them off. This he did in the course of an hour and caught the wildest one with his lasso. We drove them into camp safely. But it is indeed evident to the meanest understanding, that if Indians had really been there, they would have stolen every mule loose last night.

July 16. Thursday. We made within three miles of Fort Davis this afternoon and encamped. Our passage to-day has been through a most wild and romantic region called Wild Rose Pass. The views have been of a very superior character.¹ Nothing of importance has occurred today. Captain Lee went on into the garrison.

1. Fort Davis was in Jeff Davis County, Texas; Wild Rose Pass, in the

July 17. Friday. We, this morning, did not get up so early as usual, Mr. Beale having given orders to let the men sleep late. About five all hands were called, and we got breakfast, geared up, and went within a half mile of the Fort. We will be detained until tomorrow afternoon awaiting some repairs upon our two "Francis Metallic Life Wagons." They are broken down, and we cannot proceed further without having them done up. In making the trip over I caught a young prairie dog. It was a beautiful little thing and resembled very much a ground squirrel. Mr. Davis and other western men told me it was one of the rarest things in the world to catch them. I gave mine to a soldier knowing that I could not hope to take it safely home.

July 18. Saturday. This morning I observed some of our young gentlemen coming into camp with a gait that denoted a slight indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. Subsequently I was informed that the whole party who were in the Fort after dark got very funny. It was highly amusing to see them popping their heads up when the bugle sounded. Distance traveled 26 miles.

July 19. Sunday. Water scarce and grass plenty. Turned loose the animals at Dead Man's Hole, a beautiful

Apache Mountains. Beale records here: "The camels arrived nearly as soon as we did. It is a subject of constant surprise and remark to all of us, how their feet can possibly stand the character of the road we have been travelling over for the last ten days. It is certainly the hardest road on the feet of barefooted animals I have ever known. As for food, they live on anything, and thrive. Yesterday they drank water for the first time in twenty-six hours, and although the day had been excessively hot they seemed to care little for it. Mark the difference between them and the mules; the same time, in such weather, without water, would set the latter wild, and render them useless, if not entirely break them down." *Beale Report, 25.*

spring.¹ It lies right in a gorge of the mountain and extending out from it is one of the most beautiful prairies that a man would wish to see. Mr. Davis says that it is one of the best places for a stock ranch that he knows, and were it not for the Indians it is probable that it would have been occupied long before this. The country has been very mountainous, but the road lying between the valleys is the best natural one I ever saw, and I never wish to ride over a better, or one more suited to make speed upon, than this. I struck out ahead this morning, and in company with Tucker our blacksmith and Alexander (the man who superintends the loading and unloading of the camels), went forward to see if it were not possible to kill an antelope, among some live oak trees, which we passed through. After several fruitless endeavors, we settled down to a walk, and then for two hours I was compelled to listen to the complaints of these men. One said that he had not had bean soup three times since he had been on the expedition, and he had not had any rice at all. He had not tasted coffee fit to drink, and swore that it was enough to kill any man. The other said that eating so much fat pork without any vegetables would give us the scurvy sure, or "shore," as he pronounced it. All this was interlarded with oaths that would make your hair stand upon end to hear. I never did, in such a short space of time, hear so many varieties of swearing. I listened, and when they had finished I very coolly told them that Mr. Beale was the man to hear their complaints, and he was the one that would give them full satisfaction, adding at the same time that they could draw the same rations that everybody else got if they chose. If

1. Ojo de las Muertas (Spring of the Dead), known also as Muerto.

they did not they could not complain of anyone but themselves. Distance, twenty-five miles.¹

July 20. Monday. Today we are just two months from Cincinnati and, strange to say, that it rained there as well as here, although the rain today could not compare in copiousness with that of the 20th of May. Since we left Cincinnati, we have been making our way gradually towards California, where we will arrive, if we have success and travel as we have been traveling since leaving San Antonio. Today nothing has occurred of any consequence, so therefore I will close my mention by giving the distance that we made today which was 24 miles and a half.

July 21. Tuesday. Nothing today worthy of mention.

July 22. Wednesday. We reached Eagle Spring to breakfast. This place is considered the worst place on the road between San Antonio and El Paso.² Many animals have been stolen, and several unfortunate individuals have lost their lives at this point. It is one of the best places for a stampede that anyone could wish to see. The spring lies up a canyon about five hundred yards, and on each side of the main canyon are many smaller gullies, where a foe

1. Speaking of the camels, Beale writes: "The camels are traveling finely. It is worthy of especial note, and I mention it here, while it is fresh in my mind, that since our leaving San Antonio, where my experience commenced with them, I have never seen or heard of one stumbling, or even making a blunder." *Beale Report*, 26.

2. Beale complains of the uninteresting character of the country in this region which is in Hutsbeth County, at the base of Eagle Mountains. The mountains, destitute of wood, were stupendous masses of rock, with no water, and were "forbidding in the extreme." "We met two Mexicans on the road whom we supposed to be fleeing from justice. They had probably committed some rascality, and were in a hurry to get out of danger, as according to their story they had ridden nearly eighty miles since daybreak." *Beale Report*, 27-28.

could lie concealed without danger of discovery until the time came for them to show themselves, and then they could readily run a carear off, choosing their own positions to repel pursuers. Our men walked about among all the canyons and not even the track of an Indian was visible, but I am confident that some red devil was observing all our movements from a neighboring elevation. We made a late drive, going a distance of twenty miles. Total distance $29\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

July 23. Thursday. Made the Rio Grande today about half after nine and encamped about a mile from the place where the river is first made. I was much disappointed in finding the stream so small in the first place (being only about a hundred yards wide) and so muddy in the second. The water is very sweet, and if filtered it would be equal to the waters of the Mississippi when filtered. It was a great relief to the eye, after passing through a dreary canyon, three miles long, without a tree, to come right out in view of the river, the bank lined with cottonwood of all sizes.

July 24. Friday. Mr. Beale with Bell left this afternoon for San Alesario,¹ distant sixty miles from the place where they left us on the river. I have not learned what the object was in pushing on.²

July 25. Saturday. We reached a camping place on the Rio Grande, about a mile and a half from a Mexican town. The inhabitants came over the river, which is about four feet deep at the fording place, in crowds to see the camels. They came in all costumes, on all kinds of animals, and

1. San Elizario. Beale gives the distance as a trip of ninety-six miles, and a journey of thirty-six hours "in the saddle." In El Paso County, Texas.

2. Beale does not state the reason for this hurried trip ahead of the camel brigade.

other conveyances, and in every variety of shape and size. As a whole, they were decidedly the meanest set of human beings that I ever had the misfortune of seeing.

July 26. Sunday. We reached San Elizario this morning early. We were met on the road by plenty of Greasers, anxious to get a sight of the great wonder, the camel. The wagon train came right through but Mr. Beale detained the camels for the purpose of allowing everyone to see what is to him a great curiosity. We camped five miles from town and got breakfast and about two we started and made a distance of 14 miles. El Paso, or rather Fort Bliss, is six miles from us. We procure supplies at this post to last until we reach Fort Fillmore. The weather has been for the past two or three days very good for traveling. It has been cloudy with rain occasionally. The valley of the Rio Grande, between Fort Bliss and the place where we first struck it on the San Antonio road, is superior to any that I have ever seen. The soil is naturally rich and it is further improved by the extensive irrigation which is carried on. Nearly any vegetable that can be cultivated elsewhere will bring forth abundantly here.

July 27. Monday. Fort Bliss is an open post built of adobe. This material makes a very comfortable dwelling as long as you keep the water out, but the moment it begins to leak your mansion is in danger. The country between San Elizario and Fort Bliss is very thickly settled; a continuous village, as it were, which only needs a Yankee hand to make them present a neat and beautiful appearance, but the country is so rich and yields so abundantly, that a lazy people naturally enough pay very little attention to what we call the decencies of life. We did not re-

main at Fort Bliss, but continued on our way eight miles further, where we camped. A serious difficulty nearly took place between our wagon master and the Captain of the El Paso mail, by the name of Snyder, who visited us for the alleged purpose of recovering a mule in our care with his brand upon it. He might have got it, but he went to putting on airs. Mr. Davis informed him that he could not get the mule unless Mr. Beale was in camp himself and chose to give it up. They had a good many words about the matter, and finally the Mail Agent went off in a great rage, threatening to put the sheriff on the train.

July 28. Tuesday. Nothing today worthy of mention.¹

July 29. Wednesday. We reached Fort Fillmore² this morning after a heavy drag through the sand. This place is like all the forts we have seen, nothing but an open post, and totally unfitted to resist an Indian attack. Timber in this region for building purposes is so scarce that they cannot throw up even an ordinary stockade. The wagons were detained a short time at the fort taking in corn. Afterwards we again started and camped one mile from Las Cruces. They, at the Fort, gave us very alarming accounts of the Apache and Navajo Indians. They have been committing great depredations, and recently whipped a Lieutenant with sixty men, and drove them into Fort Defiance. Our route lies right through the country of both these savage Indian tribes, and it is likely that we will have a brush with them. If they come in any great superiority of num-

1. Camp was made opposite a mountain twelve miles north of El Paso, in which was located a valuable silver mine belonging to "a Mr. Stephenson, who lives near El Paso. It is said the mine is yielding an abundant fortune to its proprietor." *Beale Report*, 29.

2. Between what is now Las Cruces and Mesquite, Dona Ana County, New Mexico.

bers we will have most likely a hard time, because we have at this time only about twenty-five men out of forty that are reliable. It is said that the Navajoes can turn out into the field at least two thousand warriors well armed and equipped. This expedition, which was at the start a very safe journey, has become one of the most dangerous upon which a man can be engaged. Since leaving home the whole aspect of Indian affairs has changed. All the accounts which came from the frontier at that time bespoke a pleasant and safe journey. Now the case is widely different. For myself I have no desire to return. I came on this expedition prepared for the worst, and if it comes I shall not be disappointed; although very sorry that we cannot get along peaceably and quietly.

July 30. Thursday. Today we have passed through several New Mexican towns, all built of adobe, and all very mean looking dwellings. The inhabitants were no better than the habitations. I never saw a more squalid, ignorant and uglier set of people in my life before, and I hope I never will see such a set again. This afternoon we drank our last cupful of Rio Grande water for some time and struck out on what is called the "Jornada del Muerto," a journey of eighty-five miles or more without water.¹ Shortly after getting underway a very severe shower came up, making the sand road extending from the river a distance of eight miles, very heavy dragging. We turned out about nine at night and I got under a wagon for protection against the storm. During the night the water somehow or other got under me, and I got slightly wet, but nothing to complain of.²

1. Directly north of Las Cruces and Dona Ana.

2. In his journal entry of this day Beale speaks of Organ Mountain which

July 31. Friday. Called camp at the usual time, three o'clock. Owing to the neglect of the cook in not getting a supply of wood, we could not get any coffee this morning, although all hands needed it more than at other times. We had nothing to eat from about two yesterday until twelve today, giving us considerable of an appetite for breakfast. We very unexpectedly found a supply of water about twelve miles from the last camp. It was rain water caught in holes. This will enable us to cross this dry place without serious injury to the animals. It rained this evening again. It is nothing more than we can expect at this season, because it is about the time that the rainy season sets in. Just at dusk we struck an Indian trail heading straight across the road. I think that there must have been about ten in the party. We camped at eight and got some supper consisting of hard bread, coffee and bacon.

August 1. Saturday. Last night the guard was somewhat alarmed by the report that three Indians had been seen, creeping upon their hands and knees, about forty yards from the wagons. A scouting (party) immediately went in search of the supposed Indians, but they returned without seeing or hearing anything of them. Several times during the night the mules became uneasy, and snorted as they do when danger is near. It is supposed that some stray wolf was prowling around the camp, and the animals became scared at the scent. I think this hypothesis extremely probable, especially as several times during the night, (we)

the party saw, seven miles distant, during the morning trip. This mountain contained "in its bosom a store of wealth in silver ore which its frowning aspect seems to guard from intrusion; ineffectually, however, as its bowels are being torn and rent by blasting and cutting, in search of the precious contents." *Beale Report*, 30.

heard coyotes howling off in the prairie. We traveled this morning to the little Allemand¹ to breakfast, and found sufficient water for the animals and our own use. A Dutchman was murdered by the Indians at this place in 1853, hence the name.² We hitched up in about two hours and struck out for the only watering place between this and the river called the Laguna(?).³ We had not gone two miles when we met a Mexican train of wagons encamped on some water. They informed us that they had not seen any water from the time of leaving the Rio Grande. Mr. Beale, upon the reception of this intelligence, deemed it best to encamp and go forward this night. Accordingly we turned out. At about six we caught up and traveled until after twelve. When we had been on the road about two hours, the moon which before had been obscured, burst out, shedding a mellow light over the surrounding prairie, and bringing into bolder relief the distant mountain of the Organ. I, as I rode along gazing upon the sweet moon, could not help asking myself, is anyone in the wide world looking at that orb, and as they allow their minds to wander over the past, thinking of me. I also recalled to mind the many happy hours that I have spent beneath its face. My reverie was interrupted by our arrival at the camping place.

August 2. Sunday. This day before twelve, we again

1. In the southeastern part of Sierra County, New Mexico.

2. Beale speaks of the grave of two Germans killed by the Indians, and of a spot three miles farther on, where another German of the same party lost his life.

3. Does Stacey have reference to a small town of Laguna which is given in Colton's Map of New Mexico and Arizona, 1875? The settlement is located in the "Jornada del Muerto," south of what is now Engle in eastern Sierra County, New Mexico.

made the Rio Grande, having passed the "Jornada del Muerto" (the journey of death) in entire safety and with good speed. We had no difficulty with water, finding it at three places at convenient intervals. If the Government would appropriate a hundred thousand dollars for this road, and sink a few artesian wells along it, the road would be the only one traveled, and, by traveling this road, which is surpassed by none in the United States, two days of hard driving on the river bottom, full of sand, would be saved. There are so many appropriations, so much less deserving of success than this, that it would be only doing justice to the large number of traders, who are making this country of some value to the country. The animals having been driven very hard all the way from San Antonio, Mr. Beale gave orders to drive with less speed, in order that the animals might not be too much exhausted when we reach Albuquerque to continue our journey. They now begin to exhibit signs of fatigue, and they are getting poor, notwithstanding they get corn at night and grass whenever it is possible to graze them with safety.

August 3. Monday. We passed Fort Craig¹ today. It was about eight miles from our last camp. The train did not stop, but the camel train passed to allow the officers a chance of seeing them. We passed several large herds of sheep and Mr. Beale purchased two, and we had a feast on fresh meat, the first we have had, except the game which I shot along the road, since leaving Las Moras. Day's travel sixteen miles.

1. Fort Craig was located in the southern portion of what is now Socorro County, New Mexico. Beale says of it, "from its appearance at a distance of a quarter of a mile it presented a more fortlike outside and aspect than any post we have seen on the road." *Beale Report*, 31.

August 4. Tuesday. We met today a young man who had crossed the plains with a train of wagons from Independence. He said they had a hard time of it, water and grass being very scarce. They had no trouble with the Indians; found plenty of buffalo. We passed through the Mexican town of San Pedro. Tonight we had one of the most delicious stews I have ever tasted. It consisted of mutton, rice and onions. About nine o'clock a Mexican came into camp with milk and cheese to sell. We purchased his supply for two bits, and he went away perfectly satisfied. We traveled today about fourteen miles.

August 5. Wednesday. We have been traveling up the valley of the Rio Grande, passing constantly through Mexican towns, whose inhabitants rush out to see the camels. I have seen very few pretty women. They are generally very ugly and very dirty but very polite. You see two dirty looking Greasers walk up to each other, touch their hats and address each other in the most polite manner possible. Some of these people are very dark, some brown, and some almost as white as the "Gringos," as they call the Americans.¹ The road today has been extremely heavy, loose sand that gives at every step from under the mules' feet. They soon become much exhausted by the continuous strain upon them, and we cannot therefore make more than fifteen miles a day.

1. The crowds continued to gather along the way to view the camels. Beale and his group were constantly taken for a traveling show, and Beale was spoken of as "dee showmans." Here is a sample, given by Beale, of a conversation with the crowd.

"What you gottee more on camelos? Gottee any dogs?"

"Yes, horse more."

"Whattee can do horse?"

"Stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine."

August 6. Thursday. We passed through a large Mexican village this morning soon after leaving camp. (We) breakfasted on the Rio Grande. This morning we passed through and camped near the town of La Joya. When passing through, a Mexican made a very fair proposition to us. He said that if we would camp near the town he would furnish all the onions and eggs that we would want. When the time came for the fulfilment of his part of the bargain he was nowhere to be found. The sight of the camels most probably excited his generous emotions so strongly that he thought he would be a little munificent; but when he came to think of what he had said, he concluded to withdraw.

August 7. Friday. We saw today many large herds of cattle grazing in the rich and beautiful valley of the Rio Grande. Back from the valley the country is mountainous. The grass where we camped was very poor, so scant indeed that the animals could not pretend to fill themselves. The road has been today rather better.

August 8. Saturday. Last night a copious rain fell, wetting the unfortunates who did not secure for themselves a berth in one of the wagons. The rain cooled the atmosphere wonderfully, and this morning was quite cool, making a coat feel very comfortable. Our morning's drive was about eight miles which brought us up to a large Mexican village, whose name I do not remember. We passed through and camped a mile from it. Our object in thus always passing these towns is to keep the men from mixing up with and getting into difficulties with the inhabitants. We being out of corn, and Albuquerque about twenty-six miles distant,

“Valgame Dios! What a people these are to have a horse stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine.” *Beale Report*, 32.

Mr. Smith thought it best to purchase enough to last until we reached the post. Accordingly, one wagon was detached from the train, and while the other wagons continued their onward journey, we (Mr. Smith, Hampden Porter and myself) accompanied the single wagon back to the village for corn. We had learned that the Padre had some for sale and we drove up to his house just beside the church. We had a "Little Giant" corn mill in the wagon and we had strong hopes of being able to trade it off for corn. The mill had been purchased in Cincinnati with a mistaken notion that it would be useful in our journey across the plains. It would be useful to a farmer who had a large stock to feed, or even on the road if you could spare the time necessary to rig it and put it in motion. But situated as we are, when every moment is spent in procuring rest when not traveling, it is totally impracticable. It takes up room in the wagon which could be devoted to a much more important account. We have long had the conviction that it would do us no good, and Mr. Beale had determined to leave it at Albuquerque anyhow. So we thought if we could make an advantageous trade, it would meet with Mr. Beale's entire approbation. With this view, we had the "Little Giant" put in the wagon which returned to the village. When we arrived at the Padre's mansion we brought him out and showed our "Little Giant" mill. He expressed a desire to see it in motion and we put it up in his yard and ground about a peck of corn and showed it to him. He asked, "Will it grind finer?" "Oh, yes," we replied, and screwed the machine up a little, and showed him the result of that grinding. "Will it grind finer?" "Yes," says Joe McFeeley, who was making himself conspicuous, as usual, and another turn. This literally

wound the thing up but still the meal was not fine enough. So our trade was done and we had the great satisfaction of reloading our mill, weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds. The Padre thought we had a mill capable of grinding meal fine enough to make corn bread with, which it was not, and he very soon discovered it. However, he was a very clever man anyhow. He invited us into his sanctum, a very decent little room, filled with books, writing materials, etc. He regretted that he had no wine to give us, adding if we had come a month later he would have had plenty. This man was a perfect gentleman and a scholar. What attraction could a place of this kind present to such a man? We remarked to him that it was a singular situation in which to find a man of his attainments. He replied "if a man ever did know anything he would soon forget it here." It made me feel melancholy as we came away, to think that we had left behind us a man so worthy of a higher position. About six we reached a splendid grove of cottonwood, in the center of which was a small town, known as "Connellys." We rode past the store kept by Dr. Connelly but when we had passed a short distance, Mr. Smith suggested that we ought to return and take something to drink. No sooner was the suggestion offered than it was adopted; and (we) turned back and hitched at the store door, and went in and called for whiskey. The Dr. said they did not keep it in anything less than barrels, adding that he had some claret and champagne. We concluded to take claret, but instead of bringing claret the old fellow brought us a bottle of cognac. It was decidedly the best brandy I have tasted for many a day. It was splendid. When we came to pay for it, the old fellow said the sight of the camels was ample

compensation, and would not take a cent. We came into camp in excellent spirits.

August 9. Sunday. The whole party were very much edified and amused by the sight of some Mexican women and men wading the Rio Grande, which is up to about their waists. We encamped tonight within about two miles of Albuquerque in a place where there was neither grass nor water. It was by Mr. Beale's command that we stopped here. The sand is extremely disagreeable especially when the wind blows, which it did do and filled our eyes with fine particles of sand.

August 10. Monday. I visited Albuquerque today. The Government buildings, such as storehouses, officers' houses and stables, are built of adobe, but in a superior manner to the adobes of the Mexicans. Mr. Smith, who was with me, got his hair cut, and it cost four bits (fifty cents). We had a most delightful drink from a creek which runs near the town. It was a delightful change from the water of the muddy Rio Grande.

August 11. Tuesday. Last night Mr. Beale returned from Santa Fé.¹ He brought me letters from home which I was delighted to receive. He did not come out to camp because he was very much fatigued by his journey. Last night Joe McFeeley was shot in the hand at a Fandango by John Hoyne. Some Mexicans lived very close to our camp and they got up a Fandango and invited all our men (teamsters, etc.) to go. Hoyne and McFeeley, along with the rest, went. They, like men will do, got to drinking and the liquor went to John's head; he became crazy and kicked

1. Lieutenant Beale had gone up to Santa Fé in order to arrange all of his business with the commanding officer of the department. *Beale Report*, 32.

up the "old Harry." He called a Mexican woman some very hard names. Our men wished to get him away, but he was dead to all reason, and it was impracticable to use force because he had two revolvers and a knife. They agreed among themselves to disarm him, and then carry him out of the room. McFeeley was to take one pistol, and John Tribbit was to take away the other and the knife. Joe got one pistol and Tribbit took the knife and had his hand on the pistol when John discovered their game. He immediately drew his revolver and said to McFeeley, "I will shoot you, I will, by God." He cocked the revolver and fired a shot at Joe, which went over his head and lodged in the wall of the house (they were outside). He paused a short time and fired again, the ball this time taking effect in the left hand of McFeeley. It passed between the bones of the first and second fingers, luckily without injuring them. Hampden Porter dressed the wound. It happened about half past ten.

August 12. Wednesday.¹ Raised camp about six and went into the post. We remained until afternoon receiving provisions and forage, and also disposing of the articles that could not be carried, such as the photographic apparatus, which proved a failure, and geological specimens from Texas. Our supplies are sufficient to last us for sixty days. We take also a hundred sheep. When Mr. Beale was at Santa Fé he transferred or sold five of his teams to General Garland, the Commander of this department. They go along with us, to carry the escort we will get from Fort Defiance. Thus the expense of thirty mules and seven men

1. Beale's map of the expedition begins at Albuquerque. It is contained in his Report.

are defrayed by Government, and we have at the same time all the advantages which their going along will give us. It was decidedly a very excellent move. Mr. Davis, Mr. Beale and Mr. Smith remained at the post but dispatched the teams across the river. Mr. Davis hired a man in place of John Hoyne who was discharged along with McFeeley. He professed to know where the ford was, and accordingly he was placed in the front. The first thing he did was to get stalled in the soft sand of the river. I saw at once that the man was drunk, and added to it very impertinent. I ordered the other teams to drive across. The first two teams passed in safety but all the rest had to be assisted. I promised the new hand that he should be discharged and he was as soon as Mr. Davis arrived. Camped a mile from the river.

August 13. Thursday. Got underway soon this morning but we encountered a very bad sand hill a half mile from our camp which kept us one hour and a half getting over. Some teams had twelve mules hitched on, even then it was tough work. The camels, which are now heavily packed, had some trouble in coming over. We made about ten miles and camped. In the afternoon Mr. Beale sent out a man to tell us that we were on the wrong road. This was very agreeable intelligence, especially as we thought we would have to go back the same road we came. Luckily we found a passage from one road to the other, about two miles ahead. We did not reach the other road until about eight o'clock at night; it was raining and intensely dark.

August 14. Friday. Passed today five Pueblo Indians. They were seated under a blanket spread over a bush. They had a large carear of horses. Our road has lain through

a most singular country, large tables and deep valleys and in one or two places the rocks rise right up in the center of a valley. No grass, and very little water. Camped at a water hole.

August 15. Saturday. Today about two a rain set in which was likely to have washed us away from our valley encampment. About ten we had encamped in a beautiful grassy place surrounded on all sides, except one, by high mountains. Through the center a dry water course passed. At two it commenced to rain in torrents, and was succeeded by one of the most severe hail storms I have ever seen. The stones were larger than marbles. It slackened up, and began again from another quarter and rained in such torrents that the water rose in five minutes over three inches under the wagons. We came to the conclusion that it was no time for us to remain there, and Mr. Davis gave orders to gear up and strike out as soon as possible. The men worked hard, and we soon had the teams safe on dry ground. We passed on about three miles, and came to Laguna, a Pueblo village. We were on one side of the stream and the town on the other. The rain had so raised it that it (the stream) roared and foamed by us in a very violent manner. We were unacquainted with the road and did not know how deep the bed of the stream might be. So Mr. Davis did not like to drive the teams into a place where there was so much uncertainty, and asked me to ride my mule in and try it. She was very much opposed to that arrangement and would not go. I mounted a horse and rode him across. It was up to his belly, and it was so very rapid that it made him dizzy for a moment, and he reeled about like a drunken man. We found the natives all turned out to see

the "camelos." The wagons passed on and camped a mile from the town. When the camels arrived in camp they were escorted by large numbers of Indians and Mexicans in all costumes, of all sexes and sizes, on foot and in every manner of conveyance. The Indians remained until sunset and then took their departure, so that when the shadows of the night had fallen, the red men had passed from our campfires.

August 16. Sunday. We pushed on this morning to a place called Covero,¹ also a Pueblo village, built right up on the rocks overhanging the road. Nearly the whole population came out to see us. A good many Navajo Indians came into town along with their head chief. He is an oldish man with a broad face, and strong Indian features. His name I do not remember. It was very amusing to see these fellows come and sit around the campfire where the men were cooking, and watch the pot boil with longing eyes. Mr. Beale arrived from Albuquerque today.²

August 17. Monday. Started again for a place called Ojo del Gallo,³ arrived and camped near the crossing of the stream, where we found clear beautiful water and a reasonable supply of grass. Just before reaching camp one of our teams was upset through the carelessness of the driver. All the bars were more or less broken, otherwise the wagon was uninjured. Today we had a guide before us. Mr. Beale brought two with him from Albuquerque.

1. Present town of Cubero, in the northeastern part of Valencia County, New Mexico, due west of Albuquerque.

2. "We arrived about sundown," writes Beale, "and no one can imagine the pleasant thing it was to us to get back to our flannel shirts, big boots, and greasy buckskins once more. It was home to us." *Beale Report*, 33.

3. Near what is now Grant, Valencia County.

August 18. Tuesday. We made about five miles this morning and camped farther up the valley where we found better grass. The reason of the shortness of our drive is, we do not care to push ahead much, on account of our mules, and we desire to see Colonel Loring¹ who is going from Los Lunas to Fort Defiance with a part of the men who were on the "Gila Scout." It is necessary that these men should first get into the post before we draw our escort, consisting of thirty-five men. We have had an agreeable change in our food. Mr. Beale purchased at Covero two hundred sheep and we have mutton every day instead of "Old Ned," in other words, salt bacon. Our ration of salt provisions is comparatively small. It consists of full rations for twenty days. Our flour (we could get no hard bread) is for sixty days, and our sugar and coffee a ration and a half for eighty days. With this inlaid we hope to be able to reach California in from forty-five to sixty days.

August 19. Wednesday. Nothing today worthy of mention.²

August 20. Thursday. Mr. Beale having heard that the command of Colonel Loring was in the vicinity of our camp, mounted "Seid," the dromedary, and set off to see the Colonel if possible. He found him in Covero. They both entered the town about the same time. After having transacted the business he had with the Colonel, Mr. Beale remounted and returned to camp. He was gone about five

1. The Colonel who was to turn over an escort of soldiers to Beale.

2. The day was spent in camp waiting for Colonel Loring. "Our camels are doing well here, and seem as fat as when we left, and apparently in better order for the road. On leaving Albuquerque they were packed with an average of seven hundred pounds each; the largest carried nearly a thousand pounds, and the others in proportion to their size and strength." *Beale Report*, 34.

hours, and traveled in that time a distance of thirty-one miles.¹ About eleven the Colonel came into camp and we were all introduced to him by Mr. Beale. He was a very fine looking man and a perfect gentleman. There was something in his countenance which strongly reminded me of Dr. Porter.

August 21. Friday. Mr. Beale and Mr. Thorburn went with Colonel Loring to Fort Defiance.² Mr. Beale offered the Colonel his ambulance, and the Colonel accepted it, for the reason that it would facilitate Mr. Beale's operations. We have traveled over a broken country extremely rough. At one point we crossed a stream of lava, which extends for miles and miles through the valley of the Ojo del Gallo. We camped about two miles and a half from the road, on very good grass, but poor water.

August 22. Saturday. We continued up the same valley that we struck yesterday. After going about seven miles we came across an abundance of very fine pine trees. Camped in a fine valley, about half a mile from a splendid mountain spring, as cool as ice. About eleven last night

1. The animal traveled at the rate of eight miles an hour, and, on the return journey was so far ahead of Colonel Loring that Beale went on into camp alone. After the journey "Seid seemed not the least tired; indeed it was as much as I could do to hold him on my return, and could not have done so had I not put the chain part of his halter around his lower jaw." *Beale Report*, 34.

2. Beale went up to Fort Defiance with Colonel Loring in order to start with his escort from that place, meanwhile sending his regular party on to Zuñi. Fort Defiance is in Arizona, near the border of New Mexico, northwest of Gallup. Beale and Loring arrived at the fort on August 25. Captain Carlisle came out for ten miles to meet the men. "As we stood in the warm sun of August, it was most refreshing to see the captain's servant throw off the folds of a blanket from a tub in the bottom of the wagon, and expose several large and glistening blocks of ice, while at the same time the captain produced a delicate flask of 'red eye.'" *Beale Report*, 36. Beale arrived at Zuñi and joined his party with the escort, on August 29.

I was awakened by the mournful cry of a panther quite near camp. He had smelled our sheep and came from the mountain to see if it were possible to steal one for the benefit of his stomach. The watchfulness of our sentinels and the camp fires which were burning kept him at a respectable distance.

August 23. Sunday. After leaving camp we passed up a canyon, which let us out through a pass between two high rocks, beyond which was a most beautiful grove of pine trees. We crossed the dividing ridge of the Sierra Madre, at twelve o'clock, and from here forward the waters flow toward the Pacific. We camped at a spring called El Moro¹ situated at the base of Inscription Rock, which we ascended after dinner. It is a most singular formation. The rock covers an area of about four to five miles. It is rather circular in formation and upon the top it is, in places, level. Upon these even places are the relics of buildings. In some places the wall is entire for eight or ten feet. The stones are beautifully put together, each joint falling at regular intervals. We found four remains, two on each side of a deep canyon, in which were growing elegant pine trees and an abundance of fine grass. It is probable that this place was used in times long since passed for a corral, in which the inhabitants of the hill herded their stock in times of danger and of cold. The questions, who built these ruins? And whence came these people? are the first which naturally present themselves. The answers are difficult, but it is evident that these were a branch of the same people who built the mounds in Ohio and throughout the whole Continent. It would appear that some mighty

1. In what is now El Moro National Monument Park.

convulsion of nature has driven the people who once occupied this section of the country from it — most likely into Mexico, where we find the same relics that are discovered here.

August 24. Monday. Last night a tremendous dew fell, saturating the blankets of those who slept out. We again visited Inscription Rock this morning and entered the corral on horseback. It is a beautiful place, secluded and secure, fit for the echo of words of love. Here one might pour out all the tender ideas of love without reserve, without interruption. Who knows but what on this same spot scenes similar to those described by the classic author of Paul and Virginia might not have occurred, and that a broken-hearted Indian youth wasted away wandering over these mighty rocks? It was a romantic spot and one we shall all remember, when years have passed, and other scenes will have grown dim in the waters of memory. We parted from the place with regret, after having inscribed on the rock's soft face our names.

We pushed on at a lively pace after the train which was a long distance ahead, having been traveling while we were examining Inscription Rock. We overtook them in the course of three hours, and after traveling a short distance farther, camped on the Rio Pescado, twelve miles from Zuñi, where we will remain until Mr. Beale returns from Fort Defiance. Our camp is in a very pretty valley in which we find both grass and water in abundance. The latter especially is of the finest kind, cold as ice and clear as crystal.

Tuesday August 25. I visited Zuñi¹ along with Mr. Davis

1. Zuñi is in the southwestern part of McKinley County, New Mexico, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad.

and old Savidra, the guide. The houses are of adobe plastered up with mud. The town contains from a thousand to eighteen hundred inhabitants who own large herds of sheep and goats. The guide having discovered in the town an Indian with whom he was acquainted, we all went to the house and found the old man and four or five others eating either dinner or breakfast. We were invited to "pitch in," which I did, and was just beginning to get happy eating chile con carne and bread, when we heard a great rumpus outside and rushing out we had the mortification of seeing our horses dashing away, having broken loose. My animal was captured before he got away, by our Indian. So mounting, I dashed forward in pursuit of the other animals, who took the back track for camp on a full run. After a chase of five miles I brought them back. I was very mad at having lost my breakfast, but very glad to secure the horses. The object of our visit to Zuñi, namely to see if there was any corn in the place, being accomplished, we returned to camp which we reached about five o'clock somewhat fatigued. We found Zuñi to be, instead of only twelve miles, fifteen.

August 26. Wednesday. Today I have been lying around camp, doing little of anything. I am somewhat stiff from my ride, which was not less than forty miles yesterday. Tucker and I went hunting this afternoon but were quite unsuccessful. It has been bloody cold at night since we crossed the mountains.

August 27. Thursday. We expected Mr. Beale to arrive from Fort Defiance,¹ but we were disappointed. He has not

1. While at Fort Defiance, Beale realized that the worst part of the journey was ahead of the party — a future "dim, uncertain, and unknown. . . . Not only responsible for the lives of my men, but my reputation and the highest wrought expectations of my friends, and the still more highly wrought expect-

come. The probability is that we will not get away from this place until the first.

August 28. Friday. This morning I shot five green winged teal. It made me feel curious to see these ducks. It brought back home and the old Delaware to my recollection, upon whose banks I have often spent many an hour in pursuit of my favorite game. Tucker and Mr. Smith went out this afternoon and shot a black tailed deer, the first killed on the trip. I went with them to bring it in.

August 29. Saturday. I killed two more teal this morning, on the river. This afternoon an Indian brought in a letter from Mr. Beale, in which he informed us of his arrival at Zuñi from Fort Defiance.¹ He requested Mr. Davis to

tations of envious enemies — all these dependent on the next sixty days' good or evil fortune. Today commences it. Let us see what I shall say in this journal, — if I live to say anything, on the day of my return here." *Beale Report*, 37.

1. Beale's reactions to Zuñi are worthy of reproduction.

"August 29. Arrived at Zuñi, an old Indian pueblo of curious aspect; it is built on a gentle eminence in the middle of a valley about five miles wide, through which the dry bed of the Zuñi lays. As we approached, cornfields of very considerable extent spread out on all sides, and apparently surrounded the town. This place contains a population of about two thousand souls; the houses, although nearly all have doors on the ground floor, are ascended by ladders, and the roof is more used than any other part. Here all the cooking is done, the idle hours spent, and is the place used for sleeping in summer. Each house or family has a little garden, rarely over thirty feet square, which is surrounded by a wall of mud. Inside of these, and completely encircling the town, are the corrals for sheep, asses and horses, which are always driven up at night. We saw here many Albinos, with very fair skins, white hair, and blue eyes. The Indians raise a great deal of wheat, of a very fine quality, double-headed. The squaws are more expert at carrying things on their heads than our southern negroes. I saw one ascend to the second story of a house by a ladder, with an earthen jar containing a full bucket of water, without touching it with her hands. It was quite amusing to see the men knitting stockings. Imagine Hiawatha at such undignified work. The old Jesuit church is in ruins; but a picture over the altar attracted our attention from the beauty of four small medallion paintings in each corner, which were very beautifully

move the train up to the town as soon as possible. The teams were immediately harnessed up and tonight we drove three miles.

August 30. Sunday. Started very early this morning for Zuñi where we found Mr. Beale engaged in buying corn from the Indians. Soon after we arrived, all hands were sent to shell it, and they were kept busy until late at night. Large numbers of Indians have been in camp trading for hats, shirts, pants, etc., and they would give good blankets for a shirt or a piece of tobacco. From this place our survey commences.

August 31. Monday. We left Zuñi at eleven o'clock. No road from this place; the pathway perfectly hard and firm making a good road. Five miles from Zuñi the ground is not so good, being sandy and rough. We camped without water twenty and a half miles from Zuñi. Very little grass, sandy soil.

September 1. Tuesday. The road today has improved. It is less heavy and more level. The grass has likewise improved. After much rubbing off the mud and dust we made out that it was painted by Miguel somebody in 1701. White intercourse (traders) with these Indians seems to have destroyed with them all the respect they had for the Catholic religion, without giving them any in return. Like all Indians who have a fixed abode, they are quiet and inoffensive. A knowledge of this fact induced me to endeavor to establish the same system of old missions in California; but the government did not appreciate the fact as I did, and it has not been carried out. We found here a few indifferent peaches, the only effect of which was to carry us back, in fancy, to home at this season. The melons also were quite poor, almost unfit to eat.

For an account of these people, as they were centuries ago, see Coronado's expedition. For more modern accounts, Whipple's answers every purpose, and is very interesting. Salt, of the finest quality, is found near here by the Indians in the greatest abundance. There is no wood nearer the town than five miles. After leaving camp this morning we had no water until our arrival here. The grass is good, and the wood on the road abundant, until getting within five miles of the place." *Beale Report*, 38.

proved. We reached Jacob's Well at ten o'clock. It would be well to give a brief description of this most singular place. It is a hole a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, surrounded by a perfectly level plain, so level, indeed, that if you did not know its locality you might easily pass it at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Its circumference measured by myself with a chain is five hundred yards and eighty feet. There are one or two large arroyos leading down to the water, one of which was followed by our animals. The water was rather brackish, but the animals being dry, drank copiously. This afternoon's drive was to Antelope Springs, six and a half miles from Jacob's Well.¹ The grass and water here were excellent.

September 2. Wednesday. Soon after sunrise the train was again in motion. We reached the Puerco at about two o'clock. It is nothing but a dry bottom at present. At times, I suppose after rains, it runs, but like all these Western rivers it sinks very soon through the porous soil. We camped and got our breakfast in the bottom and did ample justice to our meal. Near our camp was a singular freak of nature. We discovered a large piece of timber, petrified, right in the midst of a tremendous rock. It looked as if it grew right out of the rock; the most singular thing I ever saw of the kind. This afternoon's drive was over a rough road and much cut up into canyons. We made a dry camp. Distance traveled today nineteen miles.

September 3. Thursday. Set in with cold rain. It reminded one of winter which is now approaching. The camp was in motion after six o'clock and we breakfasted upon the Rio del Xara. The road was heavy and the country

1. Northeast of Holbrook, Arizona.

much cut up on each side of the road. The grass at our camp is good, and we were fortunate enough to find water in sufficient quantity for the animals. At twelve we were again in motion, and camped without anything occurring worthy of mention, eight and a half miles from our last camping place. We found no permanent water.

September 4. Friday. We drove eight and a half miles to breakfast and reached the Rio Colorado Chiquito.¹ From bank to bank it measures about two hundred yards. The stream itself is about twenty yards wide and very muddy. The road has been soft, grass good and wood plenty. Camp No. 5 was made six and a half miles from the last one, upon a ridge where we found tolerable grass. The river is distant about a mile. Distance fifteen miles.

September 5. Saturday. Rain last evening and this morning. After starting it discontinued, leaving the road very soft, the mules at each step up to their fetlocks in the yielding soil. It got so very bad finally that Mr. Beale ordered the train to camp. Distance four and three-quarter miles. The sun came out just after camping, very warm, and by the time we were ready to make another start, the road had improved so much as to make it, comparatively speaking, easy pulling. Our evening camp was made at a place where we found grass in spots but scarcely in sufficient quantity for the mules. It rained again in showers during the whole night. Distance fourteen and a quarter miles.²

1. The Little Colorado.

2. Beale marvelled at the evidences of a dense population that once inhabited this region; everywhere he and his party saw mounds of earth and bits of broken pottery. At this spot, near what is now Holbrook, Arizona, he found parts of baked earthen pipes that had been used in some irrigation system. "The sites of all these places show some eye for beauty of scenery, too; nearly

September 6. Sunday. The rain last night made the road today in places nearly impassable. It was a steady drag, without let up, upon the mules. We will be glad to leave this river bottom. This morning we made five and a half miles. We crossed the Colorado Chiquito this afternoon for the last time,¹ after some delay. The water was high from the recent rains, but the fording was good except the coming out place which was slightly boggy. Camped for the night on the left bank. The cooks found fuel in abundance near camp in the shape of dead wood. The whole distance made today, ten and a half miles.²

September 7. Monday. Leaving our camp soon after sunrise, our course lay along the side of a tributary of the Rio Colorado, which, after some difficulty, we crossed at its junction with the main river, and camped a few hundred yards from the ford. This stream having no name was called after our Wagon Master, Mr. Davis, and will be marked on the map as Davis Creek. This afternoon had very good road except at one point, where we hitched ten and twelve mules to a wagon. The ascent was made to save

all are placed on gentle eminences overlooking the river and valleys, and not on steep mesas, like those of modern times, and which were built under the influence of fear, after those Bedouins of America, the Apaches, had commenced their ravages over this part of the country." *Beale Report*, 43.

1. Near Apache Butte.

2. Speaking of the camels at this stage of the journey Beale says: "The camels are so quiet and give so little trouble that sometimes we forget they are with us. Certainly there never was anything so patient and enduring and so little troublesome as this noble animal. They pack their heavy load of corn, of which they never taste a grain; put up with any good food offered them without complaint, and are always up with the wagons, and, withal, so perfectly docile and quiet that they are the admiration of the whole camp. . . . They are better today than they were when we left Camp Verde with them; especially since our men have learned, by experience, the best mode of packing them." *Beale Report*, 44.

going over some boggy ground. We went onto a table and camped, with plenty of grass but no water. The animals did not suffer from the want of water because they had a drink late in the afternoon from a small stream which we found in a large valley. Distance eleven miles.¹

September 8. Tuesday. Left camp twenty minutes past five; the road generally good and grass abundant, watered from a pond on the line of march. Saw some antelopes. Camped this afternoon near the Cañon Diablo and Rio Colorado Chiquito.² Grass not very good. Distance nineteen miles.³

September 9. Wednesday. Started at sunrise and drove four miles. We camped at a pass between two rocks. Found grass plenty but no water. The animals were driven back to the river. When they returned we again got underway. Our road lay over a most beautiful rolling country upon which there was plenty of grass, enough to supply the wants of an unlimited number of cattle. Camped near a rocky canyon where we found water in natural basins formed in the rocks. Mr. Beale sent Ham, Bell and myself some three miles from camp to examine a place where there were a number of trees, in the hope that we would find a spring. We examined the place and found a dry water course. The trees were cedars.

1. That this country would some day have a great population was Beale's prediction. "The grass throughout the day has been most abundant, and we have constantly exclaimed, 'What a stock country.' . . . The Indians once removed, or kept in check by military posts, this country would be immediately settled with a large population." *Beale Report*, 45.

2. Near Leupp, in Coconino County, Arizona.

3. During the difficult ascent of the Cañon Diablo, "and where it was necessary to double teams, the camels packed their heavy loads without the least apparent difficulty, and without a stop, some of them having nearly a thousand pounds, including the cumbersome and heavy saddle." *Beale Report*, 47.

September 10. Thursday. Tucker, Ham, Bell and myself were left behind in camp to await the arrival of our two herders who had gone in pursuit of a mule which ran away last evening. They returned about six hours after the camp had left, but were unsuccessful. They had tracked the mule for sixteen miles back to last camp, but had then lost the trail. The trail made by the wagons was very distinct, and we pushed along without trouble. Every now and then herds of antelope would dart across our path. After traveling for an hour and a half we came into a cedar grove of very beautiful trees. As I was riding I saw a coyote among the bushes about forty yards off. I shot him dead and cut off his tail as a trophy. When within about a half mile of camp we met three soldiers, and upon inquiring what was the matter we were informed that they had lost one of their men, about a mile from camp, and were going in search of him. We found the train encamped in a beautiful little valley, surrounded by lofty pines. Old Ab gave us a bite (breakfast was over) which we did ample justice to, and by the time we had finished the train was again ready to move forward. Just before starting the soldiers came in to report that they had found their comrade's trail for about a half mile, but had then lost it. They had also fired several shots and shouted but the rocks alone answered their calls. We moved along the mountain about three miles and found water. Mr. Beale in order to give the lost man every chance in his power, camped for the night, and sent back another party to search and to build fires upon the mountains. They returned just before dark unsuccessful. We now give the man up, and if he is ever found it will be through his own exertions. I have learned that

he left the line of march in pursuit of a rabbit totally disregarding the commands of his officer. Some think that he was crazy, and others that he deserted. He has served five years in the Army and this is his second enlistment. At this place we found Cosnino Caves described by Whipple,¹ and computed by him to be one thousand in number. They are very singular. One has three apartments opening into each other.

September 11. Friday. At a quarter of six camp was underway. The road has been very fine with one or two exceptions. We drove ten miles to the morning camp. Nothing heard of the missing man. This afternoon after considerable difficulty we found San Francisco Spring, or that which we judged it to be. Old Savidra did not know whether it was or not. There was not enough water for the animals, and the men were set to digging. Very soon a sufficient supply was found.²

September 12. Saturday. This morning after sunrise Mr. Thorburn, Tucker, the two guides and myself started ahead to look for Leroux's Spring. After a cool ride of seven miles, we were guided to it by Savidra. It issues from the side of the western extremity of San Francisco Mountain, and flows down a canyon about four hundred yards where it is lost in the ground. The water is of superior quality, perfectly soft and sweet, and cold as ice. The

1. The railroad survey along the 35th parallel, under the authorization of Congress, in 1853, was made by Lieut. A. W. Whipple, and was from March 3 until August 5, 1853. The party left Fort Smith, and went on to Albuquerque, then to Zuñi, along the Little Colorado to the canyon west to Needles, and across the desert to Los Angeles. (C. F. Coan, *History of New Mexico*, I, 357-358.)

2. Camp was made at the base of San Francisco Mountain. This camp was named Stacey Spring after May Stacey. Near Flagstaff, Arizona.

valley into which this spring flows is certainly the most magnificent and beautiful I have ever beheld. The valley is shut in by lofty mountains, covered with unsurpassable pine trees, and the valley itself is verdant with gramma grass in profuse quantities. It extends about seven miles one way, and three the other. In the afternoon we left this charming spot, and continued our way through the pines in a West by North direction. After dark we camped among the lofty pines, that waved over our heads with the melancholy murmur which has been spoken of so often by poets and prose writers. Dead wood was lying in abundance around us, and we very soon dispelled the gloom of the forest with a roaring fire, made beside the trunk of a fallen giant at least five feet in diameter. When the guard was set numerous fires were lighted around the camp, making a circle in the center of which were the wagons. The mules had ample space within the fires to graze and could not stray without being seen. It was very pretty, these many fires blazing and crackling among the pines, and the men on watch as they walked from one fire to another, against the dark background, looked like specters who were holding some infernal rite in a secluded spot. Gradually as night deepened the groups around the fire became thinner and thinner, until all had sought out the spots on which they intended to repose, and the sleepy watch alone was seen keeping vigil. It was a time for thought and vigilance. It was a time when a man feels the responsibilities of his position, whatever it may be, more keenly than at others.

September 13. Sunday. Daylight showed to our eyes a heavy white frost. The air was damp and chilly, making a blanket over one's coat feel very comfortable. We started

at six, our road continuing through the pines in the same direction as yesterday over stones which jolted the wagons considerably. We came quite unexpectedly upon a fine spring which we named Breckenridge's Spring.¹ Camped here. Found the grass very good. Distance made this morning 11 miles. Continuing down the valley we struck this morning previous to finding Breckenridge's Spring, we found the road admirable and plenty of grass. We made an evening camp at a pretty little spring 7 miles from the last camp. Whole distance today 18 miles.²

September 14. Monday. It moderated very much last night, making today warm and agreeable. The road has been in a measure difficult today, scrubby cedars and ravines obstructing our passage. We found water among the rocks at the base of a small mountain. Heretofore we have been following as nearly as possible the trail of Whipple. Not finding it as good as he supposed it would be, Mr. Beale, upon the advice of one of the guides, Lecko, who came through with Aubrey³ in 1854 when he made the passage between the Great and Little Colorado in nine days, struck off in a North Westerly direction to strike the

1. Between Mt. Sitgreaves and Mt. Kendrick.

2. The camels are once more lauded for their part in the expedition. "Our general course today has been west — and we have made nineteen miles," says Beale. "Could any amount of writing say more for a road? . . . The camels continue undisturbed by the stony character of the country, and can any day go twice as far as the wagons, besides relieving us of all anxiety on their account as to food and water, for they can eat whatever they may chance to get, or do without anything, and drink only when the water happens to be perfectly convenient to camp." *Beale Report*, 53.

3. Francis Xavier Aubrey, the "Skimmer of the Plains," made a volunteer survey across northern Arizona. He left Tejon Pass, in California, on July 10, 1853, with a group of about eighteen men. He went as far east as Zuñi. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad followed the line indicated by Aubrey through Arizona. (J. H. McClintock, *Arizona*, I, 117-119.)

valley which Aubrey ascended all the way from the Colorado Grande to San Francisco Mountain. Lecko says there is plenty of water, grass, and wood, and the road is excellent. He also says he can make the passage in one half the time that we can by Whipple's route. So taking the valley indicated to us by our guide, we struck down along an Indian Trail over very excellent ground until we came to the bed of a dry stream, where we camped for the night, having made a distance of eleven miles from our last camp.

September 15. Tuesday. This morning cool but no frost. After descending the valley we turned into yesterday, a short distance further it opened out into an extensive plain. Our course was about West Northwest. The road was good but grass scarce. A reconnoissance to the right of the line of march showed a country cut into canyons. One in particular that we struck was very extensive being about seventy feet deep and a hundred and fifty yards wide, from verge to verge. Water was discovered by old Savidra this afternoon, much to our delight, about two and a half miles from our course. The animals were dry and drank deeply of this excellent water. Savidra found it in a dry water course which flows NNW by SSE. Mr. Beale intends remaining here for a day to allow the animals to rest.

September 16. Wednesday. Yesterday, early in the morning, Lecko went in search of water. When he started it was agreed that if he found water, he was to raise a smoke, in order to acquaint us with the fact. Tucker was ordered to follow Lecko very slowly, but keep in sight of the train, and if he saw Lecko's smoke, he was to raise another. Mr. Alexander went out hunting, and during the afternoon fell in with Tucker, and they rode together during the after-

noon. About four they met Savidra, who told them he had found water, and they raised a smoke which was seen by the advance party who rode up and were guided to the water. We all thought that Tucker had seen Lecko's smoke, and was continuing the signal, but it was as I have stated. Lecko did not come in last night, nor had he arrived up to two o'clock. Mr. Beale, fearing that some accident had befallen him, dispatched at two today, Mr. Davis, Tucker and Alexander to search for him and ascertain, if possible, what has become of him. They have not yet returned and will not until tomorrow. We will stay at this place another day.¹ I do not make any conjectures of what has befallen this unfortunate man, because they are useless. We will wait and let time determine, but I fear the worst.

September 17. Thursday. About three today the party sent out in search of Lecko came in having found him about thirty miles from this place. When they started from here they made a southwest course and struck Lecko's trail. They followed it until dark, and then camped. Next morning they continued following, and found the guide about ten. His mule had escaped from him night before last. He had followed her all day yesterday, and recovered her last evening about fifteen miles from the place where he lost her. The mule had torn up the bush to which she was tied. Lecko was very hungry and thirsty and much exhausted. It was the opinion of Mr. Davis that he could not have stood it longer than night.

September 18. Friday. To the next water according to the guide it is forty miles. In order to save the animals as

1. King's Creek, so named after one of Beale's party.

much as possible, we started a little before twelve and drove until four, when we took supper. At dark we were again moving and traveling over a beautiful level road until eleven, when we halted, having gone a distance of over thirty(?) miles.

September 19. Saturday. Our guide has again deceived us. He finds himself off Aubrey's Trail and lost. He has brought us to this place, where there is neither grass nor water, where we cannot go ahead because an impassable canyon is before us, extending both ways for many miles. Mr. Beale and a party, one of whom was myself, left camp to explore and discovered a wonderful canyon four thousand feet deep. Everybody in the party admitted that he never before saw anything to match or equal this astonishing natural curiosity. This proved to us that it was useless to attempt a further march in this direction, so after descending into the canyon in hope of finding some water, we made a circuit and returned to camp. We traveled about twenty miles, I think, in all. When Mr. Beale reached camp orders were issued to return to last camp at King's Run immediately. Bell, Porter and myself and two other men were sent ahead with fifteen loose animals to get them back to water as soon as possible. We started at dark and after a tedious ride of eleven hours we reached water just at break of day.

September 20. Sunday. About six Mr. Beale came in with the instrument wagon and about ten the camels arrived with all the loose and team mules, which had been turned out fifteen miles back and driven to water. They stayed at water all day, and were then sent back. We have been doing nothing but sleep all day, this being the most rational

mode of spending your time, as there was nothing to eat and nothing to do.

September 21. Monday. The wagons came in today at ten. From this place a reconnoissance will be made to see if we cannot find a pass and water to the southwest. The party will consist of Messrs. Beale, Thorburn, Davis, Porter, Bell, Alexander, myself, black Ab, Frank, a Mexican, and Savidra. We started at four, having with us the light ambulance, three pack camels loaded with water, and two riding dromedaries. Tonight drove ten miles and camped.

September 22. Tuesday. This morning got underway from camp No. 1 about sunrise, and continued a south-westerly course for fourteen and one half miles. Camped at twelve; found no water but game very abundant, indicating the vicinity of water, but notwithstanding our exertions we are not able to find it. Continued our journey at two after giving the mules half a bucket of water all round. Game as this morning plenty and many signs of water. Found none. Road extremely rough, making traveling difficult for the ambulance, and hard on the mules. Lost the guide and camped at sundown. Gave another half bucket to the mules.

September 23. Wednesday. Finding the ambulance only a detainer, and feeling confident that we would be obliged to abandon it along with the valuable instruments it contained if we took it any further, Mr. Beale sent it back in charge of Hampden Porter and black Ab. We, however, dispatched a dromedary with Frank back to camp to tell them to send out camels with water and fresh mules on our trail, to meet the ambulance and assist it in. We packed

everything on the camels and our party now reduced to seven started again after giving the animals two small panfuls of water (I mean the mules only). Road this morning very bad, rough, and difficult even for the saddle animals. At noon we made a short stop, just after leaving a canyon down which we had come for six or seven miles. In this canyon we saw upon a rock some Indian figures of a most singular design. Giving our animals a little more water we again started and came through a pass in the mountains supposed to be the Aztec pass of Whipple.¹ Camped for the night at Partridge Creek, a dry stream marked on Whipple's map as running water. We gave the mules the scanty allowance of a pan and a half (of water) and turned them loose to graze, but the poor beasts would not eat and kept coming back into camp smelling around the barrels for a little more water. But stern necessity would not permit us to give them more. The road has been very bad until this afternoon, when we struck a fine broad open valley. Distance fifty miles.

September 24. Thursday. Through the negligence of the guard the mules were permitted to wander off a mile from camp and this delayed our departure considerably. Today our course was southerly, all day. Have now determined to return to camp as soon as possible and in truth nothing more remains for us to do. Our mules can hardly stand another day of hard traveling without water and our supply is nearly gone. Our distance from camp is about twenty-five miles in a direct course. At ten, finding the mules were failing very fast we gave half the water we had

1. This pass is between the Juniper and Santa Maria Mountains, in Yavapai County, Arizona.

to Mr. Beale's grey horse, the freshest animal in the party, and dispatched him with Tucker to camp for assistance. We gave our animals two pans full (of water) and then moved on. Came on slowly and about three miles from the place where we watered, Mr. Beale and Mr. Davis found a large water hole in a deep canyon. He gave the signal and we all came up. We were much rejoiced and happy to offer some relief to our poor animals. As soon as my mule was watered Mr. Beale sent me after Tucker to bring him back. This I accomplished after a very hard ride of about eight miles over very bad country. We camped for the night at this place. The camels, up to twelve o'clock today, had not had a single drop of water since we left. It is a remarkable thing how they stood it so well as they did, traveling under a hot sun all day and packing two hundred pounds apiece.

September 25. Friday. Today at twelve made fresh start for camp. Animals much improved but too full of water to travel well. Found another large water hole near the first. After crossing over a portion of Bill Williams Mountain, struck a large valley leading to the North, and found good traveling. Camped, having made about fifteen miles. Got supper, and then Mr. Beale, Mr. Thorburn, Davis, and Tucker, went on into camp, while Breckenridge, Bell, Alexander, with the camels, and myself, remained all night where we were.

September 26. Saturday. Got in this morning at eleven, found camp moved a mile higher up King's River. Mr. Beale had last night a narrow escape. He rode ahead of his party and got to camp before the rest. He stopped on a hill overlooking camp, and not seeing anyone around the

fires, he thought all hands were asleep on watch. So he thought he would wake them up in a hurry. He fired his pistol, gave a yell, and cried out, "Indians, Indians! Here they are, the d——n rascals, give them hell, boys." Instantly the whole camp was up, two or three muskets were fired and the men charged right towards the place where Mr. Beale was standing. His horse took fright and ran with him seven miles over hills and into canyons and at last fell with him, hurting him very much. The horse would have escaped if he had not entangled himself in the lariat — which stopped him. Mr. Beale was very sick all night, vomiting, and in much pain. He was obliged to remain out all night without a coat, blankets or fire.¹

September 27. Sunday. The Big Sandy scout left today.² I went with them about four miles, and then the devilish mule that I was riding threw me, and I was compelled to walk back to camp in pursuit of him. About a mile from camp I lost sight of him, and took it for granted that he had returned into camp. When I got in I found

1. In his journal entry of September 26, Beale writes: "My admiration for the camels increases daily with my experience of them. The harder the test they are put to the more fully they seem to justify all that can be said of them. They pack water for others four days under a hot sun and never get a drop; they pack heavy burdens of corn and oats for months and never get a grain; and on the bitter greasewood and other worthless shrubs not only subsist but keep fat; withal, they are so perfectly docile and so admirably contented with whatever fate befalls them. No one could do justice to their merits or value in expeditions of this kind, and I look forward to the day when every mail route across the continent will be conducted and worked altogether with this economical and noble brute." *Beale Report*, 61.

2. Thorburn and a party of ten men, sent to Bill Williams River to explore for a road. The explorations which Beale had conducted North and West had convinced him that in that direction water was too scarce for a road. The country just explored was that described by Captain Sitgreaves on his expedition from Zuñi to the Colorado River in 1852.

that he had not yet returned. I immediately got another mule and went to find him. While out on this duty I met Mr. Mosby who was returning to camp from Mr. Thorburn to know what had become of the camels. I sent him in the direction that they had gone with a message to Mr. Thorburn, that I would probably not be able to join the party, and therefore not to expect me. Shortly after leaving Mosby, I found the mule and returned to camp and told Mr. Beale the circumstances. He said that he did not think it hardly worth while (for me) to go. Therefore I remained in camp. We sent back four wagons belonging to the quartermaster at Albuquerque together with twelve of the escort who preferred to return. Seven remain with us determined to go to California and run all risks. Our train is now reduced to four heavy wagons and two ambulances. Our party numbers all told forty-four men. There is nothing doing in camp except restowing the wagons.

September 28. Monday. This afternoon we started for the water discovered by our scout a few days ago. Course from King's Creek nearly South. Road pretty good, but very little grass. Camped after having made nine and a half miles.

September 29. Tuesday. Reached water at about twelve and camped. Found the water much reduced in quantity, and the little that was left the mules drank, and then did not get sufficient. It is a pretty tight prospect. One of two things must be done and that very soon. We either must find water or return. Sent the mules back to the water we left. Parties have been out all day looking for water, and they have all returned unsuccessful.

September 30. Wednesday. Tucker, Butler and myself

started according to orders very early this morning, to find water and to find Whipple's Trail if possible. We struck South for about fifteen miles, and then turned to the Southwest. Then inclined due West, and continued that course up to a pass, supposed to be the one that Aubrey came through, and the same that we came through a few days ago on the scout. Not finding water anywhere, and our animals being very far gone, we deemed it most prudent to return to camp as soon as we could. We struck a Northeast course and went about fourteen miles, and then camped for the night, without fire and very little water for ourselves to drink in our canteens. The country over which we passed this morning was very rough but generally we did not find it very bad. I suppose we have ridden about fifty miles.

October 1. Thursday. This morning as we were going in, we discovered a broad fresh trail made by loose animals, and very soon afterwards we saw the camels' tracks. We at once knew that they had found water, and had driven the mules and camels to water. After riding two miles farther, we met Mr. Beale and the train coming to water. Mr. Davis and Alexander had found it in a canyon yesterday. They also found three springs which when dug out will yield an abundance of water. Today the time of the Big Sandy scout expires. There has been a big fire kept burning on a small peak near camp all day, with a view to attract the attention of the party, as it comes through the pass.¹ It is difficult to realize that this is the first of October. One is so accustomed to see harvest and the other things that come with summer at home, that we unthinkingly are

1. Named Pass Dornin, by Beale, after Captain Dornin, U.S.N.

constantly looking forward to something which we know has passed. This summer has been to me a very long one, and yet it seems as though I had seen no summer. Such is the effect of new scenes and change of living.

October 2. Friday. The train started for our pass, and it will remain until Mr. Thorburn comes in.¹ We cannot afford to tarry much on the road, because our provisions are getting low. We have now left provisions for twelve days, with a journey of three hundred and fifty miles before us before we can get fresh supplies. It has been raining nearly all day. We hope that it will continue for a week so as to give us water in advance. Camped on the south side of the pass beside the base of a red jut.

October 3. Saturday. Today the mules were returned to water, there to remain until sent for. We are beginning to be very uneasy about Mr. Thorburn. He ought to have been in two days ago. I went on top of a mesa, near camp, about a mile high, and had a magnificent view of forty miles around. On the top we found most beautiful sandstone dressed by the hand of nature more beautifully than any mechanic could have done it. We also found a few fossils in a stratum of limestone near the top. One was an ammonite not less than a foot in diameter.

October 4. Sunday. This morning to our great delight, Mr. Thorburn arrived. His delay was occasioned by a mistake. He, instead of coming through this pass, went up through Lecko Pass and then on to King's Creek. Not finding us there of course he followed the trail and got in today. He went to Big Sandy and found it dry.² The road

1. The "Big Sandy Scout."

2. Thorburn had explored over one hundred and fifty miles of the country to the west and southwest of King's Creek.

was not difficult for wagons except in one or two places. We will start tomorrow afternoon.

October 5. Monday. The animals arrived this evening (at) about 4, and as soon as the men had eaten something, we hitched up and drove out $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles through Dornin's Pass. The road was magnificent and a beautiful moon guided us.

October 6. Tuesday. This morning we continued our journey and got within 16 miles of the spring and then camped.¹ The obstructions prevented a nearer approach. The mules were sent in to the water and returned after night.

October 7. Wednesday. This morning Messrs. Beale, Thorburn, Davis, Butler, Bell, Porter and myself, together with Savidra and Antone, started on an exploring tour. We rode Southwest over very bad country about four miles when we struck a beautiful valley. At last by following it down we found a dry stream but a fine spring.

October 8. Thursday. We were compelled to sleep out of camp last night on account of Savidra's mule breaking down. We came on slowly in the morning and met the train, which shortly after meeting us, stopped, and we

1. Near the Aulick Range, just northwest of Partridge Creek, and east of the Juniper Mountains. On this day Beale penned another eulogy to the noble beast of burden: "I rarely think of mentioning the camels now. It is so universally acknowledged in camp, even by those who were most opposed to them at first, that they are the salt of the party and the noblest brutes alive, that to mention them at all would only be to repeat what I have so often said of them before. They have been used on every reconnoissance whilst the mules were resting, and having gone down the precipitous sides of rough volcanic mesas, which mules would not descend until the camels were first taken down as an example. With all this work they are perfectly content to eat anything, from the driest greasewood bush to a thorny prickly pear, and, what is better, keep fat on it." *Beale Report*, 67.

breakfasted. It was not bad, — especially to us who had had nothing to eat since yesterday at twelve. Camped at the Spring. Road nearly all day good, and grass abundant.

October 9. Friday. Continued down the canyon over a very bad road for about a mile where the canyon opened out into a small valley which gradually widened. We followed an Indian trail and the road was very good except in one or two places. Grass plentiful, and we passed water in the bed of a stream which appeared occasionally. Camped in a very pretty valley; no water, grass tolerably good.

October 10. Saturday. Sent all the mules back to water except 8 with which we intended to make an exploration. About 10 (o'clock) Mr. Williams, who had been taking a stroll on the mountain near camp, came in very much agitated and reported that while he was examining a rock a few feet from his gun, an Indian came and unperceived, took it. He then gave a grunt and Mr. Williams turned round and saw three Indians, one with Williams' gun and the other two with their bows pointed at him. Mr. Williams was very much alarmed, and upon the Indian with the gun giving him a sign that his company was no longer desirable, he took to his heels and never stopped until he came in sight of camp. When he made this report, Porter, Bell and myself immediately volunteered to go out and see if we could find the thieves. We came to the spot where this ludicrous scene had been enacted and found the trail of the Indians. We followed for about a mile and a half up in the mountains, and then lost it. We turned to come back, and as we were returning we saw two Indians crossing the valley in front of us about three hundred yards distant. We gave chase and gained upon them very rapidly.

At last by great exertions we got within gun shot and commenced firing on the savages. The report of our arms brought the whole camp out and we cut the Indians off and drove them onto an isolated peak that rose about two hundred feet high in the valley. It was immediately surrounded and after some trouble both Indians were secured. They turned out to be a boy about 15 and a man of about 45 or 50. During the pursuit and subsequently they fired (at us) with their bows and arrows frequently. One (arrow) came near striking Mr. Williams just passing over his head, and another went about three feet to the right of Ham Porter. The two Indians were taken into camp and we gave them something to eat. We also gave them a pair of pantaloons, a shirt and a blanket apiece. But we did not give them liberty. About seven (o'clock) we saw a fire about two miles distant and sent the boy to it. He at first did not seem to desire to leave the old man, who was most likely his father. But when the old gentleman spoke a few words to him, he went off, and that was the last of him. The man will be guarded all night. We wish him to guide us to the Colorado, and show us (the way to) water.

October 11. Sunday. This morning one of the most extraordinary circumstances occurred that I ever heard of. Just as we were hitching up, an Indian came walking boldly into camp with Mr. Williams' gun on his shoulder. He walked up to Mr. Beale and handed the gun to him, and then made a long speech of which we, of course, understood nothing. To stop his mouth we gave him half a sheep, a Navajo blanket and some calico. This pleased the fellow mightily and he immediately commenced diving into the sheep meat. Mr. Beale happening to look over his shoulder

espied a black head looking at the camp about 200 yards off. He picked up a very flashy (sash?) and walked out of camp to this poor devil of an Indian and gave him the serape, and then turned round and walked back followed by this elegant specimen of humanity. He had no leggings and nothing in the world around his body but a short fore piece made of rabbit skins. I thought how this human being must suffer during the time of snow and rain. As it was, this morning he stood shivering and shaking by our fire like one with the ague. Presently he sat down and all three (Indians) went to work on the mutton, and there we left two (of them), taking with us our captive, who had promised to show us a spring, — which he did, at about ten (o'clock). It was situated up a canyon about a mile in a place inaccessible to wagons and we therefore were obliged to drive the animals to it, which consumed much time. The old fellow wanted very much to go, and we informed him that if he would show us water once more we would let him go. Mounting our animals with the Indian for guide we struck out for his water, which we found in a sort of well about 14 miles from camp. We returned to camp, and to-night there will be no guard set over old "John Indian" and if he wants to go he may.

October 12. Monday. Today when we got up we found that the old Indian had "vamoosed" in the night. He left his bow and arrows, — which if the old fellow had waited until morning we would have given back to him with other presents besides. We left the bow and arrows in camp, however, and if he comes back he can get them.

Tucker, Savidra, Porter, Bell, and myself found a spring today. It was in a canyon which led into another canyon

down which the wagons will pass. Water good, little wood, no grass.

October 13. Tuesday. The wagons got to the water about 9 (o'clock) over a pretty good road except in one place, — just at the head of the canyon. The mules were very thirsty but the supply was very abundant and they all got sufficient.

Mr. Beale, Thorburn, Tucker, Savidra, Porter, Bell, and myself started before the wagons to find a spring which Savidra (said he) had seen 14 years before. We passed out of the mouth of the canyon¹ and crossed the valley between Edwards' Mountain and the (Colorado range?) and then camped for the night.

October 14. Wednesday. Found the spring at about 8 (o'clock) this morning up a canyon as usual. Beautiful water. Rode up on top of the mountain² and to our exquisite delight beheld the Colorado burning in the sunlight about 18 miles distant, and the blue Sierra-Nevadas, capped with snow, flashing in the sun's rays about 100 miles away.³

We returned and met camp. Camped and got dinner. Savidra and myself found another spring. We camped at the first water.

October 15. Thursday. Today we have been off on a scout in search of water. Bell, Porter, and myself, with

1. This pass was named the Boys' Pass, "after May, Ham, and Joe, who were the first to enter it." *Beale Report*, 73.

2. Frank Murray's Peak.

3. "We had arrived at the end of our long journey," records Beale, "so far, without an accident. Only those who have toiled so far, with life, reputation, everything staked upon the result, can imagine the feelings with which I looked down from the heights of this mountain . . . I shall go into Fort Tejon to recruit and refit, as we have but ten days' provisions, at half rations, left." *Beale Report*, 74.

Savidra, made up the party. After riding over the most rocky, hilly, damnable country I have ever seen, and breaking down two mules of the party, we concluded to return to camp, which we reached after very great exertions about 7 o'clock. Sat down to a good supper of pork and beans which we did ample justice to, — thanks to Ab's cooking and our hard ride.

October 16. Friday. We commenced this morning the descent of the Colorado range — got the wagons to a place where it was necessary to take off the mules and let the wagons down by hand. The mules were returned to the water; I accompanied them. When we returned (we) found all the wagons safely over the bad place except the small ambulance which was smashed to pieces.

October 17. Saturday. Today has been unusually severe on the men. They have had nothing to eat except meat for two days and have been working extremely hard the whole time. Today some Mohave Indians came into camp. They are very good looking Indians and are apparently friendly.¹ We have got over the worst part of the road and this afternoon the road has been very good. Camped about 2 miles from the river.

October 18. Sunday. Today soon after sunrise the Indians (Mohaves) came into camp. They had pumpkins, watermelons and muskmelons to trade, but they were very

1. These Mohave Indians attracted the attention of Beale also. "They were a fine-looking, comfortable, fat and merry set; naked excepting a very small piece of cotton cloth around the waist; and, though barefooted, ran over the sharp rock and pebbles as easily as if shod with iron. We were soon surrounded on all sides by them. Some had learned a few words of English from trafficking with the military posts two hundred and fifty miles off, and one of them saluted me with: 'God damn my soul eyes. How de do! How de do!' " *Beale Report*, 75.

hard to deal with, as they wanted a shirt for everything. The camel party are still separated from us. The Indians stopped Mr. Beale from going down to the river. The camp is in readiness for a fight. Started the camp towards the river. Met many Indians. Whole party again united. Reached the river and camped on the bank.

October 19. Monday. The India-rubber boat got up (was set up) and preparations made for crossing.¹ I was put in charge of boat. — Trial trip very successful. — (Attitude of) Indians very precarious and not at all permanent. Have been in water all day busily engaged in transporting baggage across the river. Expecting a fight all day — Men in readiness.

October 20. Tuesday. Much astonished to wake up this morning and find my hair safe! (*i.e.*, unscalped). No Indians in the camp early in the morning. Recommenced crossing the goods. At eight o'clock plenty of Indians in camp. Trading better — getting corn meal, corn, and pinole. Indians rather better disposed. — Swam the camels down very well. — Late in the afternoon dispatched the mules

1. One of the difficulties anticipated by Lieutenant Beale in crossing the Colorado was due to the fact that he had been told that the animals could not swim. At the river's edge the first camel refused to take to the water. Anxious, but not discouraged, Beale ordered the largest and the finest animal brought to the river. One can readily imagine Beale's relief when this animal took to the water and swam "boldly across the rapidly flowing river. We then tied them, each one to the saddle of another, and without the slightest difficulty, in a short time swam them all to the opposite side in gangs, five in a gang; to my delight, they not only swam with ease, but with apparently more strength than horses or mules. One of them, heading up stream, swam a considerable distance against the current, and all landed in safety on the other side." (Letter of Lieutenant Beale to Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, dated Colorado River, October 18, 1857. Reproduced in S. Bonsal, *Edward Fitzgerald Beale*, 216.) The crossing was made a few miles north of where the border line of California strikes the Colorado River, near Fort Mojave.

across the river. — Lost ten (mules) and two horses — Indians ate the drowned ones. Crossed everything by sun-down.

October 21. Wednesday. The first thing today began loading the wagons. Crossed twice this morning in the boat for Indian Chiefs. Mr. Beale has been trying to get a guide to go down the river to Fort Yuma. Got one who afterwards backed out. Wagon train started and went across country about a mile and a half. Camped on good grass. Plenty of water. Passed Indian villages.

CONCLUSION

AT THIS point Stacey's Journal ends. After the crossing of the Colorado River by the party, a difficult feat, Lieutenant Beale planned to send Stacey and three others down the Colorado to Fort Yuma to see whether the river was navigable for that distance, which plan was abandoned. Young Stacey sent a manly letter to his father, about October 22, describing in his characteristic manner his ideas about the proposed journey:

"My dear Father,

I make this break in my note book to write you a few lines. I together with Ham, Bell, and Ab am going down the Colorado to Fort Yuma for the purpose of ascertaining whether the river is navigable for steamboats up to this point. It is an enterprise attended with much danger, and we, perhaps, may all lose our lives in the undertaking.

But my motto is and will be 'Nothing risked, nothing gained,' and therefore I go.

I write this to tell you, my dearest and best beloved father, that if your son falls, you may rely on it, that he died doing his duty as well as he was able, — and that he was no reproach to you.

Remember me to the few dear friends that I have,
And believe me,

Yours ever truly,

MAY H. STACEY."

Part III

THE CAMEL DISPERSION



THE CAMEL DISPERSION

WE KNOW very little about the camel corps from the date of the crossing of the Colorado to the arrival at the Tejon Ranch, near what is now Bakersfield, California. The last formal entry in Beale's *Report* concerning the westward part of the Wagon Route Survey is under the date of October 18, 1857. In a brief paragraph he tells of the trip across the Mojave desert, how he followed the United States surveyor's trail to Los Angeles, his wagons and trains taking the right-hand road directly from the Mojave River to Tejon.¹

At Tejon, close to the fort bearing that name, was the magnificent estate acquired by Beale while he was Indian Agent. It was on this ranch that young Stacey spent several weeks before going North to San Francisco en route to Chester, Pennsylvania. He returned to the East on a boat which went through the Straits of Magellan.

On the way to Tejon, from the Colorado, two of the camels were detached from the main party and were taken through Los Angeles, where they arrived on November, 10, 1857, and remained two days. The camels had been brought through Cajon Pass, and made the journey from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, a distance of sixty-five miles, in eight hours. One of the animals had been ten days without water, having refused a drink when it was offered to him.²

Rumor soon circulated in Los Angeles that Beale really

1. *Beale Report*, 76.

2. *Daily Alta California*, November 26, 1857.

intended to survey the wagon road beyond the Colorado, terminating it at Tejon without coming to Los Angeles; in other words, "that Lieutenant Beale has used the national dromedaries to build a road to his own house, and that he will be alone benefited by the location of it." This action would exclude all of the southern California towns, says the Los Angeles correspondent of the *Daily Alta California*, but "this is probably all right, for if Lieutenant Beale does not build a road to his house, who will? Everybody in this county can't expect to have the government build a road to his house, and why should he find fault because some are more fortunate than others? The fact is Lieut. Beale is smart — he is active, energetic, untiring. He never rests — he is the last man to go to sleep, and the first to wake. — Lieut. Beale as a public officer has often been the subject for detraction by envious men, and he will, doubtless, survive these as he has other attacks."¹

After his arrival at Tejon, Beale placed a group of the camels in a camp high up in the mountains on the estate in order to test the ability of the animals to withstand cold. There the camels lived "in two or three feet of snow, fattening and thriving wonderfully all the while." During a severe snowstorm a wagon loaded with provisions for the camp was stalled in the snow. Several camels were sent to the rescue and brought the load through the snow and ice to the camp, and this in spite of the fact that six strong mules had been unable to extricate the heavily loaded wagon.²

About January 6, 1858, Beale commenced his winter

1. *Daily Alta California*, November 29, 1857.

2. *Beale Report*, 77.

journey Eastward in order to test the practicability of the road he had just surveyed for winter transit. He took with him twenty men and fourteen camels. As has been stated, Stacey was not a member of this party. Beale stopped in Los Angeles, en route to the Colorado, and the following item appeared in the *Los Angeles Star* on January 8, 1858: "Gen. Beale and about fourteen camels stalked into town last Friday week and gave our streets quite an Oriental aspect. It looks oddly enough to see, outside of a menagerie, a herd of huge ungainly awkward but docile animals move about in our midst with people riding them like horses and bringing up weird and far-off associations to the Eastern traveller, whether by book or otherwise, of the lands of the mosque, crescent or turban, of the pilgrim mufti and dervish with visions of the great shrines of the world, Mecca and Jerusalem, and the toiling throngs that have for centuries wended thither, of the burning sands of Arabia and Sahara where the desert is boundless as the ocean and the camel is the ship thereof.

"These camels under charge of Gen. Beale are all grown and serviceable and most of them are well broken to the saddle and are very gentle. All belong to the one hump species except one which is a cross between the one and the two hump species. This fellow is much larger and more powerful than either sire or dam. He is a grizzly-looking hybrid, a camel-mule of colossal proportions. These animals are admirably adapted to the travel across our continent and their introduction was a brilliant idea the result of which is beginning most happily. At first Gen. Beale thought the animals were going to fail, they appeared likely to give out, their backs got sore, but he resolved to know

whether they would do or not. He loaded them heavily with provisions, which they were soon able to carry with ease, and thence came through to Fort Tejon, living upon bushes, prickly pears and whatever they could pick up on the route. They went without water from six to ten days and even packed it a long distance for the mules, when crossing the deserts. They were found capable of packing one thousand pounds weight apiece and of travelling with their load from thirty to forty miles per day all the while finding their own feed over an almost barren country. Their drivers say they will get fat where a jackass would starve to death. The 'mule,' as they call the cross between the camel and the dromedary, will pack twenty-two hundred pounds.

"The animals are now on their return to the Colorado River for the purpose of carrying provisions to Gen. Beale and his military escort who, it is conjectured, will penetrate from thence as far as possible into the Mormon country. Afterwards Gen. Beale will return by the new wagon route that he has lately surveyed to verify it and so on to Washington. He is expected to reach the Capital before the first of March in order to lay his report before Congress."

The remainder of the camels were left at Fort Tejon and at the ranch. On July 21, 1858, the following item appeared in the *Los Angeles Star*: "The camels, eight in number, came into town from Fort Tejon, after provisions for that camp. The largest ones pack a ton and can travel sixteen miles an hour."¹

Lieutenant Beale was accompanied from Cajon Pass

1. Also see J. M. Guinn, "Camel caravans of the American deserts," in Historical Society of Southern California *Annual Publications*, 1901, V, 146-151.

across the desert to the Colorado River by Major Blake and an escort of one hundred soldiers. This party left Beale at the Colorado and returned to San Bernardino.¹

A delightful surprise awaited Lieutenant Beale at the Colorado River for he found the new steamer, the *General Jesup*, Captain Johnson, which was to convey him and his party across the river. This event aroused in Beale varied emotions and he pens a vivid picture for us in his journal:

“Here, in a wild, almost unknown country, inhabited only by savages, the great river of the west, hitherto declared unnavigable, had, for the first time, borne upon its bosom that emblem of civilization, a steamer. The enterprise of a private citizen had been rewarded by success, for the future was to lend its aid in the settlement of our vast western territory. But alas! for the poor Indians living on its banks and rich meadow lands. The rapid current which washes its shores will hardly pass more rapidly away. The steam whistle of the *General Jesup* sounded the death knell of the river race.”² What a picture, too, must have been afforded to anyone who gazed upon the camels as they stood that day upon the banks of the river, as Beale tells us “surrounded by hundreds of wild, unclad savages, and mixed with these the dragoons of my escort and the steamer slowly revolving her wheels preparatory to a start.”³

The Wagon Route Survey formally ended near Zuñi on February 21, 1858. In his last journal entry Beale says: “A year in the wilderness ended! During this time I have conducted my party from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores

1. *Los Angeles Star*, January 16, 1858; *Daily Alta California*, January 25, 1858.

2. *Beale Report*, 76.

3. *Ibid.*, 77.

of the Pacific Ocean, and back again to the eastern terminus of the road, through a country for a great part entirely unknown, and inhabited by hostile Indians, without the loss of a man. I have tested the value of the camels, marked a new road to the Pacific, and traveled 4,000 miles without an accident."¹

Lieutenant Beale made his report in Washington, and it was succinctly summed up by Secretary of War Floyd in his report of December, 1858: "The entire adaptation of camels to military operations on the plains may now be taken as demonstrated." Floyd recommended that Congress authorize the purchase of one thousand camels at once. No heed was paid this plea, and in 1859 and 1860 Floyd again brought forward his recommendation, but to no avail. Then came the Civil War which was destined to administer the death blow to the entire experiment.

Meanwhile, Secretary Floyd placed twenty camels in the hands of Beale for use in surveying expeditions and wagon road construction during 1859 and 1860. Beale took very good care of these animals along with the others on Tejon ranch, and in 1861 turned over a herd of twenty-eight to the Quartermaster in California.²

* * * * *

As the story of the camel corps spread through the state of California, it aroused a great deal of interest. One result was the organization of the short-lived California and Utah Camel Association, in May of 1859, in northern California.

1. *Beale Report*, 87.

2. A good survey, although very cursory, of the measures undertaken by the Government concerning the camels after 1858 is to be found in C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.* Carroll had access to certain portions of the War Department archives.

The incorporators were John E. Ager, E. G. Bryant, J. J. Cooper, Q. A. Clement, W. R. Tennent, C. S. Sholes, James Kane, S. W. Langton, and E. M. Gates. The object of the organization was stated as follows: "The introduction and employment of camels on the Pacific Coast." The principal office of this company was to be located at Downieville, Sierra County, California.¹

On July 25, 1860, there arrived in San Francisco harbor the schooner *Caroline E. Foote* from the Amur River in Manchuria, China. Her cargo was a strange one — fifteen Mongolian Bactrians, the sole survivors of a group of thirty-two which had left China. The *Caroline E. Foote* had left San Francisco in September, 1859, and, arriving at the Amur, had unfortunately been caught in the ice and was kept there from November until the date of her departure for California in June. The demise of most of the camels was due to the intense cold of the ice-bound port. This cargo was the first load of camels brought to the Pacific Coast from Asia, and this should be noted as distinguishing these camels in the West from the animals brought overland by Lieutenant Beale in 1857.

The San Francisco newspaper item reporting the arrival of the *Caroline E. Foote* requested that the people of San Francisco should make an effort to be orderly and quiet when the camels were landed and to line themselves along the sides of the streets up which the camels would pass. Speaking of the place of the camel in the development of the West, the reporter said: "The camel is the last institution necessary — before the advent of the Pacific Railroad — to bend the uninhabitable frontiers of the continent into

1. *Sacramento Daily Union*, May 20, 1859.

contact and annihilate the wilderness that separates the new from the old West.”¹

The camels were in charge of Otto Esche, a merchant, and were to be sold in San Francisco. As far as can be ascertained, the California and Utah Camel Association is not mentioned in connection with the activities of the *Caroline E. Foote*, although the camels may have been procured and disposed of by agents of that organization. For months the fifteen camels were exhibited about the Bay region, first under the auspices of the German Benevolent Society of San Francisco, and, later, at the Bay District Agricultural Fair, in October, 1860. On October 10, the poor animals were put up at auction by Poultere, De Ro, and Eldredge, at their salesroom, corner California and Front Streets. However, the bids received were too low (the highest was \$475 per head), for the owners had placed a minimum price of \$1,200 on each camel. The camels were withdrawn from the auction room and sold separately.²

Two reports state that these camels were purchased finally by a company in Nevada for use in carrying salt from a marsh in Esmeralda County, Nevada, to the Washoe silver mill, a distance of about two hundred miles. A man who packed them stated that they performed their work satisfactorily, but that they suffered greatly from the alkali and were despised and neglected by their drivers. The discovery of salt at a point more accessible to the mill deprived them of their occupation. Some of the camels died, while others were used to carry ore in Arizona or escaped

1. *San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin*, July 26, 1860.

2. *Ibid.*, October 10 and 11, 1860. See also H. M. Newmark, *Sixty years in southern California*, 281.

into the desert.¹ In 1865, a professor from Yale University reported that during a trip through Nevada he saw some of these same camels near Virginia City. "Their backs," he said, "had not been cared for, and they had been used in packing heavy loads of salt from the deserts. Salt water and alkali had accumulated in the long hair of their humps, their pack saddles had galled them, and great loathsome sores nearly covered the parts touched by the saddle." A newspaper in Virginia City as late as June 28, 1876, told of a train of eight camels which made its way to within one hundred and fifty feet of the summit of Mount Davidson, an altitude of about 9,000 feet.²

The camels of Nevada finally became so troublesome in that state that the Legislature passed the following Act in February, 1875, an Act that was not repealed until March, 1899.

"CHAP. XII. An Act to prohibit camels and dromedaries from running at large on or about the public highways of the State of Nevada.

The People of the State of Nevada, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. From and after the passage of this Act it shall be unlawful for the owner or owners of any camel or camels, dromedary or dromedaries, to permit them to run at large on or about the public roads or highways of this State.

SECTION 2. If any owner or owners of any camel or camels, dromedary or dromedaries shall, knowingly and

1. C. H. Shinn, *Story of the mine*, 121; C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 406.

2. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 407; also see, *Virginia City Enterprise*, June 28, 1876.

willfully, permit any violation of this Act, he or they shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be arrested, on complaint of any person feeling aggrieved; and when convicted, before any Justice of the Peace, he or they shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five (25); or more than one hundred (100) dollars, or by imprisonment not less than ten or more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.”¹

About 1860, during the intense excitement attendant upon the opening of mines in the Pacific Northwest, a man by the name of Joseph Trutch, who had been engaged in the work of building the famous Cariboo road, suggested the use of camels in that district.² Mr. Frank Laumeister, a merchant, acting on this suggestion, sent a Mr. Callbreath from British Columbia down to San Francisco to make a purchase of camels.

Early in 1862 the *Caroline E. Foote* again put in at San Francisco, this time with a group of twenty-two camels from Tartary. At first these animals were placed on a ranch near the city, but were soon brought to a corral on Frémont Street between Mission and Market. There they were sold to Callbreath, who engaged passage for them on board the *Hermann*, en route to Victoria, B. C. A San Francisco paper states that Callbreath had “engaged the services of the Turk who had charge of the government camels under Lieut. Beale.”³ In order to guard the feet of the camels against injury on the roads of the northern country, a case of leather shoes was taken along by them

1. *Nevada State Journal*, Reno, Nevada, June 10, 1909.

2. W. S. Lewis, “The camel pack trains in the mining camps of the west,” in *Washington Historical Quarterly*, XIX, No. 4, October 1928, 277.

3. *Daily Alta California*, April 8, 1862.

"to keep their hoofs from splitting." "Camels," said the reporter, "had been used in the Washoe region (of Nevada) where their unshod feet were much injured by the rough roads."¹

The *Hermann* arrived at its northern destination on April 16, 1862.² There the camels were turned over to their owner, who sent them at once to Douglas, B. C., for use in the pack trains of the Cariboo region. They were to pack on the portages of the Douglas-Lillooet road. For over a year the camels were thus employed, but with the usual confusion — horses and mules were frightened, and frequent accidents ensued. The train was finally disbanded, and the camels were soon wandering through the region.³

* * * * *

Meanwhile in southern California the camels of the Wagon Road Survey were becoming an increasing burden to their caretakers. Late in September, 1860, Captain W. S. Hancock of Los Angeles, desirous of establishing a new type of express between Los Angeles and Fort Mojave, sent out a camel in charge of "Greek George," who had been one of the drivers in Beale's corps. This trial trip was a miserable failure, and the ship of the desert "foundered at sea" and died of exhaustion en route to the fort. As a reporter on the staff of a local paper stated it: "This failure meant that the old mules still keep in favor."⁴

"Greek George" lived on to a ripe old age, and died at Whittier, California, on September 2, 1915. He had been

1. *Ibid.*, April 18, 1862.

2. *Ibid.*, April 20, 1862.

3. For an account of this dispersion see W. S. Lewis, *op. cit.* See also F. W. Howay and E. O. Scholefield, *British Columbia*, II, 98.

4. *Los Angeles Star*, October 6, 1860.

naturalized in Los Angeles County as George Allen in 1866. C. F. Lummis met this interesting character in 1903, and describes him as a "modest, well-mannered, sturdy man, with a homeric beard and a thatch of hair, both so dense as to seem almost bullet proof. As a matter of fact, an Indian arrow, in a fight near Camp Mohave, had struck him square in the jaw and barely scratched the flesh through that matted beard!"¹

Another Oriental driver who accompanied Beale on the expedition of 1857 was Philip Tedro, better known as "Hi-Jolly." This character died in Arizona, in 1902, after a particularly colorful career. For decades he wandered as a prospector over the desert and once in a while would settle down in San Bernardino, California. During the many years of his experiences "Hi-Jolly" (Hadji Ali) frequently reported that there were camels in the region of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, and he once saw a small band of them in the tules of the Colorado delta below the Mexican boundary. One story told about "Hi-Jolly" concerns itself with a large picnic in Los Angeles of the German colony, an affair to which the camel driver had not been invited. Suddenly into the midst of the startled holiday crowd rode "Hi-Jolly" in a high yellow cart drawn by two immense camels. Great was the confusion that ensued, and it was reported that the hills around that district were strewn for weeks after with broken bottles, wienerwurst, and fragments of halters and disabled vehicles.²

Lieutenant Beale, it will be recalled, had turned over to the Quartermaster in Los Angeles a herd of twenty-eight

1. C. F. Lummis, *Mesa, cañon and pueblo*, 80-81.

2. S. M. Hall, "The camels in the Southwest," in *Out West*, April, 1907.

camels, in 1861. These animals were kept at Fort Tejon until June of that year, when the fort was partially dismantled and a large part of the army property was moved into Los Angeles. Along with this baggage came the camels, and for several months they were corralled near the Quartermaster's Office on Main Street. In October they were moved to larger quarters in a yard on Second Street.¹

We next hear of these camels stationed near San Pedro, California, and frequently they were used for transportation of freight between the harbor and Los Angeles, although remaining in possession of the Government. In January, 1863, another effort was made to use the animals for transportation between southern California and the East, and an express of camels was sent out from San Pedro with Tucson, Arizona, as its destination. This experiment was a failure.²

Lieutenant Beale was meanwhile complaining to the Government about the enforced idleness of the camels and, in 1862, wrote to Secretary of War Stanton offering to take all of the remainder of the herd in California and give a bond for their safe return whenever the Government should demand them. These camels Beale apparently planned to add to the little group then corralled on his ranch at Tejon. This offer was refused by the Government.³

As the year 1863 wore on, the United States Government grew more cognizant of the complaints concerning the camels in California and at Fort Yuma. In November of that year orders were received to transport the animals

1. H. M. Newmark, *op. cit.*, 297.

2. *Ibid.*, 316-317. Several of these camels were kept at Fort Yuma.

3. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 405.

to the arsenal at Benicia, California, north of San Francisco, where they were to be disposed of at a public auction. Thirty-four camels were driven northward to Benicia. A correspondent of the *San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin*, in the issue of January 8, 1864, writes as follows from Santa Barbara, California:

“The Government troop of camels passed through here from Los Angeles on December 30, 1863, on their way to Benicia, in charge of Captain Dempfill, U.S.A., with six men. . . . Ranchero hands run wild with fear when they see them.”

The Government auction of the camels was held on February 26, 1864.¹ The entire herd at Benicia was sold to a man by the name of Samuel McLenaghan. McLenaghan sold three of the camels to a friend for use in an outfit known as Wilson's Circus with headquarters near Sacramento, California.² The remaining thirty-one animals were taken to McLenaghan's ranch in Sonoma County, California. On April 2, 1864, McLenaghan appeared in Sacramento with ten of the camels for use in packing freight from Sacramento to the Nevada Territory.

For several days the animals were kept in town for exhibition purposes, and on April 7 a “dromedary race” was staged at Agricultural Park for the benefit of a poverty-stricken citizen. The race was one series of comic episodes after another, and the man who was leading the race on camel-back, after an hour or so of exasperating antics on the part of the stubborn camels, dismounted and rode the last lap of the race on a spirited mule! The event was given

1. Advertisements of the auction appeared in San Francisco and Sacramento newspapers from January 26 to February 26.

2. *Sacramento Daily Union*, March 7, 1864.

quite a bit of publicity and brought \$100 to the coffers of the cause. The camels were then driven on into Nevada.¹

* * * * *

The camels left at Camp Verde, Texas, were used in various errands all over that state, and soon were universally known and ceased to arouse any curiosity. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Confederate forces took over the camel station but let it run down, the herd receiving very little attention from officers or soldiers. We know that at least three of the animals wandered away and were captured by Union forces and sent North to Iowa. In June, 1863, the local department in Missouri asked the War Department at Washington for directions concerning the camels in its care, and an order went out that the animals should be sold at auction.² Other camels of the herds at Camp Verde no doubt escaped at this time and wandered off into the western areas of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, for soldiers and hunters frequently saw the animals and pursued them during the war period and a few years thereafter.

At the close of the war, Camp Verde again came under Federal control, and sixty-six camels were facing their former masters. The Quartermaster at New Orleans received orders, on March 18, 1866, to sell the camels as soon as possible. Sealed bids were sent in, and the highest bid, \$31 per head, was accepted. The animals were sold to Colonel Bethal Coopwood of San Antonio, Texas, who kept the herd near that city until December, 1866, when he drove them into northern Mexico. In January, 1867, the

1. *Sacramento Daily Union*, April 2, 6, and 8, 1864.

2. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 408.

Colonel began selling the camels to circuses and caravans, and soon they were all disposed of. As late as May, 1903, a newspaper account in San Antonio stated that a camel with the United States brand on it had been seen at a midway show. As Carroll says, "No doubt a search through the many menageries, traveling shows, and the zoölogical gardens of the country would reveal other survivors of the government camels, although their number is likely few . . . for the camel does not often, even with the best treatment, attain to more than forty years."¹

For years many camels were seen in various parts of the Southwest, and, when met with, would frighten mules, horses, and drivers. The drivers would often shoot the camels or pursue them back into their desert home. One story persists through a series of narratives. It is reported that in 1877 a small party of Frenchmen rounded up between twenty or thirty of the animals near Tucson, Arizona, broke them to pack, and took them to Virginia City, Nevada. This experiment failed, and the camels were brought back to Arizona and turned loose again. Mixed in with these accounts are vivid descriptions of the "great red camel," and a "gray one still wearing a weather-worn saddle."²

The boundary commissioners, running the United States-Mexico line in the early nineties, reported that members of the party frequently saw camels in the region in which they were working.³ On June 8, 1907, the *Journal of Hy-*

1. C. C. Carroll, *op. cit.*, 408.

2. S. M. Hall, "Camels in Arizona," in *Land of Sunshine Magazine*, February, 1898.

3. H. G. Tinsley, "Camels in the Colorado desert," in *Land of Sunshine Magazine*, March, 1897.

olite, Nevada, stated that a prospector had seen two camels in that year while on one of his prospecting jaunts. No doubt there are descendants of the original herds still wandering about the desert wastes.¹

In closing, it is interesting to note that Truxtun Beale, son of General Beale, told Stephen Bonsal, while that author was writing the life of his father, that one of his earliest experiences was that of driving from the rancho at Tejon to Los Angeles, a trip of one hundred miles, in a sulky behind a team of camels, "with whom General Beale, when necessary, would carry on conversation in Syrian which he had with characteristic energy taught himself for this purpose."²

Thus endeth the story of the camels of the West. Many factors operated to bring the experiment to a disastrous conclusion, but no doubt the greatest factor was the advent of the Civil War. The war, first of all, took from the camels their best friend, Major Wayne, and even Beale was too busy to protect the animals against their many enemies. Few officers at the army camps understood them, and every Indian and mule driver did what he could to get rid of the camels. And at the close of the war came the railroads, a development that narrowly restricted the field in which the animals could be employed. Idleness was fatal to these beasts, and they soon passed out of the pages of history, but not before they had aided in the solution of the problem of how to hold the new West for the Government.

1. The editor, on a recent visit to Banning, California, on the edge of the desert, was told that a camel frequented that region, and that a party of hunters had been recently organized whose objective was to kill the animal, as he was proving to be a nuisance.

2. S. Bonsal, *op. cit.*, 207.

A well-known historian of the westward movement has said, "It is certain that the attempt to solve the problem was real, and that this (camel episode) was only one among many efforts to lessen the isolation of the scattered camps and to draw together the dispersed colonies of Americans throughout the West."¹

1. F. L. Paxson, *History of the American frontier* (students' edition), 460.

Part IV
APPENDIX

THE REPORT OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE TO THE
SECRETARY OF WAR
CONCERNING THE WAGON ROAD
FROM FORT DEFIANCE
TO THE COLORADO RIVER

APRIL 26, 1858

35TH CONGRESS, 1ST SESSION,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
EX. DOC., NO. 124

(The figures in square brackets denote the pages in the original printed edition of the Report.)

[1]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

35th Congress, 1st Session.

Ex. Doc., No. 124.

WAGON ROAD FROM FORT DEFIANCE TO
THE COLORADO RIVER.

LETTER

from

THE SECRETARY OF WAR

transmitting

The report of the superintendent of the wagon road
from Fort Defiance to the Colorado river.

May 12, 1858. — Ordered to be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, May 10, 1858.

Sir: Referring to my letter of the 24th ultimo, in relation to the report of Edward F. Beale, esq., superintendent of the wagon road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado river, I have now the honor to transmit a copy of said report and of the accompanying map.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War.

HON. JAMES L. ORR,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1858.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith my daily journal of the survey made last summer and winter of a wagon road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado river or State line of California, near the 35th parallel. With this journal I send also an itinerary from Albuquerque, in New Mexico, to California. This itinerary gives distances as they exist, no air lines or imaginary curves, but every turn of our wheels recorded by the odometer attached. Latitudes and longitudes of almost all the camps are given. It is proper that I should call your attention to the fact, that to go by Fort Defiance, and thence to Zuñi, our starting point, is an unnecessary loss of time and a very great increase [2] of distance to no purpose. Complying with my instructions, however, I proceeded to Fort Defiance, and thence to Zuñi, but my train I sent by the direct road from the Gallo river to Zuñi, saving not less than sixty miles. Accompanying my journal is a table showing the thermometer at its highest elevation and lowest depression during the day on our outward journey in the months of September and October, and another kept on my return in January and February for the same purpose. A comparison of the two established the interesting fact, that one may travel the road in winter and summer without suffering the extremes of heat or cold. The journal which I send you is a faithful history of each day's work, written at the camp fire at the close of every day. I have not altered or changed it in any respect whatever, as I desired to speak of the coun-

try as it impressed me on the spot, so as to be as faithful in my description of it as possible. You will therefore find it very rough, but I hope those who may follow in my footsteps over the road may find it correct in every particular. I have written it for the use of emigrants more than for show, and if it answers the purpose of assisting them I shall be well satisfied. I have described things as I found them in the seasons in which I passed; more or less water in the summer, more or less snow in winter, may be found by those who follow me. I am not responsible for the seasons, but I am for all my statements in relation to the country over which we passed. As far as the San Francisco mountain the road needs scarcely any other improvement than a few bridges. In one place alone a bridge at the Cañon Diablo would save twenty-five or thirty-five miles' travel, and on the whole road its length might be shortened by subsequent explorations and by straightening elbows one hundred miles. As this will inevitably become the great emigrant road to California, as well as that by which all stock from New Mexico will reach this place, it is proper that the government should put it in such a condition as to relieve the emigrant and stock drivers of as many of the hardships incident to their business as possible. For this purpose I would recommend that water dams be constructed at short intervals over the entire road. With these and a few bridges and military posts I do not doubt that the whole emigration to the Pacific coast would pursue this one line, instead of being divided and scattered over a half a dozen different routes. The advantage to the traveller, and the economy to the government of having one line instead of a dozen to protect, would fully repay all the ex-

penses attending the construction of the road. I presume there can be no further question as to the practicability of the country near the thirty-fifth parallel for a wagon road, since Aubrey, Whipple, and myself have all travelled it successfully with wagons, neither of us in precisely the same line, and yet through very much the same country. You will find by my journal that we encamped sometimes without wood and sometimes without water, but never without abundant grass. Starting with a drove of three hundred and fifty sheep, that number was increased by births upon the road, but not one was lost during the journey. In our first journey we groped, as it were, in the dark, and the weather being warm, did not care to leave the valleys for the wood, which is generally found on the hill-sides; and it is particularly worthy of [3] note, that all the waters discovered were directly on the line of the road, and found almost without search and at short distances apart.

It is not to be questioned, that if so much was discovered on the first journey, a great deal more remains to be found upon a little exploration.

In preference to artesian wells, I propose to supply a deficiency of water by a system of dams across ravines and cañons, such as are used in Mexico and in portions of the State of Virginia, abundant evidences existing throughout the country that rains fall in sufficient quantities during the year to keep them full. In Mexico dams of this kind are used in the irrigation of large tracts of territory, which are dependent entirely upon this means for the supply of that element and for their crops. I cannot too urgently call your attention to this method of procuring abundant supplies of water, not only on the road to California, but on other emi-

grant routes where water may be scarce; it has the advantage over other artificial means of obtaining water, of returning a certainty for the expenditure of money, and of answering every purpose to be expected of wells of any kind, to say nothing of its being more economical.

In the journey of the year, during which I have been engaged upon this work, I have not lost a man, nor was there the slightest case of sickness in camp; the medicine chest proved only an incumbrance. My surgeon having left me, at the commencement of the journey, I did not employ, nor did I have need of one on the entire road. Even in midwinter, and on the most elevated portions of the road, not a tent was spread, the abundant fuel rendering them unnecessary for warmth and comfort.

I regard the establishment of a military post on the Colorado river as an indispensable necessity for the emigrant over this road; for, although the Indians, living in the rich meadow lands, are agricultural, and consequently peaceable, they are very numerous, so much so that we counted 800 men around our camp on the second day after our arrival on the banks of the river. The temptation of scattered emigrant parties with their families, and the confusion of inexperienced teamsters, rafting so wide and rapid a river with their wagons and families, would offer too strong a temptation for the Indians to withstand.

Another appropriation of \$100,000, to build bridges, cut off elbows, and to straighten the road from point to point, and make other improvements and explorations, will be required for the present year.

I feel assured that the public lands, which would be brought into the market and sold within three years after

the opening of this road, will repay four-fold the appropriation asked.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. F. BEALE,
Superintendent.

Hon. JOHN B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War.

(The pages of figures showing viameter distances, latitude and longitude, meteorological observations and temperature are omitted. — Editor.)

[15] *June 25, 1857.* Left San Antonio at 1 p.m., and encamped at the beautiful spring of the San Lucas, having made sixteen miles, the camels carrying, each, including pack saddles, nearly five hundred and seventy-six pounds. This being the first day, and the animals not having performed any service for a long time, they seemed tired on our arrival at camp; but I hope, as we proceed, and they harden in flesh, to find them carrying their burdens more easily. Unfortunately, the only men in America who understand them, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the mode of packing and journeying with them, are some Turks, who came over with them, and who left at San Antonio, refusing to go so long a journey, and alleging that they had been badly treated by the government, not having received the pay due them since January. It seems the appropriation having been exhausted, no one is authorized to pay them, although they left their own country under special contract with officers of the government, and have performed their duties very faithfully. I have placed the

camels under the immediate charge of Mr. Breckenridge, jr., assisted by Messrs. Morley and Via.

June 26. Called up the men at 3 o'clock a.m., and after breakfasting, started at quarter to 5. After travelling a few miles, Mr. Alexander was sent by Mr. Breckenridge to overtake me and report that two of the camels had been taken sick and could not proceed. I sent back a wagon to relieve them of their loads, and hope to have them in camp by sundown. Thus far the camels have not been able to keep up with the wagons, but I trust they will prove better travellers as they become more accustomed to the road. Some of them have not been worked since their arrival, and are, consequently, very soft in flesh. Having travelled nineteen miles through a very pretty country, and through the village of Castroville, we encamped on the Hondo, at 1.30 p.m. Water good and abundant, and grass fair.

I met here Mr. McLanahan, of California, who has just returned overland. This gentleman having travelled by both overland routes, northern and southern, prefers very much that of the Central or Cochotopé Pass. He followed on my trail, made in 1853, and carried through, with great success, thirteen wagons and a considerable amount of stock.

The camels arrived at 3 o'clock, with the exception of the two sick, which got in shortly afterwards.

Supper over, I went to the stream, which I found to be fine, clear water, in large pools, but not running at this time. The pools were filled with fish, and in a short time my creel was quite full of fine bass, which, in this country, are called trout.

June 27. Raised camp at 3 a.m., and started at 5.

Travelled all day through a beautiful country. The prairies were covered with the most luxuriant grass and flowers. For stock raising or grazing purposes of any kind, the country we have seen today is decidedly the finest I have ever met with. Timber quite abundant, and the country sufficiently rolling to relieve it of the usual monotony of flat regions. Post oak and mesquite is the principal growth of timber. The former is useful as food for almost all quadrupeds, especially when the bean is plentiful, which is eaten with the greatest avidity by them, and is [16] very sweet and nutritious. In the Great Basin, I have frequently eaten bread made by the Indians from this bean, and found it excellent. The pinole made from it is preferable to that of corn.

Encamped at 1 p.m. I was anxious to go on four miles further, to the Sabañal, but the camels not being able to keep up, I encamped here on the Comanche creek. The water, which is only found in mud holes, is bad, and the grass only tolerable.

Today we have travelled twenty-two and a half miles.

June 28. Raised camp at 1 a.m., and started before daybreak. Our early start was occasioned by an accident to the guard watch, so that we were called at 1 o'clock, instead of our usual hour, 3. The first part of our journey today carried us through a country very much like that of yesterday. After travelling five miles we came to the Sabañal, a fine stream of water in large pools, and very clear and sweet. I fished in it for a short time, but only caught two fine fish. There was abundant evidence that the pools were filled with fish; but I presume my bait was not sufficiently attractive.

Passing over about fifteen miles, during which distance grass was very abundant, we arrived at the Rio Frio, and found the water not such as the name would indicate, and confined at the crossing to one large pool. Rising abruptly from the water to the height of about thirty-five or forty feet, and extending for the distance of a quarter of a mile, has a very remarkable rocky bluff, making the otherwise uninteresting appearance of the place quite striking and picturesque. After crossing the Rio Frio, the country seems to change in character very materially — the soil becomes gravelly, the mesquite less abundant, and the grass, though good, not so luxuriant. Encamped at 12 o'clock, about two miles from the river, there being no grass at the crossing. We find it better to keep our water kegs filled, and camp at a distance from the regular stopping places, on account of the grass.

The distance made today is twenty and a half miles.

The camels got into camp at half-past three, some of the most heavily loaded being quite tired. As soon as they arrive they are turned loose to graze, but appear to prefer to browse on the mesquite bushes and the leaves of a thorny shrub, which grows in this country everywhere, to the finest grass. They are exceedingly docile, easily managed, and I see, so far, no reason to doubt the success of the experiment.

June 29. Started at 5 a.m., and found the morning cool, with a fine, fresh breeze blowing. During the night the appearance of things promised rain, but it ended in clouds and lightning. We passed through the town of Blacksburg, a straggling village of some dozen inhabitants. About noon we watered the animals at the Nueces river.

which exists here only in one pool of about thirty yards in length and eight or ten feet in width. The bed of the river indicates that at times it must be of considerable magnitude, though now, with the exception I have mentioned, entirely dry at the crossing.

At 2 p.m. we encamped on Turkey creek, where we found the best water I have seen in Texas. The country we have passed through today is much more rolling than that of any previous day's travel, and the grass equally good. The road has been excellent all day.

[17] A detachment of dragoons from Fort Clarke, which has been out on an Indian scout, passed, and encamped near us.

June 30. Started at 4.45 a.m., and travelled for the first ten miles through fine grass to Elm creek, where we found a very little water in a mud hole. After leaving Elm creek there was no appearance of grass, but the road was very fine. At 11 we arrived, hot and dusty, at the stream of Los Moros, and refreshed ourselves by bathing in the cool, clear waters of the creek. Encamped within a few hundred yards of Fort Clarke, where we were most hospitably received and entertained by the officers. Having replenished our provisions I shall start again in the morning.

Distance made today twenty-five miles.

July 1. I left Fort Clarke at 10, having started the wagons and camels on at 5 a.m. We travelled over a very dry and uninteresting country to the Piedras Puitados, a creek containing some fine pools of water, and well stocked with fish, where we encamped early, the animals having had no grass yesterday. Caught a few fish this evening. The distance made today but seven miles. Our whole stock of

conversation today has been of the genial cordiality with which we were received at Fort Clarke, and the hope we may some day have it in our power to return it.

July 2. Started at 4.30 a.m., and travelled about five miles, when we stopped to water at a mud hole in the prairie. Three miles further on we came to the Sycamore creek, and found a fine pool of clear water, at which a large flock of wild turkeys were quietly drinking. Our appearance started them quietly on through the brushwood, where Mr. Thorburn followed them, wounding one, which, however, to our disappointment, got off. The country begins to assume a more arid appearance, though the grass is still plentiful, but dry. On our left the mountains of Mexico have been in plain view all day, a relief to the eye after travelling so long on the level plains and broad plateaus over which our road has carried us.

Captain Lee and his wife, who are on their road to his post at Fort Davis, joined us today, and we encamped together at a water hole of the San Felipe. This river, like all others we have heretofore met with in Texas, exists at this season, at least, only in holes, sometimes miles apart. We found the water, however, sweet, and tolerably cool.

The camels are doing better today, and arrived shortly after the wagons. I am very much encouraged to see how eagerly they seek the bushes for food instead of grass, which certainly indicates their ability to subsist much easier than horses and mules in countries where forage is scarce. We encamped at 12.30, and caught some fine fish. Distance made today twenty-four miles.

July 3. Raised camp at 3 a.m., and started at 4. Travelled ten or twelve miles to Devil's river, a clear, broad, and

shallow stream of infinite beauty and picturesqueness. The bottom through which it runs, about a quarter of a mile in width, is filled with a fine growth of cotton wood and mesquite. The stream itself is a hundred yards or so in width, three feet in depth, and the bottom of hard rock. On either side the banks are steep, and in many places entirely precipitous, having the appearance of ruins, fortifications, and regular mason [18] work. As our line of wagons ascended the hill the camels appeared on the further side, winding down the steep road, and made a picture well worthy the pen of a great artist. The steep, grey rocks, the beautiful green bottom or meadow, the clear sparkling stream, the loose animals, the wagons and teams, and then old Mahomet, with the long line of his grave and patient followers, winding cautiously, picking step by step their way down the road on the opposite side, was a very interesting and beautiful scene. We encamped here, and will remain until four in the evening, when we shall water the animals, and go on until ten at night, hoping to reach water again tomorrow at noon; the distance from Devil's river to the next water being forty miles. It is at present promising rain, which may give us water on the road. At 4 o'clock a smart shower of rain relieved the sultriness of the evening, and while still raining we started (5 o'clock), and journeyed until eleven, when we encamped for the night. All were sleepy and tired and, except the sentinels, threw themselves on the ground, and were soon fast asleep.

July 4. Awoke this morning at our usual hour (3 o'clock), to find it pouring in torrents. Everything was wet and disagreeable. Blankets were rolled up and thrust into the wagons, and the men cursing their mules with unusual

vigor, as if they were the cause of our discomfort; hitched up in the twilight of the morning and prepared for a start. All day long it rained a cold relentless torrent, accompanied with gusts of wind which drove the chilled water through everything. Clothing and blankets offered no protection, and the party was soon thoroughly drenched. No emotions of patriotism availed to warm one against such a storm. The men sat shivering in dogged silence on their mules, which shivered and humped themselves in return. It was a terrible fourth of July, and the recollection of the jolly times our fellow-countrymen were enjoying at home made our toilsome and miserable day all the more so. Occasionally a wagon would stick deep in softened soil, and then more mules had to be hitched to pull it out, ropes hauled on, wheels pried up, and, of course, all this involved the necessity of straightening one's neck, and bending the body from that peculiar curve which is generally adopted in rain storms; so that we had more cursing, and strange oaths, we had not hitherto heard, were brought out in very great force. Altogether it was a wretched day, and the journey of forty miles without water was made through a deluge. In the very road itself, there was a stream larger and deeper than any we had seen since leaving San Antonio, except Devil's river. At last, when near the summit of Dead Man's Pass, and about noon, we broke the pole of a wagon and were brought to a dead halt. The teams I ordered unhitched and turned loose just where they stood, and some of the men sought what little shelter the wagons afforded, while others, with difficulty, raised a fire with the damp material at hand. Fortunately at this time (12 o'clock) it ceased raining. A plentiful supply of coffee, bacon and bread,

aided somewhat by a couple of bottles of brandy, which was the remainder of a half dozen presented to me by a friend, the day I left Philadelphia, restored warmth, animation and good humor. In the course of two hours more, the men went cheerfully to work at mending the road, [19] and repairing the broken wagon. The sun came out in the afternoon, and our camp was soon as cheerful as it had been the reverse. Arms were cleaned and put in order, for we had encamped upon the scene of an Indian massacre, seven whites of a party of nine having been slain here by the Comanches. The camels, much to my surprise, have kept up remarkably well today, and have stood the storm better than I thought they would, in fact, apparently as well as the mules. We have made but ten miles today, after unremitting labor to man and beast of seven hours.

July 5. Raised camp at 5 a.m., and travelled eleven miles and a half to the second crossing of Devil's river, where we stopped to breakfast, and turned the animals loose to graze. Our road this morning was, for the most part, rocky, and where it was not was rendered heavy by yesterday's rain. This morning we have rain again, in showers, and a dark leaden sky, which threatens us with another bad day. At 9.30 encamped within a few hundred yards of the river. Grass indifferent.

The camels got in an hour after us.

This morning we found at our camp, for the first time, a shrub, of which we are to see a great deal between this and the end of our journey, and in many places shall find no other wood. It is known as greasewood, and I was delighted to see the camels eagerly seek it, and eat it with the greatest apparent relish. It is certainly very gratifying to

find these animals eating, by their own preference, the coarse and bitter herbs, hitherto of no value, which abound always in the most sterile and desolate parts of every road, so far as discovered, which traverses the broad extent of wilderness between the eastern States and our Pacific possessions.

Started at 3, and travelled until 6 p.m.

We passed a military station on Devil's river, but saw none of the officers. It is, I believe, an infantry post, which, of course, is very useful in protecting this portion of the Indian territory; foot soldiers being especially well adapted to the pursuit of tribes always mounted on the best horse-flesh to be stolen in Texas and Mexico.

We also passed this evening the scenes of several Indian murders, and the graves of the victims. We followed up the bed of the river, over a very rough road, to Pecan spring, where we encamped for the night.

Distance made today twenty-one and a half miles — a very good journey, considering the condition of the roads.

July 6. We were up last night at 11 o'clock, and the men had already commenced to put the harness on the mules; our wagonmaster, Davis, having mistaken the bright moonlight for daybreak. I had not been in bed long when I was told that the men were hitching up, and on sending for Mr. Davis he was made aware, for the first time, of his error, and, greatly to his surprise, informed of the hour. We had gone too far in one thing, however, to correct it — the mules had already been fed their usual morning's allowance of corn, and had eaten it.

At 4 o'clock we started, and travelled until 8.30 a.m., up the valley of the river. The work was very hard on the ani-

mals; the [20] rain having made the ground exceedingly heavy, and in many places washed out deep holes and gullies. At 8.30 we encamped at the spring at the head of the river, and shall leave the river this evening entirely.

We have before us another forty-mile stretch without water, and shall travel as much as possible of it this evening, and if we find no water in holes on the road, shall make a dry camp, and reach Howard's spring in the morning.

The camels are rapidly improving; they are now becoming accustomed to the road, and getting over the first soreness occasioned by the want of use. Today they travelled quite as fast as we did, and came into camp nearly at the same time. Encamped this evening at a water hole in the prairie, after travelling all the afternoon in a drizzling rain which made us quite uncomfortable, though, considering the fact that it gives us water where no other is to be found, we were willing to submit to the little discomfort of sleeping in damp clothes upon the wet ground.

We passed today the graves of a party who were killed by Indians last fall. Distance made twenty-five miles.

July 7. We started at 4.30 a.m., and travelled twelve miles, when we encamped for breakfast. Our crossing place was called Cedar bluffs. The grass is very fine, and water abundant in holes, filled by the late rain. We were passed on the road this morning by the monthly El Paso mail, on its way up, by which I received, forwarded by some of my friends at San Antonio, a box of about two feet square, for which the moderate charge of twenty dollars was made. The dangers of this road, however, justified any price for such matters. Scarcely a mile of it but has its story of Indian murder and plunder; in fact, from El Paso to San

Antonio is but one long battle ground — a surprise here, robbery of animals there. Every spring and watering-place has its history or anecdote connected with Indian violence and bloodshed. The country through which we have travelled today is entirely destitute of timber, except the mesquite bush, which grows almost everywhere in Texas. The road, though rolling, is excellent.

July 8. Up at half past two, and off at daybreak without breakfast. We travelled eleven miles to Howard's spring, where we stopped to breakfast and water the animals. This place seems to have been famous for Indian surprises. Near it we passed the graves of seven who had been killed by the savages, and still nearer, within a hundred yards or so, the bones of a sergeant and some two or three dragoons, who were here killed by them. The bodies had, apparently, been disinterred by animals, and the ghastly remains of the poor fellows who had perished there were scattered on the ground. Captain Lee (U. S. Army) gave us the history of the fight, which occurred some months ago.

Howard's spring is a small hole containing, apparently, about a quarter of a barrel of water, but in reality inexhaustible. It is directly under a bluff of rock in the bed of a dry creek, and to get at the water it is necessary to descend about eight feet by rude steps cut in the rock; the water has to be passed up in buckets, and the animals [21] watered from them. There is but little grass here, and no timber but greasewood and mesquite, and not much of that; a few stunted cedars that grow around the bluff of the spring are neither large enough for shade or fuel.

The rain has brought the grass forward wonderfully, and with it an abundance of beautiful flowers, so that the prairie

for the last few days has been filled with perfume and richly colored flowers, which would have been no disgrace to the most costly hothouse. The whole of the country is vastly improved by these grateful showers, which have clothed it everywhere with verdure, and filled the air with fragrance.

Of large game we have seen but little, but turkeys and partridges abound in great numbers; in fact, the whistle of "Bob White" is with us all the time.

The camels came into camp with us. We find one great trouble, and the only one, in managing them, is that we know nothing about the method of packing them, and have it all to learn. In consequence of our want of knowledge in this particular, we have several with sore backs, which, however, I am glad to observe, heal much more rapidly than similar abrasures on the backs of horses or mules. As soon as we discover one to be getting sore it is immediately freed of its burden, and in a day or two is ready for service again. They seem almost entirely indifferent to the best grass, and to prefer any kind of bush to it. Today we find another food they seem particularly to relish, the name of which we do not know. The wild grape vine is a great favorite with them, and as it grows plentifully, they will fare well on it. It seems that they like most the herbs and boughs of bitter bushes, which all other animals reject. The more I see of them the more interested in them I become, and the more I am convinced of their usefulness. Their perfect docility and patience under difficulties renders them invaluable, and my only regret at present is that I have not double the number.

After remaining a few hours at Howard's spring we resumed our march, and soon regained the plain. At the

crest of the hill, as we came upon the level land again, we found a new made grave, probably another added to the long list of Indian victims with which the entire trail is filled.

We encamped without water on the open prairie; grass good, but no timber whatever.

This evening many of our party have seen Indians, but for me, "Ah! sinner that I am, I was not permitted to witness so glorious a sight." I encourage the young men, however, in the belief that deer, bushes, &c., which they have mistaken for Indians, are all veritable Comanches, as it makes them watchful on guard at night.

July 9. Raised camp at 3 a.m., and off before daybreak. We travelled fifteen miles and encamped two miles from Fort Lancaster, on Live Oak creek. While at breakfast, some of the officers called and invited us to the post, of which kindness we shall avail ourselves. The camels got off before us this morning, and arrived at camp at the same time. We are busy today repairing their saddles and doctoring their wounded backs, and to effect this purpose I shall go no [22] further, but remain here until tomorrow. Live Oak creek is a clear and beautiful stream of sweet and cool water; the grass very fine, and wood (oak, mesquite, and willow), abundant. Just before descending into the valley of the stream we came to a very steep, rocky hill, overlooking a valley of great beauty and graceful shape. The sides of the hills were covered with the most brilliant verdure and flowers, and our long train, as it wound down the steep descent, and became stretched out on the winding road through the valley, presented a scene of uncommon beauty. It was about sunrise when we arrived at the hill,

and the view was so striking that Thorburn and I remained behind to enjoy it until the whole train had passed some distance into the valley.

July 10. A short time after arriving at camp, yesterday, we received a message from the post informing us of the death of the little son of our travelling companion, Captain Lee (U. S. A.). This determined us to remain today at the post, in order to be present with my men at the funeral. We had all become deeply interested in the fate of the child, which, for the past week, had lingered at the door of death, sometimes giving hopes of recovery, and again relapsing, until all hope was entirely lost. It was buried to-day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and our train, which was hitched up and ready for the road, immediately afterwards moved on, and travelled to the Pecos spring, a distance of twelve and a half miles from our previous camp. We crossed the Pecos river eight miles from the fort, and found it a turbid, swift running stream, of about three feet in depth and twenty-five in width, the water of which is brackish and unpleasant to both sight and taste.

We were received kindly by the officers at Fort Lancaster, and but for the melancholy occasion of our delay should have passed an agreeable day.

July 11. Travelled all the day up the valley of the Pecos, which has an average width of about three miles, and is chiefly remarkable for the castellated appearance of the hills on each side. There is no timber, and even the mesquite is smaller than usual, though we find the grass abundant and excellent in quality. The river runs through banks so steep that it was noon before we found a place to water our animals. We encamped then and breakfasted,

having made nearly thirteen miles. This afternoon we shall make as much more.

Encamped again this afternoon on the Pecos, having made today twenty-four miles. We found the grass only tolerably good, and the water decidedly bad.

The camels are now keeping up easily with the train, and came into camp with the wagons. My fears as to their feet giving out, as I had been led to believe from those who seemed to know, have so far proved entirely unfounded, though the character of the road is exceedingly trying to brutes of any kind. My dogs cannot travel at all upon it, and after going a short distance run to the wagons and beg to be taken in. The camels, on the contrary, have not evinced the slightest distress or soreness; and this is the more remarkable, as mules or horses, in a very short time, get so sore-footed that shoes are indispensable. The road is very hard and firm, and strewn all [23] over it is a fine, sharp, angular, flinty gravel — very small, about the size of a pea — and the least friction causes it to act like a rasp upon the opposing surface. The camel has no shuffle in his gait, but lifts his feet perpendicularly from the ground, and replaces them, without sliding, as a horse or other quadrupeds do. This, together with the coarsely granulated and yielding nature of his foot, which, though very tough, like gutta percha, yields sufficiently without wearing off, enables them to travel continuously in a country where no other barefooted beast would last a week.

July 12. Journeyed from 4 to 8½ a.m., and encamped again upon the Pecos, having made nine miles. One of Captain Lee's men went to the river to fish, and soon returned with a cat fish weighing *fifty-seven pounds*. I had it

carefully weighed by our own steelyards. This started us all to fishing, but we were not so successful; in truth, took nothing. We leave the Pecos this evening, and are all glad of it. A more stupid and uninteresting river cannot be imagined — rapid, muddy, brackish, timberless, and hard to get at. We shall go out this evening about fifteen miles and make a dry camp, that is, without water.

Encamped on the prairie. Mr. Williams, geologist, while some distance from camp, and busy in the pursuit of his scientific investigations, came suddenly on two Indians. The rule in this country being to shoot on first sight, it was rather an awkward predicament.

To the Indians, who were as much surprised as the stone-breaker, the affair was equally embarrassing. One party was armed with musket and revolver, with the pleasant remembrance that the last time he attempted to fire it it refused to go off. The other party had bows and arrows, the former most probably unstrung, as they are usually carried when not expecting immediate use for them. Fortunately there were no seconds on the ground to make the fight imperative, so that after regarding each other attentively for a while they started off briskly in different directions, and the affair was thus “settled honorably to both parties.” Our horses stampeded twice last night, but did not go far. Grass very indifferent, and no wood. Francisco, teamster, crushed his hand in the wheel.

July 13. Started at 4 a.m. and travelled over an almost level country until we came to the Escondido spring. This water is beautifully clear, though slightly brackish. There is sufficient grass here, but of coarse innutritious quality. We breakfasted and remained at the spring until noon,

when we left for Comanche spring, and travelled over a very fine and level road for eighteen miles. Encamped at Comanche springs, where there was running water about five feet deep, but no timber. We caught some very fine fish. Here the great Comanche trail, on their inroads to Mexico on horse stealing excursions, passes, and thousands of stolen horses have been carried by this road to the Indian country.

July 14. Raised camp at 4.45 a.m., and travelled ten miles, to Leon spring. Here we found a succession of deep pools of slightly brackish water, but very clear. The road this morning has been excellent, with plenty of grass, but of a coarse quality, and no timber, but a little dwarf mesquite. Our next camp will be a dry one, the [24] nearest water being forty miles distant. We shall remain here until two or three in the afternoon, and then travel until dark, and camp wherever night overtakes us. The camels came into camp about an hour after us today, not having been packed in time to start with us this morning.

Leon spring was supposed by our guide to be five hundred feet deep; everybody said so. We exploded this popular fallacy by a very simple process, to wit, sounding it. We found it deep enough to save it from any exaggeration, *viz.*, twenty-five feet. We started again at 3 p.m., and traveled until 10 at night, when we encamped on the prairie. At midnight we were awakened by a stampede of all our loose animals, which during the night we had close to the wagons, under a strong guard. When the stampede first took place I thought but little of it, knowing the animals would not run far, and that the guard would soon bring them back; but presently, mingling with the sound

of the horses' receding footsteps, we heard in rapid succession two shots. This was startling, as we were in the midst of the Indian country, and it became evident that the Indians had run off our horses. Immediately I ordered all hands called, and taking with me five men, who were quickly mounted on the team animals always kept hitched to the wagons, started out in the darkness to the place where the shots had been fired, and expecting to find some of our horse guard killed by the Comanches. We had not gone far, however, before we found our men and the animals, with the exception of six, and discovered that the report of fire-arms we had heard was from the accidental discharge of two barrels of a revolver in the hands of one of our Mexicans. Much relieved, and with our animals driven before us, we returned to camp and to our blankets. The stampede has been of service in one respect, it has shown who are willing to fight, and who are not. Some who have been very loud in the desire to see an Indian skirmish were not as forward last night as I could have desired. The grass is excellent, but there is no wood.

We have made today twenty-eight miles.

July 15. We raised camp at 3 a.m., and prepared a party to go and follow the trail of the animals which we failed to recover last night. At daylight, however, by the aid of glasses, we discovered them grazing on the side of the mountain, about four miles off, so that the party prepared to take their trail was spared the trouble of hunting them up. We encamped at noon at the Hackberry, a mere mud hole, but containing sufficient water for our animals, with tolerable grass, but no timber. Started again at 11, and having watered on the road at a mud hole, arrived at

Barilla spring at about 4. The water at this place is delicious, especially after the brackish stuff we have been drinking.

Our camp this evening is a very pleasant one, on the side of a rugged mountain, and overlooking a green and pretty valley almost shut in by mountains. It is a great relief, after travelling so long over these monotonous plains to find oneself in the mountains again, and in the region of cool, clear streams and springs.

Distance made today twenty miles.

Grass good, but no wood.

[25] *July 16.* Raised camp at 4, and travelled all the morning through a succession of beautiful valleys, and in the midst of the most enchanting scenery. On both sides of the road the mountain rises to a great height, and is of the most rugged character. On some places, the rock, for miles, is entirely perpendicular for hundreds of yards in height, reminding one very strongly of the palisades along the Hudson; and in others assumes a smooth appearance, but always beautiful. I followed down a chasm, as it seemed, for half a mile, until the rock narrowed to a width of some twenty yards. Here I discovered, to my surprise and delight, a spring of pure and cold water, which found its way through the crevices of the rock, and after running a short distance sank again.

Our camp today is near the summit of the Wild Rose Pass, and although the grass is not very good, it is the most pleasant we have had since leaving Fort Clarke.

The camels arrived nearly as soon as we did. It is a subject of constant surprise and remark to all of us, how their feet can possibly stand the character of the road we have

been travelling over for the last ten days. It is certainly the hardest road on the feet of barefooted animals I have ever known. As for food, they live on anything, and thrive. Yesterday they drank water for the first time in twenty-six hours, and although the day had been excessively hot they seemed to care but little for it. Mark the difference between them and mules; the same time, in such weather, without water, would set the latter wild, and render them nearly useless, if not entirely break them down.

We started again at 4, and encamped on the Simpia, the stream which runs through the Wild Rose Pass. This evening our ride has been very pleasant, and the scenery still more beautiful than this morning. Oak trees of small growth covered every inch of the mountain not occupied by the solid rock, and the contrast between the gigantic, dark brown rocks, covered with red and grey moss, and the green foliage of the trees, and the still richer green of the cottonwoods and willows which-fringed the streamlet on whose bed we are travelling, made a charming character of scenery, and delighted every one in camp.

The road through the pass we found most excellent, and so nearly level that it was impossible, without an examination of the matter, to say which way it inclined.

We have encamped this evening about four miles from Fort Davis, on the spot where two soldiers from the post and the guide were killed, and a drummer boy taken prisoner by the Indians.

The valley is not over a quarter of a mile in width until arriving at our present camp, where it opens to the width of a mile, and the steep palisaded sides of the mountain fall off and give way to an undulating, hilly country, covered everywhere with the finest grass.

Our travelling companions, Captain Lee and his wife, left us here and went on to Fort Davis. Tomorrow we shall pass half a day at the post, and then off again for El Paso.

Distance made today $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Grass rather good, and wood tolerably abundant.

[26] *July 17.* Raised camp at sunrise, and went on to Fort Davis, where we were kindly entertained by the officers. Having two wagons to be repaired, I determined to go no further today.

Distance made about five miles.

July 18. Employed most of the day at the blacksmith's shop, in driving the repairs of the wagons. In the afternoon we bade adieu to our hospitable friends at the post, and came out about ten miles to Bald Rock spring, where we found excellent water, but no wood or grass. We encamped here for the night.

July 19. Travelled all the morning through rolling hills, bounded by rocky and palisaded mountains on our left, *and quite near us*, and on the right, but at a great distance, another range apparently of the same character. Everywhere the grass is excellent in the prairie.

At noon we encamped at Bauell springs, where we found a scanty supply of tolerably good water, but no wood.

At 2 we started again, and found a rolling country, and good travelling all the evening to Ojo de las Muertas (Spring of the Dead). We passed the grave of a man who had been killed by the Indians, which had the usual pile of stones, to prevent exhumation by the wolves; a shingle at one end, and a sharp stick at the other.

I am convinced water may be found by sinking wells twelve feet, or *less by half*, at Smith's run, which we crossed,

and at several other places on the road. The camels are travelling finely. It is worthy of especial note, and I mention it here, while it is fresh in my mind, that since our leaving San Antonio, where my experience commenced with them, I have never seen or heard of one stumbling, or even making a blunder.

July 20. Raised camp at 4, and travelled until 6 a.m., when we discovered water, about the distance of two miles off the road. It was a mud hole, but served us to water the mules, and was very acceptable, as the nearest *known* water to that at which we encamped last night is thirty-six miles distant. About noon we found another mud hole, a most grateful piece of success, as it saves much suffering, and long marches, without water, with the thermometer at 95°.

We encamped at the mud hole, and shall leave this evening, and go on about ten miles further, and make a dry camp, with the view of breakfasting tomorrow at Van Horn's Wells. Our ride this morning has been utterly destitute of interest. The travelling has been most excellent, generally on elevated plateaus, or across broad and level valleys; but entirely without timber of any description. The grass for the most part good, though a little parched and dry.

We have travelled for the past few days parallel with two ranges of mountains, one on each side of us. They present a barren, rugged and repulsive aspect, and are without timber.

Distance made this morning sixteen and a half miles.

We encamped on the prairie at dark, after making eight miles. We saw two Indians this evening, evidently watching our train, and most likely meditating horse thieving operations against us.

Grass tolerably good; but no wood or water. Whole distance made today twenty-four and a half miles.

July 21. We raised camp at 4 a.m., and travelled nine miles to [27] Van Horn's Wells — a pool of water of fair quality, but barely sufficient for our animals. I long to reach a good running stream again, where they can drink without struggling and fighting each other for every mouthful. But for this scarcity of water, this country would excel any other in the world for cattle raising. The grass is superabundant, and of most excellent quality, almost everywhere; but the want of a large supply of water is an insurmountable difficulty, and will remain so, until Pope's experiment succeeds.

Our road this morning has been over a country almost level, but not at all interesting. The camels are now being rapidly lightened of their loads, as we have eaten almost all our forage. In consequence, they frequently reach camp before the wagons, and can always do so, if hurried at all. We shall leave our present camp this evening, and go on fifteen miles further, which will bring us near to Eagle springs. Tonight we shall make another dry camp, as the drive would be too far for our animals to go to the next water, without rest.

We encamped for the night on the plains, within ten miles of Eagle spring. Grass excellent; but neither wood nor water.

Distance made today twenty-two miles.

July 22. Raised camp at 5 a.m., and travelled ten miles to Eagle springs. The country is easy for wagons, although our road passes to the right and left of very rough ranges of mountains. The valleys between them, however, are

broad and level. I think the average width will be ten miles. The most disagreeable feature is the entire want of wood; the mountains being stupendous masses of rock, entirely destitute of timber and running streams, which we generally associate with mountains, and rendering their appearance forbidding in the extreme.

Our encampment this morning is at the scene of quite a number of Indian devilments. Four men were murdered here by them at one time, and various others at different periods, to say nothing of the numerous bands of cattle, mules, and horses which they have taken from emigrants and others passing here.

The spring rises at the base of Eagle mountain, which is a huge pile of perpendicular cliff, palisaded at the top, and rising gradually without the usual accompaniment of foot hills from the valley. There is quite sufficient water for our animals, and having been eighteen hours without, they are glad enough to get it.

The grass here is very poor, both in quality and in quantity. We started on at 3. The sun was intensely warm, but about 4 a most refreshing shower cooled the atmosphere, and rendered the travelling very agreeable. It was particularly so to us, as we had a journey of thirty-four miles before us, without water. We passed on the road, shortly after leaving the spring, the scene of a battle between the Comanches and some Texas emigrants to California, in which the latter were badly worsted. Travelled some twenty miles, and encamped on the plain without water or grass. Today we have made thirty miles; a good journey for loaded wagons.

We met two Mexicans on the road whom we supposed to

be fleeing from justice. They had probably committed some rascality, and were [28] in a hurry to get out of danger, as according to their story they had ridden nearly eighty miles since day-break.

July 23. We got an early start this morning, and after travelling a short distance crossed an easy divide, and followed down a cañon leading directly to the Rio Grande. Very soon we came in sight of the green cotton-woods, which mark the line of the river; a most grateful sight to men who had travelled so far without seeing a piece of wood larger than a mesquite bush. The valley of the Rio Grande is here about twenty to twenty-five miles in width, from mountain to mountain, and certainly has no very prepossessing appearance; the mountains on the American side, like those on the Mexican, are destitute of timber, and offer to the eye nought but gloomy masses of rock, where the very spirit of desolation seems to reign. Only the clear fresh green of the cotton-woods in the river bottom creates a point for the eye to rest upon with pleasure; speaking to us, as it did, of a fine stream in which we would bathe our weary limbs; but, like all other anticipations of pleasure, this, too, faded on a nearer approach. We found the river after groping some distance through a dense undergrowth of weeds, briars and willows, a muddy stream about a hundred yards wide; but with such a deposit of mud and quicksand that even our thirsty mules were obliged to go half a mile below, before we could find a place where we could safely take them to water.

Yesterday our corn being nearly exhausted, I ordered all of the remaining packs to be taken from the camels, in order that their backs might have a chance to recover,

where they had become chafed by bad packing. I find they have suffered less than the same number of pack mules would have done on a journey of the same distance. I am convinced that a better and lighter saddle could be easily arranged for them, and shall submit my ideas on this matter fully hereafter. This morning we made twelve and a quarter miles; wood abundant (cotton and willow) and grass enough, but of an inferior quality. We travelled up the valley of the Rio Grande fourteen miles, and encamped for the night. Here I took Mr. Bell and Sandy, and accompanied by Mr. Ford, who had travelled from Fort Davis with us, went on to San Elizario. We travelled until 2 o'clock at night, when we stripped off our saddles, ate a little bread and cheese, and laid down to sleep. After resting two hours, we started again, drowsily saddling our mules in the dim twilight of coming dawn, betook ourselves again with many a yawn to our journey. We travelled on until 11 when we overtook a Mexican train, which gave us breakfast on green peppers and coffee, after which we started once more, and at noon reached San Elizario, hungry and tired. We had ridden, almost without intermission, a distance of ninety-five miles, and had been in the saddle, well nigh constantly, for thirty-six hours.

July 24. We passed the day pleasantly at the house of Mr. Ford.

July 25. Still at San Elizario.

July 26. Our train arrived this morning, and the whole Mexican population, which, since our getting in, had been in a perfectly feverish state of excitement in relation to the camels, had their curiosity gratified. The street was crowded, and when we went on to camp the [29] whole

town followed. I drove up to Franklin this evening, in order to expedite our departure on the following morning.

July 27. Spent the day at Fort Bliss, where I was kindly received by the officers. Dined with Mr. McGoffin, and attended a pleasant party at his house afterwards. At 6 in the evening saddled our mules (Thorburn and I) and trotted out to camp — ten miles distant.

Made today about eighteen miles.

July 28. Started before sunrise, and travelled twelve miles, our road following the river to Willow bar. We found the road heavy nearly all the way from recent rains.

Encamped opposite the mountain, about nine miles distant, in which is situated a valuable silver mine, belonging, I believe, to a Mr. Stephenson, who lives near El Paso. It is said the mine is yielding an abundant fortune to its proprietor. It is situated in a mountain on the American side of the river, and apparently of easy access.

The grass at our camp, and also throughout the entire valley, is very plenty, but of a poor quality. Of wood there is abundance of mesquite and cotton-wood, but no other. We have passed today numerous herds of sheep, of the small kind common to this country. The wool is coarse and the animal, from the pernicious practice of breeding in and in, small and every way inferior to those of the eastern States.

July 29. Started by starlight, and travelled about nine miles, when we encamped at a hole of water, about a mile from Fort Fillmore and one and a half from the river. Grass indifferent; mesquite wood abundant, especially a kind of which the camels are particularly fond, the fornia or screw-bean. This bush bears a fruit in bunches, about an inch and a half in length, in the form of a screw. It is very nutritious,

and is sometimes used to make pinola by both Indians and Mexicans. The camels seem to like both the branches and fruit better than any other we have met with. Although the branches are covered with sharp thorns, larger and stronger than those which grow on the rose bush, the camel seizes them in his mouth and draws the limb through his teeth, rapidly stripping off the leaves and briars and eating both greedily. Sometimes they bite off branches of considerable size and eat them leisurely, with apparent great ease. Their strength of jaw and teeth seems uncommonly great, greater even than in proportion to their size when compared with other brutes.

This evening was passed pleasantly at Fort Bliss with the officers of the post. We encamped six miles beyond the fort, and only stopped the train long enough to put in forage for our animals. The fort is pleasantly situated, overlooking the river and meadow land lying on either side. The ground rises considerably at the post, which is built on the sand hills, and gives it a pretty appearance on approach. At sundown, we rode on to camp, accompanied by Captain Myers, Major Morris, and my old friend, George Haywood.

It rained slightly almost all night; but not enough to wet our blankets or disturb our sleep.

July 30. We passed through the town of Cruces and Doña Ana, where we exhibited the camels to the wondering gaze of the population. Travelled about eighteen and a half miles, and encamped on the river. [30] Here we leave the water, and take the much dreaded "Jornada del Muerto," a stretch of ninety miles without water. We are, however, in hopes that our usual good fortune will attend us, and that the rain will come to our assistance.

This morning our road led us in view of the Organ mountain, about seven miles distant, a most rugged and terribly severe mountain, but containing in its bosom a store of wealth in silver ore which its frowning aspect seems to guard from intrusion; ineffectually, however, as its bowels are being torn and rent by blasting and cutting, in search of the precious contents. This evening we started at 4 o'clock, intending to go out eight miles and make a dry camp; but we had not gone far before it began to drizzle, and soon after the rain came down in torrents. Through the rain we travelled on cheerfully, until a little after dark; cheerfully, for we felt assured of finding rain water in holes on the "Jornada," and for our animals' sake we were willing enough to take the rain.

At night we stopped on the plain, and threw ourselves on the ground, to sleep soundly until the bugle called us in the morning.

After leaving the river, the road ascends about seven miles, which is sandy. At this point the great plain of the "Jornada" is reached, and the road becomes excellent.

July 31. This morning we started at 4, and travelled until 9.30 a.m. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country we have travelled over this morning. The whole extent, as far as vision reached ahead, was a level plain, covered thickly with the most luxurious grass, and filled with beautiful wild flowers, while on each side the mountains in the distance, nearly covered with clouds, loomed up grandly. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of acres, containing the greatest abundance of the finest grass in the world, and the richest soil are here lying vacant, and looked upon by the traveller with dread, because of its want of water.

It is worthy of remark, as a curious coincidence, that at every long stretch without water we have come to, since leaving the Atlantic, we have had abundant rains; all the more remarkable, as the people here say that these are the first rains that have fallen on them for more than a year.

This evening we made ten miles; making, for the day's journey, twenty-four and a half miles.

Encamped without finding water.

Grass abundant and good; slight rain during the night.

August 1. Raised camp at 4.30, and sunrise found us some distance on the road. Last night was passed watchfully, Indian signs having been observed. We travelled four miles, and after ascending a short but steep hill encamped at some rain water holes. On the brow of the hill is the grave of two Germans killed by the Indians, from which this place takes its name of the Allemagne. Three miles further on is another place of the same name, where a third German of the same party lost his life. Our journey this morning was short, owing to our finding water and the uncertainty of soon finding it again. The road is excellent and the grass very abundant, wanting only trees and water to make the country perfect. After breakfasting we started [31] again, and, on arriving at the Big Allemagne, found a party of Mexicans journeying to Doña Ana.

In this country the first question is, Indians? And the second, water? Having exchanged views as to the first and most important, we found that, to our sorrow, we should not find water at the Laguna, and that, as no rain had fallen to the northward, we had no hope of any water nearer than the river — fifty miles distant. This at once determined me to spend the day where we were and travel

after night. The teams were immediately turned loose and our camp made; the rain water in the holes being abundant.

At sundown we started on our journey again, and travelled till 1 o'clock at night, when we encamped on the plain, having made twenty miles.

The grass is excellent, but the animals, having no water, ate but little.

August 2. At 4, up and off again. The sun rose hot and fiery, and all betokened a distressing day's journey. Soon we began to see that since the Mexicans had passed rain had fallen upon their trail, and shortly after, to our great joy, a hole containing sufficient rain water for all our animals was found. Camp was made at once, and breakfast. After a hurried meal, the animals being refreshed by water and abundance of grass, we started again and at noon encamped on the Rio Grande. Thus, we have passed the terrible "journey of death," and it has been our good fortune to have had a most agreeable passage of it; rain water as often as we desired, instead of a ninety-mile journey without any. The road is already good; the grass, as I have before remarked, everywhere excellent and abundant, and nothing but water required to make it in every way desirable. At present, it lies directly on the road between El Paso and Santa Fé — the dread and terror of travellers, and has cost more loss in the suffering and death of cattle than would pay ten times over for the three wells the government might cause to be dug.

The grass on the river bottoms is not good, and we therefore camped on the nearest hills to the river, where we found excellent gramma.

Distance made today twenty-five miles.

August 3. Started somewhat late this morning (6 o'clock), and after a short march came in sight of Fort Craig, on the opposite side of the river. I did not cross to it, but from its appearance at a distance of a quarter of a mile it presented a more fortlike outside and aspect than any post we have seen on the road. Travelled up the river sixteen miles and encamped on a hill near it. Grass good, and wood, in the timber of the river bottom, abundant.

The scenery of the river, especially the green meadow and the trees is very pleasant, and to us, who have been so long without the sight of running water, and kept so constantly anxious on the subject of a good square drink, the abundant river is a very grateful object of view.

August 4. Being anxious to see General Garland, and to arrange matters in relation to the soldiers I am to take with me, I left camp this morning and travelled on ahead as rapidly as the worst road in the known world would permit. At every step our poor beasts sank deep in the sand, and could scarcely lift a leg when we arrived [32] at camp. The river bottom, to which we occasionally descended and travelled upon, was filled with corn fields, and tolerably well cultivated after the Mexican fashion, almost the entire day's travel. Herds of sheep, goats, and cattle, sheltered from the scorching sun under the cotton-woods, or standing belly deep in the river, added the grace of pastoral life to the beauty of the landscape.

We passed several towns, and found the fame of the camels had preceded us. At the first, I was taken for the head showman. A crowd soon gathered around us, and a slouchy looking ruffian, acting as interpreter, we had quite an amusing time. Looking at my ambulance, which the

taste of the builder had painted a bright red, he commenced:

"Dis show wagon, no?"

I replied, "Yes."

"Ah, ha! You be dee showmans, no?"

"Yes, sir."

"What you gottee more on camelos? Gottee any dogs?"

"Yes, monkeys too, and more."

"Whattee more?"

"Horse more."

"Whattee can do horse?"

"Stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine."

"Valgame Dios! What a people these are to have a horse stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine." And we left our friend explaining to his audience what had passed, and filled with admiration for the nation, one of whose humblest individuals possessed a horse capable of standing on his head and drinking wine.

August 10. ALBUQUERQUE. Returned from Santa Fé, having arranged all my business with the commanding officer of the department. As we were engaging rooms at a wretched fonda, on our arrival here, I was met by Major Rucker, of the army, whom I had known in California years ago. The major kindly offered Thorburn and myself rooms at his house, which we gladly accepted. Business kept me here today pretty busy, though I nevertheless enjoyed highly the change from the rough fare of camp to the well supplied table of our kind host.

August 11. Still in Albuquerque.

August 12. Started my train on, it being necessary for me to remain until the arrival of the express from Santa Fé.

I was anxious, moreover, to get the men out of town as soon as possible, as the fandangos and other pleasures had rendered them rather troublesome. This morning I was obliged to administer a copious supply of the oil of boot to several, especially to my Turks and Greeks, with the camels. The former had not found, even in the positive prohibitions of the prophet, a sufficient reason for temperance, but was as drunk as any Christian in the train, and would have remained behind, but for a style of reason much resorted to by the head of his church, as well as others, in making converts, i.e., a broken head. Billy Considine says he has seen a cut glass decanter do good service, when aimed low, but to move a stubborn half-drunken Turk give me a good tough piece of wagon spoke, aimed tolerably *high*.

[33] *August 15.* To my delight the express arrived last night, and today, at 2 o'clock, we got off.

After travelling some twelve miles or so we encamped on a plain beyond the Puerco.

August 16. Travelled all day, and overtook the train at the little half Indian town of Covero.

We arrived about sundown, and no one can imagine the pleasant thing it was to us to get back to our flannel shirts, big boots, and greasy buckskins once more. It was home to us.

August 17. We moved a few miles up the valley and encamped. We are travelling very slowly, awaiting the arrival of Col. Loring, from whom I am to receive my escort, and who is now on his way to Fort Defiance. We are all very impatient, as our work is now about to commence; and whatever fortune is before us, we are anxious to meet

it, and have done with all suspense in regard to it. I trust to be in California in sixty days after we once get started.

We find this valley, cultivated by the Indians, in far better condition, as far as crops and prospects are concerned, than any part of New Mexico we have yet seen. They seem to have plenty of corn and wheat, and are, altogether, quite as well off as their Mexican neighbors.

August 18. Moved camp this morning a few miles up the stream of the Gallo.

Having nothing to do but await impatiently the arrival of Colonel Loring, we only move camp to get better grass. The little valley of the Gallo presents a most singular appearance. Directly down the centre, and rising to a height of some twelve feet, a stream of lava has flowed, and apparently ceased somewhere near our camp of yesterday. This fiery torrent seems to have been nearly a quarter of a mile in width, and looks as if a troubled ocean of molten iron had suddenly cooled. The whole valley is so completely filled with the solid lava as to leave only here and there a narrow belt of meadow; but this is knee deep with the finest and greenest grass, and almost hidden by it, and winding its way through it is the clear, sparkling brook of the Gallo. The stream is quite narrow, in fact nowhere over six feet in width, but the water clear as crystal and very cool. It is quite deep, being in many places breast high. The contrast with the rough, black, honey-combed rock, which extends as far up the valley as the eye can reach, and the soft velvet green of the little fringe of meadow, is very pleasant, not only to ourselves but to our poor mules, to whom our present short camps seem particularly delightful. On each side of the valley the mountains rise abruptly, and on

the left, directly in front, is a palisaded mesa of very considerable height. The term mesa is a Mexican word, signifying table; but out here it is used in reference to mountains. As an English word, when so used, it means a mountain with a flat top, and in this region nearly all are so; in fact, it is an exception to see one otherwise. A sprinkle of rain this evening. Every day for the past ten we have had more or less rain, and at times heavy showers.

August 19. Still in camp, waiting for Colonel Loring. Today we made a seine of gunny bags, and caught a large quantity of fish; they [34] were principally mullet, with a few trout. The stream seems filled with fish, and with a proper net an abundance for any number of men might be taken.

Our camels are doing well here, and seem as fat as when we left, and apparently in better order for the road. On leaving Albuquerque they were packed with an average of seven hundred pounds each; the largest carried nearly a thousand pounds, and the others in proportion to their size and strength. Two Zuñi Indians came into camp this morning and reported Colonel Loring as only a few miles behind, so that we hope to see him this evening. We found the grass on the other side of the creek best, and our mules are now grazing in it belly deep.

August 20. This morning I mounted the white dromedary, "Seid," and started back to meet Colonel Loring. The morning was cool and pleasant, and the fine animal travelled off at the rate of eight miles an hour without, apparently, the least effort.

On reaching Covero, some thirteen miles and a half from camp, I found the colonel, who had just arrived, and after a pleasant interview, we started back together; but finding

his animals unequal to mine, I rode on to camp again alone, and arrived after an absence of three hours, during which I had ridden twenty-seven miles. "Seid" seemed not the least tired; indeed, it was as much as I could do to hold him on my return, and could not have done so had I not put the chain part of his halter around his lower jaw. The best mule or horse in our camp, in present condition, could not have performed the same journey in twice the time, although they have been fed with corn ever since leaving, and some of the horses not worked at all, having been kept for express duty in the event of accident, while "Seid" has not only worked every day, but been grazed entirely on grass.

I saw some Indians, in the hills at a distance, as I rode along.

I found our men had been fishing again, and had caught, at one haul of our gunny bag net, ninety-six fine fish, which furnished us a good meal for all hands.

There is plenty of wood at this camp — cedar and a few dwarf pines.

August 21. Today I sent the camp on to Zuñi, and shall go up with Colonel Loring, whose command reached here last evening, to Fort Defiance, so as to start with my escort from that place. I have determined to take but twenty men, instead of thirty-five, as I do not wish to encumber myself more than is absolutely necessary.

Started at 8 and travelled over a beautifully undulating country for twenty-two miles, when we reached the "Agua Azure" (Blue Water), and encamped. We found two trains of army wagons here, with their escorts. I cannot imagine why this place should ever have been called "Blue Water."

It is a long, ditch-like hole, extending about half a mile, and probably twelve feet in width, by an average depth of two and a half. The water, which, from its name, should be blue, is the deepest colored red brown I ever saw; even more colored than the Pecos, of Texas; differing, however, from that wretched stream in this, that the water is sweet, palatable, and wholesome.

The meadow here embraces, in all, probably two thousand acres of uncommonly fine land, and is covered with a beautiful grass, of a kind [35] I have not before met with in this country. It grows quite tall, and is very pleasant to the taste and seemingly nutritious; in color a blue green, and very much resembling the blue grass of Jamaica.

There is but little wood immediately at the water, though we found enough drift trash for cooking. A mountain range, which extends all along the road we travelled today, and about five or six miles distant, seems to carry good wood in all parts of it. The foothills are covered with small cedars, and the higher mountains with large pine trees. On our road today a bear crossed our track, just out of gunshot, ahead of us. Thorburn and I started to cut him off, in some hills to our right, for which he was making, but Bruin outran us, and we gave up the chase, completely out of breath with running.

This evening we have killed a few snipe, which, cooked on a stick, with alternate slices of bacon, have made us a nice supper.

Colonel Loring having turned off the road to a spring, we passed without seeing his command, and shall await his arrival here.

August 22. The night has been cloudy, with rain, and

this morning the sky is still overcast with occasional showers. Fortunately, we have an Indian rubber blanket with us, which protected us both very well, our blankets being spread on the ground close together. Made our breakfast on snipe killed this morning, some black birds, and a piece of mutton we brought from camp with us — a better and a heartier one, and eaten with a more contented mind, than many a one eaten this morning at the best hotel in New York. This morning the colonel joined us, and in the evening we proceeded together to Fort Defiance. Leaving at 2 o'clock, we rode, through a driving rain and heavy mud, but over a very level country, fourteen miles, and encamped at a muddy spring of sulphurous water, unfit for man or beast. Fortunately, we had filled our canteens at the Agua Azure, and so were provided with good water. Made a pleasant camp in the shelter of a pine grove, but had poor grass for our animals. On our right runs, bounding the valley, a curious range of red sandstone bluffs, some hundred feet perpendicular in height, and stone abutments extending into the plain like capes at sea. This curious formation is said to extend for a hundred and twenty miles to the northward of this. On our left the mountain is covered with fine timber — cedar and pine. The plains are filled with rich gramma grass, which is now hardly long enough to allow our animals to graze on, but which is rapidly springing up everywhere.

August 23. Yesterday's remarks would apply perfectly, without change, to today's travel. We have had the same rain, followed up the same valley, had the same curious range of red sandstone on our right, and finely timbered mountain on our left; the same freshly growing gramma

grass; in fact, everything just as yesterday. The valley through which we have travelled is apparently very level, and the road excellent. At noon, having made seventeen miles, we encamped in a fine grove of pines, just in time to shelter us somewhat from a heavy rain squall.

Started in the afternoon and travelled six miles, and encamped near some rain water. Grass tolerably good. The grass throughout this region is now coming on rapidly, and, once well up, will remain good [36] during the winter, and until the first of June. It is nearly all gramma.

August 24. Started about 7 and travelled nearly eighteen miles, when we encamped on the Puaco, a deep gulley, in which we found water. We are now on the western slope of the Rocky mountains, and the waters from this point all reach the Pacific. Our ascent has been so gradual that no one would have supposed, from the character of the road, we were ascending at all, much less that we were approaching the summit of a most formidable range of mountains. Not even a hill of any size has obstructed the passage of our wagon, and our mules are as fresh after their day's work as though we had been travelling on the great plains. The country through which we are passing is all well timbered with pine and cedar. This evening we found a vein of coal quite near the road where it crosses the Pecos. It seemed to us of excellent quality, and was about two feet in width. It cropped out in two places, and seemed equally large at both. We brought off specimens of it, which we kicked up with our boots from the surface. I subsequently learned that coal in large quantities existed near Fort Defiance and was used at the government shops by the blacksmiths, and found of excellent quality.

Thorburn and I tried our strength this evening in over-throwing a huge rock, which was so perfectly balanced on another that it resembled the rocking stone of the Druids. A very slight exertion caused it to oscillate backwards and forwards like a cradle, though I am sure all of our party could not have lifted half of it. After great exertion, and prizing it with a pine log, we at last overcame its balance and sent the huge mass crashing to the foot of the cliff. This afternoon we came on about ten miles, and finding good grass, wood and water, encamped.

We are now about twenty miles from Fort Defiance, and shall breakfast there tomorrow. Since leaving Albuquerque the weather has been delightfully cool, and at night one finds a pair of blankets hardly enough to keep him comfortable.

Last night the dew was very heavy, amounting almost to rain. This evening mosquitoes are very abundant; but, as the sun goes down, the night is too cold for them to trouble us at all.

August 25. Started about 6, and after travelling for some hours over a beautiful country, where coal seemed everywhere abundant, we met Captain Carlisle, who was on his way in the ambulance to meet Colonel Loring. As we stood in the warm sun of August, it was most refreshing to see the captain's servant throw off the folds of a blanket from a tub in the bottom of the wagon, and expose several large and glistening blocks of ice, while at the same time the captain produced a delicate flask of "red eye." In ten miles more we reached the post, and were most hospitably received by the officers. Thorburn and myself accepted the invitation of Dr. Irving to live at his house, and are indebted to him for a great deal of hospitality.

August 26. Rose early, and, with Thorburn and the doctor, took a long walk.

This post is situated at the mouth of a cleft in the mountain, by which the very backbone of the mountain seems to have been cloven down [37] to the level of the plain; nothing I have ever seen hitherto compares with it. Fancy a great mountain range running in an unbroken line for miles and miles, and here rent asunder, so that a road perfectly level passes directly through what would otherwise present an impassable barrier, and the rock rising in a solid mass, five hundred feet perpendicular, on each side. This cleft is about a hundred yards in width and about three miles in length. Through the centre trickles a scanty stream, which serves to water the gardens of the garrison, which are all made in the cañon, and which seem to be in a most flourishing condition, especially the potatoes. This vegetable is found in this vicinity growing wild. Our walk this morning was constantly through the grandest scenery, and fully repaid us for rising so early.

August 27. This morning, everything being in readiness, we take leave of our kind and hospitable friends and start upon our journey into the wilderness. No one who has not commanded an expedition of this kind, where everything ahead is dim, uncertain, and unknown, except the dangers, can imagine the anxiety with which I start upon this journey. Not only responsible for the lives of my men, but my reputation and the highest wrought expectations of my friends, and the still more highly wrought expectations of envious enemies — all these dependent on the next sixty days' good or evil fortune. Today commences it. Let us see what I shall say in this journal, if I live to say

anything, on the day of my return here. Left the post at 2 p.m., and travelling over a very pleasant rolling country, reached camp twenty-two miles from the Fork, at a spring called the Collito. On our way we passed the spring called Amarillo, seven miles from the post. The water was the coldest I have ever tasted where no artificial means were resorted to.

At our camp tonight the grass is not good, though wood is plenty — cedar and pine.

August 28. Raised camp at 5 and travelled until 9; country rolling and heavily timbered nearly all the way with pine. Road excellent, but water not to be found. Grass very good in many places. I stopped to rest the men on the Puerco (the fifth river we have seen of that name), but found no water in the river. We remained at the Puerco two hours, when we took up our march for this place. Course today and yesterday southerly. We found two steep but not high hills on the road this evening, but nothing to make double teaming necessary. Fine timber everywhere — cedar and pine. The road has run, since leaving the spring near the fort, almost entirely through level cañons of sandstone sides, and on the left hand very abrupt and high. The attrition of water has worn them in many places into the most curious and fantastic shapes. Thorburn took a sketch of one this morning, which resembled, on a gigantic scale, an Italian roadside shrine. Today our journey has been twenty-six miles — course southerly.

We encamped at the Posos (wells), a grassy vega of about one hundred and sixty acres, where the water and grass are good and timber abundant — cedar and pine.

Thorburn and I have passed the evening in anxiously

examining the very meagre notes of Aubrey, who passed somewhere near where [38] our trail will go. We have tried hard to reconcile it with the very imperfect maps of the wilderness, but both are so vague that I fear we shall profit nothing by them.

August 29. Arrived at Zuñi, an old Indian pueblo of curious aspect; it is built on a gentle eminence in the middle of a valley about five miles wide, through which the dry bed of the Zuñi lays. As we approached, cornfields of very considerable extent spread out on all sides, and apparently surrounded the town. This place contains a population of about two thousand souls; the houses, although nearly all have doors on the ground floor, are ascended by ladders, and the roof is more used than any other part. Here all the cooking is done, the idle hours spent, and is the place used for sleeping in summer. Each house or family has a little garden, rarely over thirty feet square, which is surrounded by a wall of mud. Inside of these, and completely encircling the town, are the corrals for sheep, asses, and horses, which are always driven up at night. We saw here many Albinos, with very fair skins, white hair, and blue eyes. The Indians raise a great deal of wheat, of a very fine quality, double-headed. The squaws are more expert at carrying things on their heads than our southern negroes. I saw one ascend to the second story of a house by a ladder, with an earthen jar containing a full bucket of water, without touching it with her hands. It was quite amusing to see the men knitting stockings. Imagine Hiawatha at such undignified work. The old Jesuit church is in ruins; but a picture over the altar attracted our attention from the beauty of four small medallion paintings in each corner,

which were very beautifully done. After much rubbing off the mud and dust we made out that it was painted by Miguel somebody in 1701. White intercourse (traders) with these Indians seems to have destroyed with them all the respect they had for the Catholic religion, without giving them any in return. Like all Indians who have a fixed abode, they are quiet and inoffensive. A knowledge of this fact induced me to endeavor to establish the same system of old missions in California; but the government did not appreciate the fact as I did, and it has not been carried out. We found here a few indifferent peaches, the only effect of which was to carry us back, in fancy, to home at this season. The melons also were quite poor, almost unfit to eat.

For an account of these people, as they were centuries ago, see Coronado's expedition. For more modern accounts, Whipple's answers every purpose, and is very interesting. Salt, of the finest quality, is found near here by the Indians in the greatest abundance. There is no wood nearer the town than five miles.

Distance made today nineteen miles.

August 30. We spent the morning in arranging a trade with the Indians for corn. The men were all day and until midnight shelling it.

August 31. Camp No. 1. Got off at 11 o'clock, and travelled until 6 in the evening very pleasantly over a rolling country.

[39] There has been so little rain that there was no water at the usual water holes, two of which we passed. The grass was everywhere of good quality, but the drought had shrivelled it until but little remained. It was all gramma. At 6 we encamped on good grass, but without water. The

high rolling prairie, over which we have travelled today, has good wood, cedar and pine, and plenty of it everywhere.

September 1. Camp No. 2. Up at 4 and off at 5 o'clock. We travelled four miles over a level table-land, where the prairie dipped suddenly for a distance of three hundred feet; only about fifty yards was steep, and this our wagons descended without any trouble whatever, other than locking. The perpendicular height of the table-land, over the level of the valley, was about three hundred feet. The valley into which we descended was probably five or six miles in width, and bounded by low hills. Crossing this diagonally, and keeping our good ground and westerly direction, we passed over undulating prairie land, covered with grass for twelve miles, when we arrived at Jacob's Well.

This is decidedly the most wonderful place of the kind we have yet met with. The traveller, following the trail on a level plain, comes suddenly to the brink of a perfectly circular hole of about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and a hundred yards in almost perpendicular descent. The sides of this hole slope very steeply nearly to the bottom, where a basin of apparently very great depth, and about sixty yards in circumference, completed the picture. Around the edges of this pool grow rushes and a few small willows and cedars. The water is agreeable to the taste, though a little brackish, and in it are quite a number of fish. It is only accessible by one trail, which follows the nearly precipitous sides, winding gradually down. Immediately around the well there is no other wood than greasewood, though there are plenty of small cedars at a quarter of a mile distant. I found in the well three blue-winged teal,

all of which I killed and found very fat. Our camels, which I packed heavily with corn at Zuñi, (about 750 pounds each), get along very well, and came into camp this morning a short distance behind the wagons. We saw this morning a fine band of antelopes. Left Jacob's Well at 3.20 p.m. and following a westerly course over a rolling prairie, covered with the finest gramma grass, arrived at Navajo spring, where we found good grass and water. Since leaving Zuñi we have seen, at times, indistinctly, Whipple's trail, and have travelled in its direction most of the time. This evening we struck it just before camping. We have made this evening nearly seven miles, making, for one day's journey, nineteen miles.

To our left, and bearing nearly east, our guide, a Pueblo Indian, pointed out the ruins of an ancient Indian town, which he described as being very curious; but as it was dark when we encamped, I did not visit it. From this place it must be about six miles distant. The cottonwood trees growing near it would be a good guide for any future traveller. At this camp there is no other than greasewood bushes, but within a mile cedar is abundant. Soil, a sandy loam.

September 2. Camp No. 3. Got up at 4½ a.m., off at 6, and at 8 arrived at the Puerco, but found no water. A little further on, say [40] a quarter of a mile, found a little rain water in a fork of the Puerco coming from the northwest. The Puerco has a few cottonwood trees on its banks, and at a short distance on the hill-sides, scattering cedars of stunted growth. At 11 we came to the dry bed of the Rio de la Xara, after travelling from our last camp nine miles, over a rolling country, very easy everywhere for our wagons. At

the crossing we dug, but found no water; following down the dry bed of the stream for two miles, on the right hand side, is a mass of sandstone rock of considerable size, say half an acre; from this, two hundred yards down, on the left, is more rock, two of which overhang the verge of the bank. Under these, by digging a few inches, we found water sufficient for all our animals, of which we have a hundred and twenty. There is no timber here other than grease-wood bushes. The soil is light red clay and sand mixed.

Since leaving Zuñi, the weather has been delightfully cool and pleasant for travelling, and grass good.

Encamped on the Carisso, which is thirteen and a half miles distant from Navajo spring, our last camp. Travelled six miles to the westward, and encamped on a high table-land near the Xara. Grass abundant, but no wood. The country to the northwest is much broken, and very rugged; Sierra Blanca is within sight to the southward, and Moquis to the northwest. The road came up to the banks of the Xara, which we found exceedingly steep, and the whole valley intersected in all directions by ravines, and red clay, mixed with brown sandstone, arroyos, and gullies. Passing a narrow neck of land between the Xara and some very rough country towards the east, we reached a high table-land, covered with beautiful grass, where we encamped; no wood. We found, on the left of our trail, on the table-land, a huge petrification, apparently a large tree of probably three feet in diameter.

September 3. Camp No. 4. Got up this morning at 4, and off at 5½.

It rained on us from the time of our camping last evening until our arrival at this place, Rio de la Xara.

We plodded along this morning through a cold hard rain for a distance of six and a half miles, descending gradually the high table-land on which we had encamped last night. On arriving at the banks of this river, we found no difficulty in getting down without locking a wheel. The country to the west and north, like that of yesterday, was broken and rocky; to the south and east it has softened into a hilly country. Descending in the bed of the stream, the waters of which were discolored and muddy, about a quarter of a mile we found a ravine opening into it, in which was clear water among some cottonwood and much undergrowth, indicating a spring. As one enters this ravine on the right hand side, and nearly opposite the cottonwoods, is a rock thirty feet in height, a part of the brown sandstone cliff, forming the sides of the ravine; and nearly at its base, protruding through the solid rock, and completely surrounded by it, is the butt end of a large petrified tree, the diameter of which is almost three feet; before reaching this, is a detached rock of the same character, through which runs another petrified tree.

[41] At 9, we encamped here for breakfast, the grass being good and wood sufficient. Our course today has been southwest by south.

Left the Xara at 12, and crossing a low ridge, entered the broad valley of the Pecos. At this point, the valley is about five miles in width, and bounded by low hills on either side. Three or four miles after leaving the Xara, we crossed two sandy beds of streams emptying into the Pecos; but which, I presume, carry no water, excepting in rainy weather.

As we opened the valley, we could see at a considerable distance its point of junction with that of the Little Colo-

rado. Travelling down it, is seen on the left, rising beyond the low hills which bound the valley, the single peak of a mountain, sugar loaf in shape, and looking blue in the distance. It is the most prominent landmark in sight. To the southwest are two conical buttes, which are near the Little Colorado. The soil this evening has been of the same character as that previously noticed — light, sandy loam. There is no wood on the valley, and but now and then a cottonwood on the banks of the river. The ground is strewn with pieces of petrified wood, and very pretty agates are constantly found.

The weather is still unsettled, and the chances are in favor of our passing another night in the rain, with wet blankets to begin with. It is very cool, and more like our November in the latitude of Virginia, than September. Our course today has been a little south of west, and the distance made, fourteen miles. Grass good, and water plentiful.

September 4. Camp No. 5. We were off this morning at 6 a.m. The pulling was very heavy, owing to the rain of yesterday and last night. Nearly all night it rained on us, and sometimes heavily; but the morning broke bright and clear.

Our road was made this morning down the banks of the Pecos, towards its junction with the Little Colorado. About three miles from our camp, we came to a shallow lake, near the river, where it seemed as though the water might be permanent. The soil is still the same, sand and clay mixed, though clay predominates. Sprinkled over it we found many beautiful stones of various hues and colors, some of which we preserved. Finding the road bad, from the soft

character of the soil, we crossed the river for better travelling; but soon after recrossed it where a point of sandstone rock comes down to the banks, and quite near the junction of the two rivers. The Pecos, where we crossed it, contained six inches of water in depth, and about twenty feet in width. Turning the angle of the point of rocks, we came in sight of the cotton-wood trees of the Rio Colorado, at a distance of three or four hundred yards.

The river comes in from the southeast. It was a discolored and shallow stream, some one hundred yards or so from bank to bank; but the water not wider than as many feet, and not over a foot in depth.

The valley of this river is three miles across, and grass plentiful in the bottoms, as well as on the hills, which are quite low. There is abundance of large cotton-wood trees in the bottom, which resembles very nearly the bottom of the Rio Grande. The weather this morning is quite warm, giving us a fine chance to dry our blankets; and [42] the men are pleased again, after cooking for several days with greasewood, to see the fine large trees which grow in such abundance here. We have travelled this morning, eight and a half miles, reaching this breakfast camp at 9 o'clock. Our course has been, for the morning, southwest.

The mountain peak to the south, which I mentioned yesterday, I have called Mount Whipple, in honor of the distinguished officer who bears that name.

Left camp at 2.30 and travelled for some distance down the river bottom to a point of rocks which came out from the bluffs towards it, and turning this, we came to and crossed Leroux's fork, which comes in from the northward; the country in that direction looking clean and open.

The stream was quite shallow, not over a half foot in depth, and about fifteen in width. A few cottonwoods lined its bank, and served to mark its course. Proceeding onward in the river bottom, and finding the road heavy with mud, we took a course due west; and ascending a long slope, came suddenly to its termination, from whence we enjoyed a magnificent view. The whole river, for miles, was spread out before us; and far in the distance, over the green tops of the cottonwood trees, San Francisco mountain, rising apparently out of a vast plain, stood as the landmark which was to be our guide for many days. Here we encamped for the night. The country looks open and promises a level road. Should it turn out as much so as that we have passed since leaving Zuñi, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves. The soil over which we have passed this evening, especially that of the hills, is excellent; the grass fully attests that fact. The weather this evening is delightfully cool and clear. Wood is abundant on the river, which is quite near camp. We have travelled a little south of west today, and made fifteen miles, although the rains have completely saturated the ground, and in many places we have found the road heavy with mud.

September 5. Camp No. 6. The promise which last evening held out of fair weather has not been fulfilled. It rained shortly after sunset and at intervals during the night. We were off this morning a little after 5. The trail was heavy with mud from the last three days' rain, and yet, although it made our travelling unpleasant, I am pleased to see that the wheels of our heavy and heavily loaded wagons cut in but very little, and most of the time, not more than halfway up the fellies.

Since we struck the river I have observed none of that salt ground, so characteristic of all the streams of this region; and the grass of the river bottom seems of a decidedly better quality, while the low hills which bound the view are everywhere covered with the best gramma grass.

The soil of the bottom is light clay unmixed; and that of the hills, clay of a firmer nature, and mixed with gravel and pebbles, many of which are very pretty.

The view is unchanged since yesterday, San Francisco mountain looking no nearer for the many miles we have plodded towards it.

[43] At 8 we encamped for breakfast near a little fork of the river which comes into this from the north.

The weather is cool and cloudy and threatens more rain. Wood abundant on the river, but none on the hills. We travelled this morning nearly five miles on a course about north northwest, and cut down two arroyos to admit the passage of our wagons. We left our breakfast camp at noon and travelled until 5, crossing over many arroyos draining to the river.

The road was perfectly level, with the exception of the gullies, which we worked down without difficulty. At 4 we passed the ruins of an ancient Indian pueblo. It seemed very old and was scarcely to be traced, except by the broken pieces of pottery which were scattered over the ground. It is a constant source of wonder to us, to see, by the evidences the number of these ruins afford, the dense population this country has once sustained. Scarcely a mile but has its mound of earth and bits of broken pottery ware to mark what was once the abode of a race whose very name has passed away. In those examined this evening we found

parts of baked earthen pipes, evidently for the purpose of conducting water, and much of the pottery was prettily figured. The sites of all these places show some eye for beauty of scenery, too; nearly all are placed on gentle eminences overlooking the river and valleys, and not on steep mesas, like those of modern times, and which were built under the influence of fear, after those Bedouins of America, the Apaches, had commenced their ravages over this part of the world. We came eleven miles this evening, making for our day's journey seventeen miles, on a course little north of west.

The soil has been clay, with a little sand; weather pleasant and cool; wood, water, and grass abundant. We passed this evening a large Indian trail going to the north. It seemed about a week old, and we suppose it to be of the Ganoteris, with whom we have been and are at war.

September 6. Camp No. 7. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m.

It rained on us from sunset until morning; and in consequence of which we found the pulling through the river bottoms unusually heavy and fatiguing to our animals. Our trail was over a perfect level, but the rains had rendered the stiff clay soil of the consistency of tar, so that it stuck to the wheels in large pieces, and to the feet of the mules like snow balls. Add to this the fact that the road was unbroken, there not being even a trail over it, and one may imagine how difficult a job it was to work wagons along. Nevertheless, the soil was not at all boggy, so that with heavy wagons we did not once stall. Passed this morning another large Indian trail going to the northward and crossing our track at right angles.

The weather this morning is bright and clear, but not hot.

We encamped for breakfast near the river, where the grass is excellent and wood abundant.

In sight, a little in advance of us, we see the tops of the cottonwood trees of Cotton-wood fork, a tributary of the Colorado Chiquito, coming in from the north. Our course this morning has been nearly west. The camels are so quiet and give so little trouble, that sometimes we forget they are with us. Certainly there never was [44] anything so patient and enduring and so little troublesome as this noble animal. They pack their heavy load of corn, of which they never taste a grain; put up with any food offered them without complaint, and are always up with the wagons, and, withal, so perfectly docile and quiet that they are the admiration of the whole camp. At starting there were many, a large majority of the men, who scouted the idea of their going with us, even as far as Fort Davis; but at this time there is not a man in camp who is not delighted with them. They are better today than they were when we left Camp Verde with them; especially since our men have learned, by experience, the best mode of packing them.

We have made this morning five miles and a half. The valley of the river bottom here is about six miles wide. On either side the hills slope gradually to the meadow land of the bottom, and, ascending them, extensive plains spread out for great distances, all covered with fine grass.

A spire of the Mogollon mountains and a large blue ridge are seen ahead of us, but at a great distance.

Starting from our breakfast camp at 11, we pulled through the same stiff muddy soil until 1, when the Cottonwood arrested our further progress. I ascended this stream some distance, and found it running through a wide valley,

bounded by plains and low hills as far as the eye could reach. In the direction of the stream, which is northerly, though a great distance off, we saw many isolated peaks, which are said to be in the Moquis country. The stream itself is swollen by rains, and, although now some six feet deep, is doubtless nearly dry when the rains cease.

Finding a good ford over the Colorado Chiquito, and not knowing how soon these constant rains might render it impassable, and, above all, as we would be bound to cross it next day, I determined to do so at once; so I followed down the Cotton-wood, crossed the Colorado Chiquito, and after going a mile or two down it, encamped near a singular stream coming in from the south. This stream gives no notice of its existence until you arrive directly on its banks, having neither cottonwood trees nor willows to warn one of its whereabouts. I explored it for some distance up, and found it issuing out of a rocky cañon with precipitous sides. The water is clear, and the immense amount of drift wood, and its character, shows that it comes from a country where cypress and pine of great size abound. Just above, or nearly directly opposite to where we crossed, comes in another stream from the south; but the waters of this are muddy and the banks dotted with cottonwood trees, whereas the waters of the other are clear, showing it to come all its way over a rocky bed.

The climate of this country is exceedingly pleasant, and from the vast quantity of rain that has fallen on us, I should suppose crops might be easily raised without irrigation.

Passed this evening more Indian trails, all going to the northward. Saw much beaver sign, and one fresh dead one, caught by Mr. Coyote last night, and only partly eaten.

We saw large fires, Indian signals, in the Mogollon mountains this evening. Grass excellent and most abundant, and for water, the whole river. We have made today but [45] eleven miles, but, if it does not rain again tonight, shall make up for it tomorrow.

September 7. Camp No. 8. Up at 4, and started at 6 a.m.; but a team having stalled in the river, at the mouth of the little creek mentioned yesterday, it became necessary to take out all the loading. This delayed us until 9, when, after coming three miles, we encamped to breakfast.

We have seen indications of the greatest abundance of game for the past three days. Elk, antelope, and deer, besides beaver and coyotes in large numbers. We leave the river here and take across some low hills, on account of a bend it makes to the northward, and are glad to get to the hills again, where the road will be less monotonous than these flat river bottoms. Wood, water, and grass good, and the weather warm and clear.

Last night we had no rain, though its want was nearly supplied by the heaviest dew I ever saw, and which penetrated our blankets thoroughly. To the north, yesterday and today, we have had the peaks of Rabbit hills in view. They seem conical points, rising to a considerable height above the general level of the low hills and plains around them.

We left camp at noon, and following a stretch of country as level as a billiard table, crossed, after coming five miles, a slight elevation, from which we came into a broad, level and beautiful valley, stretching as far as the eye could reach to the westward and southward. In this valley, the hills of which on both sides are gentle slopes rather than hills, we found a small stream of running water, but very

narrow, scarcely over a foot in width. Passing this, we came to a mesa or table-land, the ascent to which occasioned some delay, as it was necessary to cut down the hill before our wagons could go up. Once on the summit, the traveling was again level, until after crossing it, when we came to the abrupt descent of its other side. Here we encamped, having made ten miles, and for our day's journey over twelve. The grass throughout the day has been most abundant, and we have constantly exclaimed, "What a stock country!" I have never seen anything like it; and I predict for this part of New Mexico a larger population, and a more promising one than any she can now boast. The Indians once removed, or kept in check by military posts, this country would be immediately settled with a large population. The river is in sight on our left, well wooded with cottonwood; and as far as one can see, a level country extends to the southward and westward, covered with gramma and bunch grass. Across the river the Rabbit hills look picturesque, but rugged, as, indeed, does all the country in that direction.

The weather this evening has been bright, cool, and pleasant, and the night is cloudless. Today the soil of the bottoms has been clay, with a little sand; on the mesas it is clay and gravel. For short distances today we have had it of a light character, almost like ashes.

We encamped on the top of the mesa tonight, without water, having watered our animals just before ascending it. On the mesas there is only grass wood. In the river bottom, to our right, wood abundant. Our general course today has been northwest. We have [46] seen deer and elk, and the fresh tracks of them are innumerable all over the valley.

The valley here, including both sides, is about fifteen miles wide.

September 8. Camp 9. Up at 4, and off at 5.30 a.m.

Descending the mesa, on which we encamped last night, we struck the level valley in a few hundred yards, and our course from that time has been over a succession of level valleys, divided from each other by gentle ridges of very easy grades, generally a mere swell in the prairie. All of them were filled with fine grass, with the exception of bald places, called by the Mexicans *playas*. These are always of clay, perfectly flat and smooth, and for the most part hard and firm.

At 8 o'clock we found water in two pools, directly on our travelling direction, and without going out of our way to seek it, so that doubtless there are others of the same character.

Shortly after leaving the water, we came, by an inclined plain, to an immense plain or mesa, which seemed to extend over a radius of twenty miles. The soil was firm clay, well packed with gravel, and the whole covered with a luxuriant crop of gramma grass. Travelling in a direct line across this, in a direction nearly northwest, but a little to the westward, we came in sight of the river, but at a considerable distance. The grass was so tempting that I determined to camp here for breakfast.

On these lands, lying at a distance from both river and mountain, there is no timber, so that the traveller must cook with greasewood bushes.

Our trail has led to the west and north for the last day or two; but for no other reason than that a cañon, known as Cañon Diablo — a mere chasm in the plain — prevented

the passage of wagons in a due west direction. But for this we should now be thirty miles further on our journey. It is described by my guide as being a rent in the plain of about a hundred yards across, and with precipitous sides of white rock. This singular chasm extends for thirty or forty miles nearly north and south, which obliges us to go greatly out of our direction in order to pass its mouth. This is the more annoying as the country directly across it presents to the eye almost an uninterrupted plain, rising very gradually to the base of San Francisco mountain and a long spur of the Mogollon range, which comes out to meet the mountain just mentioned. The weather this morning is like a day in the early part of June.

We arrived at camp at 9, having made nearly ten miles, on a course a little west of northwest. This morning, on our arrival at breakfast camp, one of our party came near sitting on a rattlesnake, but fortunately it was discovered in time by a messmate, and I despatched it with a wagon whip. It was of the class known as ground rattlesnake, and, although of small size, said to be of the most venomous character.

We left camp at 1, and soon after descended from the mesa to the river bottom. The descent was by a gradual slope. Since leaving the river, we have never been over five miles from it, and the road to it always easy, so that should others, following our trail, not find water where we did, they have only to turn off to the right and make the river. Travelling down [47] the river bottom, which is here a wide valley on both sides, we came, in ten miles from the previous camp, where we breakfasted, to the mouth of the Cañon Diablo, where we encamped. This point is well marked by

four little red sandstone buttes, which rise from the meadow near its mouth, and cannot be mistaken, as they are of peculiar form and isolated in position. They are about thirty or forty feet in height. We are now gaining on San Francisco mountain, which looks down upon us this evening, and tomorrow we cross to encamp near its base. Today the soil of the table-lands has been the same as that of yesterday. That of the bottom is sand and clay mixed.

The weather this morning is cool and pleasant, and, though clear to us, we see showers falling ahead, and hear the distant roll of thunder.

We arrived at camp this evening at 5.30 p.m., having made nearly twenty miles today with our teams. This, over an unbroken road, makes comment unnecessary. Our course has been about west northwest. In yesterday's notes I neglected to mention that up the steep mesa we ascended, and where it was necessary to double teams, the camels packed their heavy loads without the least apparent difficulty, and without a stop, some of them having nearly a thousand pounds, including the cumbersome and heavy saddle. Water, wood and grass abundant.

September 9. Camp 10. Left camp this morning at 5.30, and came three miles. We then encamped for breakfast, as our guide knew nothing of the country in the direction I desired to go, and it was therefore prudent to give the animals water before we started on the road. It was necessary to rest the animals a little, and allow the warm sun to make them thirsty, so that they would drink well before starting, for mules, unless very thirsty, will not drink early in the morning. After breakfast the animals were all sent back to the river, and at 11.30 a.m. we started on a course west by

south. After ascending from the Cañon Diablo, we came to a plain of vast extent, and only bounded by San Francisco mountain ahead, and more distant ones to the southward. To the north nothing obstructed the view. This great plain seemed to ascend by a gradual slope to the westward until it met the base of the great mountain of San Francisco. As we travelled over it, we found it occasionally breaking into gentle valleys and small ravines, but all easy and rolling, and between them level floors of extensive table-land; the whole covered thickly, as far as the eye could reach, with the richest crop of the most luxuriant gramma grass. The entire plain is covered with stones and loose pebbles, and parts of it with small pieces of lava, and occasionally masses of it in rocks, which sometimes reach the altitude of fifteen or twenty feet. Altogether the view, the rich green grass, the distant mountains, and our moving camp wagons, sheep, horses, and camels, made up a beautiful picture. At 3 I sent off three of my men — Stacey, Porter, and Bell — to a line of distant trees, which seemed to promise water, and kept one direction myself with camp. At 4 we came to the banks of a rocky cañon, in which we found abundance of wood and water. Judging from the number of Indians who had evidently made this [48] place a resort, I should think water might be found here at all times. The sides are very precipitous where we found the water, and on going around to the right of the trail, which we went down, I discovered a cave, which had lately been used by Indians as a chamber. The grass on which they had made their beds was still there, as well as a little wood not yet consumed. The chamber is natural and well arched. It would probably shelter twenty-five men quite comfortably.

We came today, in all, fifteen miles, on a course west by south, and encamped here at 4 o'clock. The weather this evening is quite cool, and we can see showers falling in the mountains ahead. Today nothing has impeded our progress but the grass, and this trail, travelled by one large emigrant train, will make as firm and fine a natural road as could be desired.

The creek on which we are encamped is fringed with black walnut of remarkably close texture, and many of them of considerable size. There is also gumpum weed in abundance.

September 10. Camp 11. Up at 4 and off at 5. Following up the creek we came to a curious sort of fortification, or remains of houses. One was of sixteen feet square, and containing but a single room; in another were three rooms, or what had been such. They were of stone, but no lime had been used. All the joints were regularly broken, and the sides, which were over three feet in thickness, were perfectly straight. Only about three or four feet in height remained; the rest had fallen, and lay in fragments at the base.

The morning was cool and fresh, and the night had been quite cold. As the sun rose the temperature became delightful, and has remained so all day. Following the still ascending plain, we approached the mountains, and, crossing a ridge, we came to a table-land from which the view was truly beautiful. Ahead to westward, the whole country was broken into gentle hills and valleys, covered with a heavy growth of noble fine trees, except here and there a mountain meadow of fresh green grass, while to the eastward lay the great plain over which we had so recently passed.

In one of the pleasant mountain valleys we encamped for breakfast; but, unfortunately, it bore no water. Thorburn and I crossed ahead to explore, and found fine, clear water, about a mile from camp, in very much such a place as we discovered it last evening.

The soil today has been of clay mixed with decomposed lava; the grass everywhere abundant. We have made this morning eleven miles; our course west, $\frac{1}{2}$ south. We arrived at breakfast camp at 10.30. Game has been seen today in abundance — antelope and deer.

This morning we left breakfast camp, and following up the little valley in which we were encamped, turned, after going half a mile, the base of a hill on our left and came around it to the water we had discovered this morning, which, on examination, proved to be the same cañon on which we had encamped last evening, and which was also one of Whipple's camps in 1853.

Cosnurio caves. These caves are quite extensive, and divided into different apartments by walls. I am quite sure these walls and divisions are not the work of the miserable Indians who at present occasionally make use of them, and who are too lazy and indifferent to [49] such matters as domestic privacy to make any separate apartments. I think, most probably, this was the work of the race which made the pottery fragments, which are scattered everywhere on the surrounding hills. Certainly it is not of the present tribes, a people differing but little from the root diggers of the great desert and Pah-utes.

One of the escort went off this morning just before we reached breakfast camp, and did not come in before we left. A party was sent to hunt him, but were unsuccessful;

therefore I shall camp here this evening, although it was my intention to go twelve miles further, in order that, by building fires and making signals, he may have a chance of being found; but I hardly expect, in fact, I fear he will prove a total loss.

We have made in all today nearly fourteen miles on nearly a west course.

The evening is chilly, making camp fires quite pleasant.

On a further examination of the creek I found water in abundance, both above and below where we struck it this morning, and I think quite likely it may be found here at all times. Wood and grass abundant.

Our road this evening lay through a pine forest. A tree I measured of clear pine, and seemingly solid as possible, was five feet in *diameter*.

The soil is the same as this morning, clay covered with decomposed lava. We arrived at camp at 3 o'clock, leaving our former one at 1.30.

We have had an overhauling of the camels this evening; find their backs all doing well, and the animals improving in flesh. The rocks and lava over which we have passed, sharp as it is, have so far had no effect whatever upon their feet.

September 11. Camp 12. Up and off at 5.30 a.m.

The soldier who was missing yesterday has not appeared, although bright fires were kept up all night. It seems hard to determine whether he deserted or went off in a fit of mental aberration. To track him over the rocks would be impossible, and the attempt a useless waste of time.

Leaving our last night's camp, where we had a cold night, and a little frost and ice on the edges of mess kettles,

which were left with water in them, we followed up the valley until half a mile brought us to a short hill, ascending which, we came to a glorious forest of lofty pines, through which we have travelled ten miles. The country was beautifully undulating, and although we generally associate the idea of barrenness with the pine regions, it was not so in this instance; every foot being covered with the finest grass, and beautiful broad grassy vales extending in every direction. The forest was perfectly open and unencumbered with brush wood, so that the travelling was excellent.

There has been less of stone today, and the soil seems all of rich clay and loam

Fresh Indian tracks have been seen, probably made last night or yesterday. We came to this breakfast camp at 10 o'clock, having travelled ten miles. Our camp is now at the base of San Francisco [50] mountain, which looks down frowning upon us. We found no water at this place. Our course this morning has been a little south of west. A shower or two fell on us this morning.

Leaving breakfast camp at 1, we travelled rapidly over a lovely country of open forest and mountain valley, which continually drew exclamations of delight and surprise from every member of the party. Even the stoicism and indifference to beauty of scenery so characteristic of the lower class of Spanish population was moved, and as we passed successive vales and glades, filled with verdant grass knee high to our mules, dotted with flowers, and the edges skirted by gigantic pines, they constantly gave vent to their delight in fervent ejaculations of praise.

After going a few miles, we found it necessary to ascend a mesa, which was rough with stones on the sides, and with

flat rock on top. Crossing this, we descended into a pretty valley, where we found some holes of water; but, these not being sufficient, I sent off a man to explore, and in a quarter of an hour we heard his two shots, which was the signal agreed upon, announcing the discovery of running water. Following the direction, we crossed a low hill, and found the water rising from a marshy place, and running, or rather trickling through high grass, down a short cañon not over a hundred yards in length or more than fifty in width. The sides of this cañon are some ten feet high, and of solid rock, and should this become an emigrant trail, by throwing a dam across the lower end, water sufficient for ten thousand head of cattle may easily be obtained. The expense of this would be but trifling, as the material is all at hand, within twenty steps.

The soil this evening has been rocky on the hills, and clay and black loam in the meadows. We made ten miles this evening, on a course nearly west. San Francisco spring we found nearly dry.

Our camp is under San Francisco mountain, which rears its head far above us into the region of eternal snow. One of its sharp peaks is now covered with snow, looking at that great distance like a white cloud, and is doubtless at all times so. The peak is bare rock, for the vegetation ceases far below it, but from the point where the hardy pine can grow to its base, it is clothed with a noble forest of pine trees.

Today we saw, besides other game, such as bear, deer, and antelope, some partridges resembling in plumage and habits our own bird at home. They are the first of this species we have seen, all others having been of the blue and

gray variety of New Mexico; and the sight of these familiar birds aroused a momentary pang of homesickness, such as I have not felt for many days. Some elegant squirrels were killed today very large and beautifully furred — a silver grey with a rich brown down the back. Scouting close to the mountain I discovered a singular tree. The bark had all the appearance of white oak, while the limbs were cedar. I called the attention of Mr. Williams to it, who has preserved a piece of the bark as well as some of the foliage. Our camp is cheerful tonight, and brilliant with numerous fires. The night being cool, the mule guard and camp guard have built various fires around the spaces guarded, and these, in [51] addition to the mess fires, give a very pretty effect, especially as each fire has a dozen logs of the fattest pine upon it.

September 12. Camp 13. Up at 4 a.m.

Being doubtful of the country ahead I sent off Thorburn and five men to look for water. We unfortunately have no guide, the wretch I employed at the urgent request and advice of every one in Albuquerque, and at enormous wages, being the most ignorant and irresolute old ass extant.

This obliges us to do the double duty of road making and exploring, which is very arduous, besides adding infinitely to my anxiety and responsibility.

The dew last night was so heavy that on turning out this morning I at first thought it had rained during the night; on inquiry, however, I found it had been perfectly clear. The morning air is keen; but the sky bright and clear. Thorburn got back at 10, reporting plenty of water ahead and a good road, so that we shall start immediately.

Leaving our last night's camp, which I called Stacey's

spring, after one of my party, and travelling west by south seven miles, over a country of the same character as that of yesterday, we came to the beautiful valley of Leroux's spring, in which I encamped to water and graze the animals for two hours and a half. The road to the spring, from our last camp, is rough with loose stones of volcanic origin for half the way; but the grass as luxuriant throughout as elsewhere. The timber still retains its large size and abundant quantity. I measured today a pine nineteen feet in circumference and of very great height.

Leroux's spring is one of transparent sparkling water, and bursts out of the side of the mountain and runs gurgling down for a quarter of a mile, where it loses itself in the valley. To reach it we found it necessary to turn from the course we were steering, and go up into a little mountain glen from which it flows into the valley. The soil, though stony on the hills, like that of yesterday, is a rich loam in the valleys. The day is bright, clear, and warm.

We left our last night's camp at 11, and arrived at Leroux's spring at 2. We left Leroux's at 4 and a half p.m. and encamped at 7. Our road for the evening lay entirely through a heavy forest of pine, and was rough with loose stones. The grass, however, was as good as usual and very abundant. The road was over a rolling or rather undulating country, and excepting for stones would have been excellent.

Our camp, which is in the midst of the forest, and five miles from Leroux's spring, was soon as brilliant as day with the fires of the rich pine logs. Our animals having drank heartily, did not feel the want of water, and we, having brought some with us, found no inconvenience from it.

September 13. Camp 14. Up at 4, and off at 5.30 a.m.

Emerging from the pine forest, we came upon a rolling country dotted with isolated hills, and breaking into fine meadow lands, the borders of which were fringed with a heavy growth of pine and, occasionally, a few oak groves.

Passing to the north of Mount Sitgreaves, and between it and Mount [52] Kendrick, over a beautiful country, though occasionally stony, we came upon two fine springs, which issue from the north side of Sitgreaves' mountain. The first one I called Porter's spring, after one of my party, and the second Breckenridge, after another.

The weather this morning was quite cold, and last night a white frost covered the ground. We have made this morning eleven miles on a course west eight degrees north, and arrive here at 10.30. Water is very plenty and permanent. Game has been seen in numbers this morning — antelope and deer.

The country seems to open handsomely to the north; in fact, in that direction it seems a great plain. To the southward Bill Williams' mountain is in sight about twenty-five miles distant. Sitgreaves' mountain about six, due south, and Kendrick's north of east about eight miles. To the west the country looks easy, with valleys and isolated hills, such as we have traversed this morning. The soil this morning has been similar to that of several days past — clay and loam in the valleys, and stony in the mesas and hills. Grass is everywhere good. The appearance of this place is, in the highest sense, sylvan. The fine spring attracts numerous antelopes, which appear and disappear as they glance rapidly through the fine open forest with which it is surrounded, sometimes stopping to gaze at the strangers, and

at others racing past at full speed; and the majestic mountains looking bold and grand, and black with heavy timber, at just a sufficient distance to make the scenery of the amphitheatre in which the springs are one of the loveliest valleys we have seen. This stopping to graze has been fatal to two of the antelope, which have been killed by our party with muskets, directly in sight of the whole camp. The day has been delightfully pleasant since 7 o'clock.

Leaving Breckenridge spring at 2 o'clock, we passed over a rolling country on a west course for some eight miles, when a gradual ascent brought us to a stony mesa of level land over which we journeyed for a mile, when, on arriving at the brink, a great surprise awaited us. Here the most extensive prospect lays spread out before us. Far as the eye could reach, extending to the westward and northward, a wide and level valley of probably thirty miles in width, led the vision far towards the Colorado, while to the west and south the view lay over a ridge to another valley, seemingly a part or extension of the first, and bounded by a distant range of blue mountains, which I suppose cannot be very far from the great Colorado river. The view was so grand and extensive that we sat on our horses for a long time in silent admiration; I, on my part, only regretting that we could only go in one direction at one time, so that it was impossible to know and see all the view contained. The soil this evening has been less stony than usual, and the grass, though good, is not as fine as that we have heretofore had.

At 4 we found water in great abundance in a cañon to our right, which was bordered by fine trees. It was a succession of large pools, sufficient for one or two thousand

head of animals, and I think, without doubt, permanent wood abundant.

Our general course today has been west eight degrees north, and we have made nineteen (19) miles. Could any amount of writing say [53] more for a road? Nineteen miles with mules that have pulled and are pulling heavily loaded wagons eighteen hundred miles; and today we have travelled easily, having encamped at the Breckenridge spring for a considerable time. The camels continue undisturbed by the stony character of the country, and can any day go twice as far as the wagons, besides relieving us of all anxiety on their account as to food or water, for they can eat whatever they may chance to get, or do without anything, and drink only when the water happens to be perfectly convenient to camp.

September 14. Camp 15. Up at 4, and off at 5.30 a.m. Travelling six miles over a rolling country in the direction of a wooded butte nearly west from camp, and around the base of which I designed to go; we discovered water about a mile to the right in a ravine, which seems to be a fork of that on which we slept last night. Encamping in a valley among the cedar trees which cover the country here, I sent the animals to the water while the men prepared breakfast. The soil today has been clay and coarse volcanic pebbles. The grass (gramma) very good. The temperature of the weather has undergone a very sensible change, being now quite warm although cloudy. We encamped 8.30 a.m. As we advance, the country opens handsomely to the westward, and I am now steering for a depression in the mountains due west. I am strongly tempted, however, to alter my course to northwest, for to the northward ap-

pears a boundless plain, across whose southern termination our course seems to lead. From an elevation we ascended, I am almost certain a distant mountain to the northward is one at or near the mouth of the river Virgen, and consequently on the other side of the river Colorado. To the southwest is a stack of mountains, one of which is much higher than the surrounding ones, and quite pointed; this I presume to be Picacho.

Our guide has proved so utterly worthless, that I was obliged to send him to the rear yesterday, and only regret that I had not done so sooner. Up to this point he has only served to annoy and mislead me, and it is much better to have no guide, than one in whom you have no confidence, especially as it generally results in your having to do his work for him.

This evening our road, or rather direction to the westward, led us over successive ravines, all leading to the great plain lying to the northward. Intervening, the ground was covered with a thick growth of pine and cedar trees, and apparently this country extended for a considerable distance until it met a rough looking range of mountains, which I suppose is the Aztec range.

A consideration of these facts, and the tempting character of the country to the north and west, determined me to alter my course, and to endeavor to avoid the mountains by striking out upon the open plain. I therefore followed down a ravine into which the train had descended, and at night encamped near the dry bed of a considerable stream, which entered a cañon a short distance below camp. In the morning I shall follow out this ravine, which is filled with fine gramma, to the plain. I called the valley Gramma, from the quantity of that grass which is here found.

September 15. Camp 16. Up at 4, and off at 5.30 a.m. [54] Following down the ravine for about half a mile, to the point of its entrance into the cañon, we crossed it and soon emerged upon the boundless plain, which stretched, as far as the eye can reach, to the north and west. Here I found the travelling excellent, the soil being of clay and coarse gravel. The grass was not so good though the ground was covered with it; but it was, as yet, young and short. In places, however, it was very good.

The curious appearance of the country to the north induced me to make a detour in that direction, with three of the party (Stacey, Bell and Porter) and Thorburn. Travelling over an apparently level plain, we came suddenly to the bank of a chasm of some one hundred feet in depth, and the same in width. Descending this, on foot, for some distance, I found it to be but the main channel into which many others of the same character, but smaller, emptied.

The sides of this cañon, except in a few places, were perpendicular rock; but the bottom, which was quite level, was filled with fine grass. Crossing this and many others, in search of a point sufficiently elevated to afford a distant view, we spent an hour or two fruitlessly and returned to camp.

Doubtless these cañons all empty the great floods, which the drift wood shows they are subject to at times, into the Colorado or Little Colorado at no very great distance, and I felt the greatest inclination to explore one to its mouth; but as we were uncertain where we should find water for our animals, I dared not do it. Last evening it rained quite a heavy shower, and we are praying for it again this evening. The day has been moderately warm, but cloudy

towards noon, and rain has been seen falling some leagues to the west.

These plains are treeless, with the exception of a very few scattered cedars of small growth. We travelled this morning eleven miles on a course nearly northwest (N. 40° W.).

Breaking up our breakfast camp we followed our northwest course, occasionally bearing more to the westward to avoid the numerous small cañons, all making their way to the great one we had crossed this morning. As we ascended the slight elevations which the almost uniform level afforded, we became more and more impressed with the vast extent of the valley we were following.

On our right, at a distance of probably thirty miles, a long range of precipitous bluffs marked what I take to be the entrance of the Little Colorado into the great river of that name, and most likely at the commencement of the great cañon south of these; and the most prominent landmark in view is a mountain of curious form, rising out of the plain and entirely isolated. The sides of this mountain are quite red about half way up, and the shape of the whole somewhat resembles a bishop's mitre. I called this mountain after Lieutenant Thorburn, of the United States navy, to whose services on this expedition I am greatly indebted. To the southeast are Kendrick, San Francisco, Sitgreaves and Bill Williams' mountains, and to the southwest the peaks of Picacho, while all along to the westward is a line of mesas extending into the plain. To the northwest is a range, but so distant as only to present a dim blue line, and between that and us only a vast plain.

[55] After travelling about eight miles, and water having

been found three miles to the eastward of us, we turned off and encamped about sundown, having made ten miles, giving us twenty-one for one day's work. We found the water in one of the cañons already mentioned, a tributary of the large one. It was abundant in quantity and of excellent quality. Large pools of a hundred yards in length were found above and below the place where we struck it, and the green gramma grass covered the sides thickly. Cedar wood was also abundant for camp purposes on the side of the hills. It is worthy of remark that while the grass on the great plain is young and but just sprouting, that near the cañons is well up and in bloom, though I perceive no change in the soil to produce that effect. The soil continues to be clay mixed with the coarse flat angular gravel.

Although it threatened rain yesterday, only a few scattering drops fell, and the evening, though cloudy and cool, was not cold.

On the plain there is but very little growth of wood of any kind; once in a mile or so one sees a small cedar.

At Albuquerque, before leaving, I found a man who had once passed through with Mr. Aubrey, and, thinking he might be of some use, I employed him. Up to this time he has only justified my expectation by looking out for water, but now he becomes useful as a guide, and, with his assistance, I hope to get along rapidly towards the Colorado. This evening he went off to hunt water before this, at which we are camped, was known to us, and up to this time has not returned, but I suppose he will rejoin us again tomorrow.

September 16. Camp 17. Our man Leco not having yet come in, and it is now noon, I begin to feel a little anx-

ious about him, and shall remain here until he returns or, we can find out what has become of him. Should he not return by night, I shall send a party in search of him, though I can imagine no accident that could happen to him, as he is up to all the Indian tricks, and is an old traveler in the mountains and plains. At 4 p.m. I sent out a party of three men to look him up, with orders to search until tomorrow night, and then return; or, if they should find any Indian village sooner, so as to make it certain he had been slain by them, to come in immediately, so that we might make up a party to surround them and take due vengeance.

The weather today cold and windy.

September 17. Camp 17. No news yet of Leco or the party sent in search of him. Finding being in camp tiresome, Thorburn and I walked some miles down the creek towards its entrance into the Colorado. We found water every hundred yards or so, and I am confident it may be relied on as permanent. The pools were large, some of them over a hundred yards in extent, and from one to three feet in depth. I am led to the belief in the permanence of this water from the fact that we found and killed here, at our camp, snipe, ducks, and crane; and that the water extends all the way to the river in pools is equally certain, otherwise the antelope would have made this place their resort for water, and abundance of sign would be found here, which is not the case, although they abound on the plains all around. The Indians, too, if this were the only water [56], would have a rancheria here, of which we should see the remains. The grass is equal to any we have found on the road, and is gramma mixed with bunch grass.

The soil is the same as that heretofore described in this region.

We find the whole country to the eastward cut up in cañons, all leading, I suppose, to the Little Colorado, which is marked by the cliffs in sight of our camp, and is probably some thirty miles to the north of us.

Today the weather is pleasantly warm, with a brisk southwest wind blowing and a few clouds.

Leaving this camp I shall endeavor to find a road due west to the Colorado, which, although here running east and west, takes a bend a hundred miles to the westward, and runs nearly north and south.

Towards sunset the party sent in search of the missing guide returned with him. It appears that in getting off to light a fire his mule had escaped, and knowing it to be one of the most valuable in our mulada, he had followed it all the remainder of the evening and the whole of the next night, only catching it, sometime in the forenoon of the next day, and then supposing camp had held the direction it was going when he left it, and not being aware of our finding water here, he had kept on until overtaken by the men sent in search of him. He had been forty-eight hours without water or food, and must doubtless have perished had he not been found.

September 18. Camp 17. The morning is bright, clear and warm. We have killed, this morning, at the water here, blue-winged teal and other ducks, flocks of which are flying and alighting around the pools, and the English snipe, the first of that species we have met with about here.

All signs indicate this as permanent water, and its very great abundance makes the discovery a most valuable one

to this road. Water may be had, however, in any quantity every five miles from the Colorado Chiquito or Zuñi to the river, by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars by the government in building dams across aroyos and cañons, which the rain would fill every month. A dam here, for instance, is not probably needed; but if it were, the stone and other material is ready cut by nature, and only wants the hand of man to place it in position to confine millions and millions of gallons. These cañons are from a hundred to two hundred feet in depth; at times a chasm with precipitous sides; at others only precipitous on one side; and all of them show, by drift wood and other unmistakable signs, that they are *frequently* bold running streams. One can see, therefore, how simple a matter it would be to make the dams and to insure a bountiful supply of water at all seasons, should this, contrary to all signs, prove not to be permanent.

These remarks apply equally to all other parts of the road from Zuñi, and I cannot but think that money expended on a certainty of this kind would be spent to better purpose than in the uncertain process of artesian wells.

We leave here today at noon to explore this great plain, and shall endeavor to go as nearly west as possible to the Colorado Grande. Leaving King's creek, so called after one of my party, at noon, we [57] travelled until 4, over an undulating plain, which stretched out to the northward and westward. I should suppose this plain to be, at its widest part, from eighty to one hundred miles in width. Its soil is light, loose yellow clay and coarse gravel, and is without trees, bearing only greasewood bushes for fuel.

To our left, that is, to the south and southwest, a range

of mountains seems to terminate in long cape-like mesas, which extend into the plain we are traversing. Ahead the view is unbounded, only the blue points of a mountain appearing far in the distance. The bluffs of what we take to be the Little Colorado, and Thorburn's mountain to the east, are the most prominent objects in sight. The grass at our camp is short, but green and fresh, and has been so since leaving King's creek. The weather is clear and warm, making the uncertainty of water ahead rather unpleasant. However, by travelling tonight and part of tomorrow I hope we shall find it.

We have made this evening twelve miles, and shall go on again at sundown, and travel until midnight.

The slopes of the mesas on our left seem to be covered with a heavy growth of pine timber. The nearest is about ten miles south of us. Leaving our supper camp at dark, we travelled by night, and the night dark, for ten miles across the country to the northwest, and so level was the surface, that not a wagon stopped for a moment. At 10 we halted and encamped for the night. Going ahead with two or three of my party, I made fires every three or four miles, as guides to the wagons, and such was the level character of the country, that those behind told me they could frequently see the flash of my match as I would light it to kindle the fire. In gathering greasewood bushes for one of the fires, Thorburn picked up in his hand a rattlesnake, but fortunately the night was so cool that, I presume, the reptile was torpid with cold, so then when the fire blazed up I shot him with my pistol where Thorburn had dropped him.

Resuming our march at sunrise, we travelled twelve

miles, the country assuming a slightly more rolling character as we advanced. We crossed many broad and well-beaten Indian trails, all going to the southwest and northeast, but none towards the direction we were travelling. Our guide, however, who had been full of confidence before, still retained his confident air, and assured me there was no doubt of our finding water a short distance beyond.

A half mile further, and he came back to tell that the distant mountain, towards which our course was directed, was not the one he thought, and that he was completely lost. I ought to have killed him there, but I did not.

We were thirty-two miles from water and in a country entirely unknown. Encamping at once, I despatched the two dromedaries to the east, while, with a few men on our strongest horses, I started to the west. On our line we travelled through some low hills, and following an Indian trail we came suddenly upon a most wonderful sight. This was a chasm in the earth, or apparently a split in the very centre of a range of hills, from the top to the bottom.

Seeing that Indians had descended, I determined to try it, so picking out the least precipitous part and scrambling down and leading [58] our horses and zigzagging, we at last reached the bottom. Indian sign was abundant in the caves on either side, and a trail led up the middle of the ravine.

From appearances I should judge they wintered here, after gathering the piñon on the surrounding mountain sides. Exploring the cañon upwards for five or six miles, we found it ran out, so we ascended a steep hill, and, finding no water or any appearance of any, we turned our faces towards home. Arriving at camp, I found the

dromedary men had found a river (the Little Colorado, I presume) about sixteen or twenty miles off, but very rough to approach. Our animals were now beginning to suffer very much, having been almost constantly at work for thirty-six hours without water; and one of the most painful sights I ever witnessed was a group of them standing over a small barrel of water and trying to drink from the bung hole, and seemingly frantic with distress and eagerness to get at it. The camels appeared to view this proceeding with great contempt, and kept quietly browsing on the grass and bushes. Unfortunately, the dromedary men had not gone down to the river, so that it was not certain that water, even though existing, could be got at, for these rivers, in going through cañons, are frequently inaccessible, so that, all things considered, it was safer to return, while the animals had strength to do so, to the water we had left, and start again, without guides, for, up to this time, they have proved a perfect curse to the party. Hitching up the teams, we commenced our retreat at dark. At about 3 o'clock in the morning it was found necessary to turn the animals out and drive them to water.

The moment they were released they started off in a gallop (for they well remembered the last water we had left), which did not cease, with many of them, until they arrived at King's creek. I arrived, with Thorburn, at 7 in the morning. This evening the animals will be sent back to bring on the wagons, and will probably be here by daylight. The weather is warm.

A heavy growth of pine and cedar covered the hills in every direction, around the great cañon I have mentioned, and extended as far as we could see from the high hill we

ascended. The grass was dry gramma, which did not appear to have sprouted at all this year.

The camels were sent on in advance, and shortly after our arrival here, although, like the rest of us, they had been on the road all night, they were started back with eight or ten barrels of water for the camp at the wagons. Six of them are worth half the mules we have, although we have good ones.

September 20. Camp 18. Today the wagons arrived, the mules having been sent back for them last night. Every one looks wretchedly jaded, and all hands are glad to get back to King's creek again, and most of them a little sick of exploring parties.

It must be borne in mind by those interested in the road that this has been only a lateral exploration, and not the line of the road itself.

I am now getting ready, with five or ten men, to start in advance to explore the country, before moving on with the camp.

September 21. Camp 18. Left, with Thorburn and ten men, at 4 in the evening, taking with us six breakers, of fifteen gallons each, of water, packed on camels, for the use of the mules and men. I took [59] with me also, on this exploration, for the convenience of packing blankets and provisions, the small instrument wagon. At about 8 we encamped, after travelling across the plain, in a westerly direction, some ten miles, where the grass was good and wood abundant. At daylight we were off, still holding the same course, in order to turn the northern point of the long mesas I have mentioned as running out into the plain. Taking with me two men, I started more to the southward,

into the mountains, and climbing the steep and rocky sides of the mesas we found ourselves, on gaining the summit, in a region of rough high table land covered with lava rock, but still very pleasing to the eye, for the timber was abundant — pine and cedar — and the grass a rich green and luxuriant. Through this beautiful country, abounding with deer and antelope, we searched ineffectually the whole day for water. To me the presence of game was conclusive evidence of the existence of water, and yet although we hunted faithfully, and were all experienced men, we had no success, and not a single spring could be found. At night we returned to the instrument wagon, which had followed a back bone, and by a more southerly course had reached the top of a high divide, which I determined to cross the next day in the prosecution of our search. Unfortunately the trails of the antelope and deer, which generally form good guides to the water hunter, in the rocky soil of the mesas, soon ran out, so that they were of no use. Birds too were abundant — jays, hawks, ravens, sparrows, and towards evening a flock of partridges gave us encouragement for a further search in the morning — nevertheless it was thought prudent to send back the instrument wagon to camp, as it would reduce the number of animals requiring water, and also men. At daybreak it was on its return, a dromedary having been started to camp to send out to its assistance water and fresh mules. Last night we watered our animals after their hard days' work, a fourth of a bucket each, and, as the day has been hot, it was only enough to tantalize them.

Starting at daybreak, we resumed our search, and passing through a great deal of pretty country, we came upon

a ravine, at least what seemed one at the commencement, but which, on further examination proved a level and beautiful pass through a range of sand-stone mountains. The prospect was tempting, although it evidently led us far from home, and our animals, if no better success attended us, were sure to die under us for the want of water, leaving our own chance of life to depend on our getting back over a rough country, some fifty or sixty miles afoot. However, trusting to luck I determined to try it. Following down the pass, which I called after Tucker, one of my men, and a very worthy one, we found it to descend rapidly, but with a very smooth surface to the mouth, a distance of perhaps six miles. The width would not average over a hundred and fifty yards, and the direction was southwest. It seemed to cleave the mountain, which was of a bright whetstone character from summit to base, and opened into a wide valley of some twenty-five miles in length and ten in breadth, covered with grass so green that it seemed we must find water in it. Turning to the left, and going to the southeast at the base of the Sierra, which was a line of perfectly perpendicular rock for its entire length, [60] we journeyed on for eight or ten weary miles to where the mountains, forming the southern boundary of the valley, united with the Sierra we had passed through. Here we found an easy path, and going through it and turning to the northward, we encamped at night on the dry bed of a stream, having travelled nearly fifty miles. The day was hot and dusty, and during this time we had watered our animals *once* with about four quarts each, and their distress was painful to witness. It was evident something must be done speedily, or we should lose every animal we had, and

perhaps our own lives, for we knew nothing of the character of the country we had to traverse between us and camp, or whether, indeed, it was passable at all.

Camp was, by my estimate, sixty or seventy miles distant, bearing nearly north, and we had remaining one fifteen gallon keg of water for eight men and ten animals, which had already been exhausted for the want of it. Matters began to look squally. The camels alone seemed perfectly indifferent, and, like good fatalists, chewed their cuds in cheerful contentment. At day break we were on the road again, heading north towards camp, but having a terrible time of it over volcanic rocks and brush wood of cedar and scrub pine. We struggled manfully on until noon, when all the mules were completely done up, and it was evident they could go no further. I was fortunately riding a superb horse on the occasion, "Gray Eddy," full of strength and endurance, and I came to the conclusion to give him a bucket of water, and trust to his reaching camp with an order to send out immediate relief. He drank it eagerly, for his tongue was as dry as an old bone, and his lips parched and hot with fever. Exchanging my horse with Tucker for his broken down mule, I ordered him to proceed to camp at once, giving him his landmarks and bearings, and send us assistance, and in the meantime we would ascend a prominent point and keep up fires and smokes to guide the relief party to our camp. We had about a bucket of water remaining, and if Tucker got in at all, we could not expect him back for forty-eight hours. As for the poor animals, they hung around the empty water kegs braying huskily for what they were perishing for. Everything now rested on the gallant gray, and as if

conscious of his responsibility the noble brute struck out boldly for the mountain which marked the direction of camp. Slowly we followed along to reach the point where our signal fires were to be kept burning. We had not gone over three miles when I observed a rugged looking cañon on the left, which seemed as though it might bear water. Dismounting, I climbed down the steep and slippery rocks to the bottom, and, after a short search, discovered a small hole, under a projecting rock, containing water. Pursuing this discovery, I found, a hundred yards further down, a large pool of perhaps a thousand gallons. I fired my gun and pistols at once to halt the party which had passed on, and our famished animals being led down to the pool, plunged their heads to the eyes in cool water, and for the first time in three days, satisfied their thirst. May Stacey was started on his mule, now refreshed with water, at speed to overtake Tucker, which he succeeded in doing, the two returning to camp that evening. The mystery of so much game and so little water was now solved. Instead of looking for streams and rivulets, I found [61] I must look in the rocky cañon for pools and water holes. Acting on this, I found water next morning after a half-hour's search, and in this region shall not fear for the future. The nature of the country beyond must determine the method of search when we get there.

Leaving the lucky cañon, which I called Alexander's from one of the men who were with me, the next morning, we followed valley after valley, one opening into the other, until we reached the plain where I halted, and, watering our animals from the replenished kegs, made coffee and rested awhile, with the view of taking the moon for the

next ten miles to camp. Starting sometime after dark with Thorburn, Tucker, and Davis, the remainder of the party being left to come on in the morning, we walked our animals over the plains, guided by the North star.

My horse walking more rapidly than the rest I gradually drew several miles ahead, and reached the rocky banks of King's creek at our camp about ten o'clock. Seeing the wagons quite close, and finding, as I thought, the camp fire where the mules were herded and no guard visible, I concluded they were all asleep, and that discipline had been relaxed in my absence. I determined to frighten them, so drawing my revolver, and giving two or three Indian yells, I fired it off. I hardly remember much that occurred after that. "Gray Eddy" wheeled at the first yell, and when I fired took the bit in his teeth and was soon rushing like lightning over the rough ravines and precipitous and rocky affluents which run in all directions from the plains into King's creek. My arms soon became as useless as if they belonged to somebody else a mile off, and, expecting to be dashed to pieces every moment, I was carried by the frightened animal many miles. Once I stopped him, but it was only for a moment, when he made a fresh start worse than ever, until at last, with a tremendous crash that made me see stars, we came down together. Fortunately his feet became entangled in the bridle and I was able to recover him, which was more than I could do for myself, for I remained sick and bruised on the ground until nearly morning.

In the meantime camp was all in confusion. The Indian yells had started every man to his feet, and for a while a regular stampede was the result of my experiment. To make the matter more mortifying, when I got back I found

that the fire I thought was the guard fire was an old one left burning, and that the guard and mules had been removed a half hour before to another point some fifty yards off.

My admiration for the camels increases daily with my experience of them. The harder the test they are put to the more fully they seem to justify all that can be said of them. They pack water for others four days under a hot sun and never get a drop; they pack heavy burdens of corn and oats for months and never get a grain; and on the bitter greasewood and other worthless shrubs not only subsist but keep fat; withal, they are so perfectly docile and so admirably contented with whatever fate befalls them. No one could do justice to their merits or value in expeditions of this kind, and I look forward to the day when every mail route across the continent will be conducted and worked altogether with this economical and noble brute.

In the morning I shall send off Mr. Thorburn and ten men ahead, [62] to Bill Williams' river, to explore for a road, and shall start myself with three to look for water in the intermediate distance. I am determined, before leaving, to make sure work, and know every foot of country between here and the Colorado, so as to make no mistakes. Our explorations to north and west, which we have carried on for the past two weeks, convince me that in that direction water is too scarce for a road, but I do not regret the trouble we have had in examining the country. The knowledge we have gained of it fully compensating for the hardships. The country we have been exploring to the north of our road is evidently that described by Captain Sitgreaves.

September 27. Camp 18. The day has been passed in

getting off Thorburn's expedition, which started at noon, and also that of part of my escort, which I determined to send back from this place, having no further use for them, and not wishing to deprive the quartermaster's department of the teams used for their transportation. I sent back a corporal and twelve men, with four wagons and their teamsters, retaining a sergeant and six men, with one wagon.

In the evening we repacked our wagons, ready for a start tomorrow, intending to move to Alexander's cañon, where we found water day before yesterday.

The weather is clear and pleasant, though cool at night. A few nights ago, ice formed in the bottom of a bucket.

The climate here is so pure and dry that we frequently dry mutton, when we have killed more than the rations, and keep it, without its spoiling, for a week. It is not found necessary to jerk it, but simply to lay it in the sun and air (sides and hams) on the bushes.

September 28. Camp 19. We left King's creek at 3 o'clock, and travelled nine miles and a half, when we encamped on a slight eminence covered with excellent grass, and with a scanty growth of cedars; but where there was no water.

We passed over a rolling prairie, from King's creek to this place, having no timber upon it, but grass everywhere good. We saw many antelopes on the plain, the soil of which is clay mixed with gravel.

The weather this evening is quite cool, with a light southerly breeze and a few clouds. We arrived in camp at 6.

September 29. Camp 20. Left camp at 5.30 a.m., and arrived here, at Alexander's cañon, at 12.

Our road this morning was by the trail we made three days ago in going from this place to King's creek. We followed a gradually ascending valley the entire distance, from last night's camp, until within three miles of this, when we crossed a divide which intervenes between the waters flowing north into the great plain and those flowing southwardly into some of the tributaries of the Gila or Colorado. On either side of the narrow valley we came up stretched the mesas, which I have previously spoken of as running like headlands out into the plain.

Their slopes and broad flat summits were covered with pine and cedar, though the latter growth predominated. The grass, gramma, abundant on all sides.

The soil in places is rocky with a great deal of obsidian scattered over it; where it was not rocky, it was of clay and coarse gravel.

[63] The weather today has been delightfully pleasant, reminding one of the pleasant autumn weather of Virginia or Maryland, though the nights are cold and the early morning air keen and fresh; so that our mules made nothing of the fifteen and a half miles which we have travelled today.

On arriving here my first care was the pool of water we had left. On examination I found it but little diminished by evaporation, there being still enough left, I hope, for our purposes until we find more in advance of us; though the delay of hunting ahead is very great, besides giving both men and animals much additional labor. If it were not that the grass is so good and abundant, our mules and horses would soon sink under this double duty; but as it is, they are in fine condition; thanks to the good grazing. We have

made a southwest course today, and, tomorrow, hope to strike out more to the westward. Abundance of deer and antelope, constantly in sight, render our ride, this morning, a most agreeable one. The deer were of the species known as black-tailed. Bear sign was also frequent, though Cuffee did not show himself in person.

September 30. Camp 20. Today has been spent in exploring the country ahead for water. A fine pool and two springs were found, nine miles off, due west of us, and to this I shall move with the train in the morning.

Our present camp, at Alexander's cañon, is at the northern base of a high conical mountain, which we at first thought to be the Picacho of Whipple; but it does not agree with his description or position. It is the southern termination of a long range of table mountains, dividing the waters flowing north into the Colorado and Little Colorado and those which find their way into the same river below the bend. The centre peak is sharp, and has upon its northern side a singular grove of aspen, growing on the steep ascent, near the top. Looking at it from the north, it has upon the right two smaller and lower peaks, and on the left, one; altogether, with mountains Thorburn and San Francisco, it forms the most prominent land mark in this vicinity. The cedar growth here is quite heavy and abundant; I measured one tree today sixteen feet in circumference, and it was by no means the largest I saw. Pine is scarce and small, though we occasionally find it in patches on the elevated mesas we are now encamped on. Yesterday, in exploring, I found walnut trees of small size, in many places. Within a mile of camp, I found a circular hole on the level table land, which much resembled Jacob's well, heretofore described,

excepting that the sides were of volcanic rock. The soil over which my explorations led me today was generally of a rich character, producing everywhere fine grass; for the most part it was clay and gravel, with occasionally spaces of considerable extent covered with large and loose volcanic rock; timber everywhere. The weather is warm; evening cloudy.

October 1. Camp 21. At daybreak we were off, and travelling nine and a half miles west found an excellent camp at the water holes and springs discovered yesterday.

The centre peak of the mountain, spoken of yesterday, bears from our camp east by south.

[64] From Alexander's cañon the road ascended almost imperceptibly to the table land, and descended from the divide almost as gradually. The country and soil is the same as that yesterday described. Several small conical hills are within sight a mile or two to the southward, and directly to the west a large bald hill or mountain, with steep sides, rounded top, and but little timber on it.

The morning was cold but the day has been warm and cloudy, so that we are in hopes of rain.

Our present camp is an excellent one; grass, wood, and water in abundance.

Today is that fixed for the return of Thorburn's party, and we are looking for it with great anxiety, as we are all getting tired of this slow and tedious work, and look to his report of the country ahead, with hope of being able to recommence our old style of travelling. Leaving Alexander's cañon at 6, we arrived here at 9.

A fine black-tailed doe was killed this evening.

October 2. Camp 22. Thorburn not having returned, I

moved on southwest twelve and a half miles to the mouth of the Pass (which I have named Pass Dornin, after Captain Dornin, United States Navy), discovered a few days since, while we were reconnoitering ahead.'

The morning was cloudy, with a few showers of rain, but only enough to wet our buckskins thoroughly, without doing any other good.

The first three or four miles of the road today was rough and stony, but the latter part excellent; the soil was sand and clay.

On arriving at camp, I ascended a mountain which forms one side of the entrance to the Pass. It was very steep and high; but on reaching the summit I was fully repaid by the extensive view it afforded.

I am now convinced we are near Lieutenant Whipple's trail (probably within fifteen or twenty miles), but all traces of it are so completely obliterated that it is impossible to follow him. I think we are now within twenty-five or thirty miles of his Aztec Pass, and a little to the northward and westward of that point.

From the summit of the mountain, as I looked down, almost directly under was the camp, which was at the mouth of the Pass. Then came the view westward. The pass opened into a wide valley, bounded on the north by a high and precipitous mesa, and on the south by a long range of low mountains, apparently very rugged and broken. The valley itself was level and broad, being six miles at its narrowest part in width, and filled with fine grass. To the westward this valley seemed to stretch out to the full extent of vision. About fifteen miles off, near the centre of it, was a high table land or mesa, apparently unconnected with

any other range, and rising abruptly and squarely out of the plain. Far, very far, in the distance, were dim mountains, which may be the chain running parallel with the Colorado.

To the southward I could see, over the range bounding the valley, another range, or at least the tops of high mountains, showing a valley to exist between, by the difference in the shades of blue. Turning to the eastward, I could see, stretching off to the southeast, an extensive valley, which seemed to contain in its wide spreading [65] arms, Bill Williams, San Francisco, Sitgreaves, Kendrick mountains, and a host of hills of lesser note. Into this valley one would think some noble river would enter, to add to the fertility of the soil, as well as to the beauty of the landscape; but I regret to say that only a few meagre streams, containing no running water at present, find their way from the mountains to it, although, doubtless, springs exist throughout these mountains.

The pass at the valley on which we are encamped is approached by so gradual an elevation, that, except on inspection, it seems almost like a continuation of the great valley just mentioned. Its course is northwest, and it seems to be the only road left us, unless we cross the ridge to the mountain valley, which I have mentioned being shown by the difference of shade to exist in that direction. This I will look at tomorrow, as I shall then start on another exploring expedition, if Thorburn should not return. The valley we encamped at the entrance of is the same into which Tucker's Pass, discovered a few days ago, enters, that pass coming in at right angles to the one we are on, about ten miles west of our present camp. Wood at this camp is abundant,

both of cedar and pine, but there is no water. Grass good.

October 3. Camp 22. We are still looking anxiously for the return of Thorburn, who has now been absent six days. To pass the time more agreeably than lying idly in camp, I started out with Davis and Tucker to explore to the westward. We started at 9 in the morning and returned at 9 at night, never having left the saddle for five minutes since the hour of our departure. Our course was nearly west, and I suppose we could not have travelled less than forty miles, going and returning. Contrary to my expectations, we found the country easy for either wagons or horseback travelling. The mountains were generally lower than I thought from looking at them yesterday, and the ranges all tended to the northwest, with pleasant and wide valleys, filled with excellent gramma grass, on which numerous herds of antelope and deer were grazing. Timber, of cedar and pine, was everywhere abundant. The weather was cool and clear. The soil fertile, and of gravel and clay principally. I saw, in many places, a small black locust tree, but scarcely larger than an ordinary rose bush. We crossed one hill which seemed to be entirely formed of quartz, such as is found to contain gold in California. Towards sundown we found a few rude huts, probably the spring or last winter camp of Indians. A metata, and a few other of their very limited supply of household furniture, had been left to await their return. At this point I thought we had reached a fork of Bill Williams' river, as we were evidently on the head of a ravine, which, some distance beyond, connected with another in a rough deep valley or cañon, and to the southward a range of black serrated mountains looked like those called by Lieutenant Whipple the Black mountains.

I regretted not having time to explore further, but it was nearly sundown, and we had twenty-odd miles before us to camp, and had started without bringing with us any provisions; so turning our backs upon what seemed a very interesting country, we returned, to reach camp at 9 o'clock. Should Thorburn not [66] return by tomorrow, I shall make another exploration more to the southward. The weather today has been cool and pleasant.

October 4. Camp 22. About the time I was preparing for my contemplated exploration to the southeast, to my great delight Thorburn came in. He had discovered a small stream some thirty-five miles distant from our present camp, and, by hard travelling, had explored over a hundred and fifty miles of the country lying west and southwest of King's creek in the seven days of his absence.

This, with the explorations made by us from Floyd's Peak, as I have named the mountain described near Alexander's cañon, leaves only a quadrant lying to our southeast unexplored, within a radius of forty or fifty miles from Floyd's Peak.

Preparations were immediately made for our departure tomorrow at 3 o'clock. At that time we shall leave here, and, travelling through Dornin's Pass and the level valley beyond until midnight, we will encamp until daybreak, and hope to reach the water by 3 in the evening of the next day. Thence, we shall make another exploration, which will take us to the Colorado river.

The weather is mild, clear, and very agreeable.

October 5. Camp 22. The day has been spent in rest and quiet. The wagons are prepared for our night march. At dark we left camp, and, ascending a very slight elevation,

which makes the entrance through Dornin's Pass, we came upon the wide plain or valley beyond. This was so level that we travelled it until midnight without a single stoppage, when we encamped in good grass, though without other wood than greasewood bushes.

On the hills to our left was plenty of cedar and pine, but as they were a mile distant, I did not care to go to them, as the men had eaten before leaving our last camp, and required rest more than food.

The night was mild and pleasant — only cool, not cold. The soil of the valley was clay and gravel, and the grass abundant, though young and short.

We made thirteen miles and three-quarters.

October 6. Camp 23. At daybreak we were up and off again before sunrise. Pursuing the same level valley on a course nearly west northwest, we came some ten miles, the hills on our left gradually diminishing until the range gave out in two small buttes of regular and graceful slopes. Here we crossed a gentle divide, and changed our course to one almost west, in the direction of the water for which we were going, and, travelling five or six miles further, encamped on some limestone hills, near a pool of water in the rocks on the summit. As we passed down the large valley this morning, the range of mesa mountains on our right, which I have called the Aulick range, extended as far as we could see to the northward and westward. In places the perpendicular face of the rock, which I should think full a thousand feet in height, was covered with crimson colored blotches and white spots intermixed, and presented a most singular appearance. The wide valley which we had traversed diagonally continued on, doubtless, to a great distance

northwest, at the foot of these cliffs, and as far as we could see, without diminution of its width. Thorburn not having had time to look out a wagon road to the water, I [67] encamped some four miles from it, and, the mules having drunk all the water in the pool, they were sent on to the stream this evening under the charge of Mr. Davis.

To the westward the country begins to assume a rougher appearance, so that I shall make another exploration in that direction tomorrow.

I sent Saevedra this evening to the water with the mules to show the way, and also to endeavor to come to speech with the Indians who have their little corn patch there. In the event of their running off, and of his having no opportunity to speak with them, I sent some calico and other presents to be left in their lodges, and the men had strict orders to touch neither corn nor melons, or to allow their animals to do any damage whatever to the place. Poor creatures! their time will come soon enough for extermination when the merits of this road are made known, and it becomes, as it most assuredly will, the thoroughfare to the Pacific.

The soil today has been clay and small gravel mixed; the grass (gramma) good, though as yet short.

The weather has been windy, but otherwise bright and pleasant. Wood is abundant — cedars and a little pine.

We left this morning at half-past 5, and arrived here at noon.

I rarely think of mentioning the camels now. It is so universally acknowledged in camp, even by those who were most opposed to them at first, that they are the salt of the party and the noblest brute alive, that to mention them at

all would only be to repeat what I have so often said of them before. They have been used on every reconnoissance whilst the mules were resting, and having gone down the precipitous sides of rough volcanic mesas, which mules would not descend until the camels were first taken down as an example. With all this work they are perfectly content to eat anything, from the driest greasewood bush to a thorny prickly pear, and, what is better, keep fat on it.

October 7. Camp 23. This morning started at 9 o'clock, and crossing a hill to the eastward about a mile from camp descended into a valley running off to the westward. Following this valley, which was nearly half a mile wide, I found it one of many, all of which seemed to drain their waters into one cañon. Here, as I expected, we found water. Two fine springs bursting out of the side of the cañon at the base of its perpendicular sides afforded quite a stream and pool of excellent water. Stripping our saddles and turning our animals loose to graze on the fine grass which abounded thereabouts, we remained near an hour, and then starting again we returned to camp, reaching it at 9 o'clock at night.

On our way back, old Saevedra's mule gave out, which obliged me to leave all of the party to take care of him, excepting Thorburn and Davis. This old wretch is a constant source of trouble to every one, and his entire and incredible ignorance of the country renders him totally unfit for any service. I keep him moving, however, on all occasions, by way of punishment for putting himself upon us as guide.

The valley we descended this morning has a slope to the water discovered, so gradual as to make it difficult to judge from the eye how [68] water would run in it. Where we first

struck it, it is bounded on either side by high rough hills and rocky bluffs, which, after following it a few miles, soften into low hills well covered with grass, and on the left a considerable amount of cedar trees. Descending it some ten miles these hills recede, so that it becomes a broad valley of a mile or two in width, and, indeed, the hills become so low that the whole may be taken for a plain of many miles circumference. It seems a basin at the lower or western limit, in which the different valleys, having united their waters, break through a range of low mountains in the cañon where we found the springs. How far this cañon extends, or whether we can pass through it with our wagons, remains yet to be seen. I did not explore it further than the water which we found a mile from the head.

From the head of this cañon, the lowest point reached, from which a view of the ground passed over could be taken, the basin is bounded on all sides apparently by mountains, and is without any outlet, that I could discover, excepting the valley by which we entered, and the cañon which contains the spring.

Our journey of today has convinced us that the water Saevedra found, and to which Thorburn was sent, is not, as we supposed it might be, the head of Bill Williams' river, since the one runs south and the other north. It may probably be Gampia's creek.

The water discovered today, after running south for some distance, turns abruptly to the north, in which direction it finds its outlet into the Colorado.

On going to the springs this morning to water the mules our men found the fresh traces of Indians, and that they had taken the presents left for them.

The general course of the valley followed today was west 30° south; the soil clay.

There was little grass in the bottom, but abundance on the slopes of the hills. The weather is pleasant and clear.

October 8. Camp 24. Raised camp at daybreak, and taking our wagons down the rough hill into the valley, we descended the level bottom rapidly towards the water. Where we descended the hill we found on the rocks many hieroglyphics cut by the Indian race who have doubtless once inhabited this region, but have long since passed away. Unhappily, we have no Champollion to decipher these histories of a past race, or much that is interesting in the story of the red man of past times might be brought to our knowledge. The country described yesterday leaves but little to say today. We saw at a distance the black serrated mountain mentioned a few days ago; both yesterday and this morning it bore nearly southwest.

At the springs we found jimson weed growing luxuriantly. It was pleasant to see even this well-known weed, so common at home, at this distance from everything like civilization.

The banks of the stream running through the cañon of the springs are lined with small willow, and other bushes requiring water, from which I conclude water may be found at all times near the surface.

The two springs are both strong heads of water, and gush out of the rocks in a most refreshing manner to a thirsty man.

[69] The entire day's journey of twenty miles has been down the gentle descent of the valley to the springs, and as smooth as a table the whole distance. At the springs the

cañon is only about two hundred yards in width, but, I presume, widens below. I have called it Engle's Pass, after Captain Engle of the United States navy.

The sides are palisaded at the summit, and in places they must be eight hundred feet in height.

Sufficient timber for fuel and cooking may be found on the banks of the stream, and good grass covers the bottom everywhere. A better place for wintering with stock could not be found, as the turns and winding of the cañon afford a shelter from any winds that blow. The soil is rich loam. The climate today has been pleasant, though this evening the clouds threaten rain.

Our course has been for the day about southwest. We were eight hours travelling time in making the twenty miles.

October 9. Camp 25. It rained on us nearly all night, wetting our blankets, and making all things uncomfortable, and we crawled out, shivering in the cold morning air. We got off at 8.30 and pursued the course of the cañon, crossing frequently the little stream which turned and twisted in its narrow bed as if anxious to escape. The morning was one of great anxiety to me. We were in the cañon, which narrowed a short distance below the springs, and the walls became almost precipitous from the base to the summit. The course also began to take a more southerly direction, and what with the course and the doubt as to whether the cañon might not close in entirely so as to oblige us to go back, I passed a very anxious morning. A few miles below camp, however, the cañon widened, two or three miles more and its creek ran through a bottom of three-quarters of a mile, and cotton-woods (only two it is true) enlivened the

view with their bright green leaves. Further view was shut out by a long point which came down into the valley. I was now well satisfied we could get out; but the course, and how far we would have to go before doing so, still remained to be settled. So far the road down the cañon had been most excellent; no rocks, and the crossings of the stream all so easy as only to require working in one or two places. On our way down and near the long point mentioned, we followed an Indian track, and among the rocks found a good spring of fine clear water. Several others were found by the men on the sides of the cañon.

Passing the point, our doubts were all set at rest most satisfactorily. The stream turned abruptly to the westward, and in that direction a glorious view broke on us. For full sixty miles an immense plain extended to the west, only bounded by a distant range of mountains in that direction, through which we thought we could see such great depressions as to make a passage easy. This, we trust, is the Colorado range. Directly west is a huge mountain, which I called Mount Buchanan, and connected with it by a chain; the roughest we have seen is another which I called Mount Benton. Near this seems an overlapping of the mountain with the range which runs to the northwest, where a pass seems to be easy. Due northwest is a depression in the northwest range which apparently reaches the level of the [70] plain. Altogether, the prospect is the finest we have had on the road. This great plain to the northwest must extend to the Colorado, for our distance from that river cannot now exceed by much the distance which we can see.

Much Indian sign is presented about our camp. A few

hundred yards below is a rancheria, deserted, likely, by its people on our approach. It probably contained some thirty or forty savages.

The soil of the valley is excellent; principally of decomposed granite and loam. Grass is very fine.

The day has been threatening, but no rain has fallen. We found no water in the creek where we camped, and I think the descent is so rapid that we are much more likely to find it in pools a few miles below, where it reaches the level of the plain.

We came nearly ten miles today; six on a southerly course, probably south southwest and four west. The fresh Indian sign induces me to believe water may be found quite near us in the morning, but we encamped too late this evening to look for it. There are bushes and small willows enough here for cooking and fuel, but it is all small stuff. The mountains have cedar on their sides.

October 10. Camp 26. While awaiting in camp for the mules which this morning had been sent up the creek to water, our geologist came into camp, much excited, to inform me that while engaged in cracking stones on the mountain side, three Indians had crept up to his gun a short distance from him, and, after taking it, had drawn their bows upon him, and he was obliged to beat a rapid retreat to camp, which, fortunately, was not over half a mile from him. I immediately sent my three boys, May, Ham and Joe, to look after the thieves and to bring them into camp. They did not succeed in finding them, though they trailed them to the spot. Here they found shoe tracks an extraordinary distance apart, and of large size, coming directly towards camp; but as our geologist says he walked

on his return, these could not have been his, especially as the toe had made deep impressions in the sand. We are at a loss, therefore, to know to what tribe they could belong, as shoes seem to be a luxury only indulged by the most civilized nations. On returning to camp the boys saw two Indians quite near, who immediately fired their arrows at them. This was returned by double-barrelled guns, and hearing this at camp, Mr. Thorburn and I started at once with our guns in the direction of the sound. A few hundred yards from camp, in the bottom of the valley, we saw the Indians running, and the boys hot foot after them, both parties firing as they ran. We immediately joined the chase, which proved pretty practice for a while, but soon began to tell on the lungs. Some of the men having followed us, I directed them to return to the wagons and mount the horses and mules we had retained. This done, we all continued the chase. In a few minutes the mounted party joined us. I ordered the men by no means to kill the Indians, but to take them alive. Directly opposite camp is a dark red butte very rocky, high and steep. Here we fairly ran them to earth near the top. The first caught was a boy apparently fifteen years of age; but where was the other? We had completely surrounded the conical peak of the hill, and though a minute search had [71] been made we had not found him. I was positive I had seen him while balancing myself upon a slippery rock, but in jumping off it I had lost him in an instant. Still I knew he was not over fifty steps from me; so putting Tucker at one point, and stationing others around, some were sent to the top, so as to form a complete cordon around the spot he had disappeared at. At last one of the men looking into

a greasewood bush not larger than an ordinary rose bush, discovered him close to the root, lying apparently coiled around it, and so completely concealed that even within six feet of him he could not be seen. He was dragged from his concealment, roped and carried to camp. Here he was well fed and both of them clothed from head to foot, and they are now sitting quietly at the camp fire. I shall use them as guides to the Colorado, and then either take them on and bring them back next winter or allow them to return from that river.

We are now about sixty-five miles from the river. The weather is clear and pleasant.

This evening the boy appeared so young and unfit for a long journey, that I determined to release him and sent him back to his people with all his fine clothes and presents.

We started with the wagons, and, after having gone three miles, encamped on the side of the mountain bounding the valley on the left. Wood is scarce, there being nothing but bushes, and the grass only tolerable.

In the morning the old Indian, our captive, has promised to show me a fine spring on the other side of the valley.

Our road this evening was about a west southwest course, and gravelly and stony in places. We crossed several small arroyos putting out from the mountain. The mountain on the left gives out within a mile of this place, and the wide valley we are in joins another equally wide, running to the southwest.

At dusk the boy was liberated and went off into the darkness rejoicing.

October 11. Camp 27. This morning the good policy of setting the boy free has been made apparent. Shortly

after daylight an Indian came in bringing the gun stolen from Mr. Williams the day before. I gave them presents — calico, blankets, handkerchiefs, &c., &c., half a sheep — and left them cooking their meat at our camp fire, in excellent humor with both themselves and us.

We started before sunrise, with our Indian captive as guide, and crossing the spur of the mountain, while the train passed around by the level valley, we found the spring in a narrow ravine high up in the mountain. It was a bold spring, and the tule or catstail growing on it proves it to be permanent water. I rejoined the train some three miles from the spring, and as the plain had been heavy, and the teams had made eight miles, I determined to camp where we met them, and send some men up with the mules and with picks and shovels to make a fine pool at the water. This done, I shall explore ahead again.

Grass (gramma) is pretty good at this place. Wood is indifferent, only bushes, and the soil loose clay, mixed with quartz and granite gravel. The weather is warm, clear, and pleasant. Last night there [72] was a heavy dew. To-day I have seen a great deal of quartz, like the gold-bearing quartz of California. Some of the veins seemed very large, and were in positions to be easily worked.

The Indian fires were built all around us last night, but they made no attack upon us, nor did they attempt to stampede our mules. After taking a hurried dinner, I started with Thorburn, two or three of the men and my boys, under the guidance of the captive, to whom I promised liberty if he would show us water once more. We rode over the valley, or rather plain, for eleven miles, when we found a well some six feet deep, and apparently containing

a sufficiency of water. It was nearly 10 o'clock when we returned — cold, hungry, and tired — to camp.

I determined to move camp to the well in the morning.

The grass here is pretty good, but no wood except bushes. The soil of the great valley we are in does not seem so rich as the general average of the land we have passed, and the grass appears to grow in large patches, leaving bare intermediate spaces.¹

At the well, we found Indian signs, showing their presence around us; but none came in sight.

October 12. Camp 28. Starting at dawn we travelled by the easy plain over to the spring. Before leaving camp I started off old Saevedra to look for water, which, he says, he camped at somewhere about here fourteen years ago, but does not remember the exact spot. I sent with him Ham, May, and Joe, and the whole party under the charge of Tucker.

Our camp from the well, which I have called Butler's well, from one of my men, appears to be completely hemmed in by the most rugged mountains. The great valley is bounded on the north by the Buchanan and Benton ranges of mountains, and on the south by a rugged mountain I have named Harry Edwards' mountain. All the intermediate spaces are filled up with rough and ragged ranges of lower elevation. To the northward and eastward is a range of high, frowning, dark mesas, along the base of which and turning to the northward runs the dry stream, on which we encamped in Engle's Pass (as I have called the cañon down which we came to the great valley); and

1. I changed my opinion returning. We found the grass in this valley everywhere abundant.

where we are to leave the valley is a problem yet to be solved, involving further exploration.

Fresh tracks of Indians at and around the well show them to be quite plentiful in our vicinity.

At 3 o'clock Tucker returned to inform me that Saevedra had found his spring, and that it was a fine running water. I was pleased to hear this on two accounts: In the first place, the supply in the well proved insufficient; and in the next, it was the only thing old Saevedra had found, that he started to look for, since our departure from Albuquerque. Before he went out this morning, he told me that if he could only find this water the direction to three others would come directly back to his mind, and that they lay on a good course for us to the Colorado.

Leaving Butler's well, we journeyed six or seven miles over the [73] great valley to the south, and encamped at the head of the cañon in which the spring and little stream rises. The grass is indifferent, and no other wood than bushes.

The road is excellent. The soil is loose and in places covered with volcanic pebbles and gravel.

October 13. Camp 29. At an hour before daybreak the bugle sounded, and by light we were on the road.

At the head of the cañon we had about fifty steps of rocky road, which delayed us awhile, making it passable for the wagons. This over, we came rapidly down the level bottom of the cañon to the fine clear water of the spring, which we reached in five miles. This place — I refer to the cañon — differs in no particular from that already described as Engle's Pass. The character of the rock, the palisaded sides, are just the same. We found here plenty

of wood for cooking; but the grass is scarce at the spring, though a mile or two above it there is plenty. I have called the spring after Saevedra.

I have no doubt that this pass, like Engle's, will lead to another great valley, or a plain, over which we shall travel without trouble to the Colorado.

The stream from the spring, after running a short distance, sinks into the gravelly bottom of the bed of the stream. It affords abundance of water for any number of animals.

The weather has become warm this evening, recalling the summer weather of the Del Norte.

The mesquite growth also begins again to show itself, and other shrubs that grow in a warmer temperature than we have lately experienced in the more elevated region we have passed over.

Breakfast over, Mr. Thorburn, the boys, and myself started ahead to explore, leaving the wagons to follow on our trail. Emerging from the mouth of the pass, which I called the Boys' Pass, after May, Ham, and Joe, who were the first to enter it, we came upon a vast plain.

Directly in front of us stretched a chain of high mountains cut into fantastic peaks and shapes of all kinds, and about fifteen miles from us.

To the northwest and southeast the view was unbounded, only two peaks appearing in the distance about the centre of the plain in the southeast. Directly ahead appeared in the centre of the mountain range a single peak, rising sharp and clear above the surrounding mountains; and here the mountains seemed to form a pass, towards which we directed our steps. The plain appeared to be endless, and travelling towards the opposite mountain until night

we were still at a distance from the base. The plain was barren of grass and bore only a growth of worthless bushes, but the ground was firm and strong and the travelling good. It was covered for the most part with fine gravel, and when beaten down will form an excellent road.

When night overtook us we unsaddled, and, tying up our mules, built a fire and cooked what little we had brought with us. Shortly after our fire was started, another at a long distance, perhaps eight or ten miles, marked the position of our camp, and near to us, and between us and the mountains, we could see Indian fires. A guard of one man was kept on during the night, and we passed it pleasantly without disturbance from the Indians. In the morning as soon as it [74] was light enough to see, we were off again. Turning the point which makes out from the high peak, which I called Frank Murray's Peak, we entered a wide gorge, which seemed to cut the mountain far up towards its centre. It was rough with stones, and overgrown in places with willow and rank weeds, through which Indian trails with fresh tracks and other signs, showing their immediate presence. A few rude lodges, and a patch or two of pumpkins, were also found on the borders of the dry bed of the creek. We found a fine bold spring about three miles from the entrance of the pass, and pursuing our way soon came to a short but steep hill at the end of the gorge, which seemed to be the summit of the pass. Ascending this, the river lay below us. We had arrived at the end of our long journey. So far, without an accident. Only those who have toiled so far, with life, reputation, everything staked upon the result, can imagine the feelings with which I looked down from the heights

of this mountain upon the cotton-woods and shining surface of the river far below us.

At a great distance to the northwest, a snow-capped chain of mountains marked the Sierra Nevada, the mountains of my own State, and my heart warmed as I thought of the many friends beyond that distant chain who were looking anxiously for my arrival, and who would share with me the feelings of gratified pride with which the result of a successful expedition would be crowned. Both the descent and ascent of the hill was sharp, and I therefore determined to pack the loads over on the camels, so as not to distress our mules.

Descending the hill we met the train coming up the pass, and having found another large spring below the first we encamped near it. Here also was a patch of pumpkins and lodges.

In coming down the pass from the summit I found Indian tracks over those made by our mules in going up, so that they had passed over our trail within an hour, and were doubtless hidden close to us in the bushes as we passed. Poor creatures! if they had known me better, they would scarcely have hidden out of sight, or missed the blankets and shirts I would have given them had they come in. The weather is warm.

In the evening we moved a mile further up the pass to the second spring, where we found, as at the first, a few acres of coarse bottom grass growing luxuriantly, and quite enough for one night's feed for our mules. I sent the boys to the summit to make fires as signals to the Mohaves that we came as friends, and desired to trade.

It is about twelve or fifteen miles yet to the river, and

from the Indians living there, who are a fine, large, bold race of agriculturists, we hope to obtain corn enough to feed our animals all the way from here to California.

I shall go into Fort Tejon to recruit and refit, as we have but ten days' provisions, at half rations, left, which short fare is owing to our having been misled by the miserable Leco, our guide.

October 15. Camp. This morning we spent in unloading the wagons and packing the camels over the hill. I sent Saevedra ahead with the boys to find a water to encamp at, between the summit and the river. We might easily have avoided this mountain by going on the plain I have described as extending to the northwest, and turning [75] the point of this mountain there where it gives out; but my instructions direct me to a point opposite the mouth of the Mohave, and these waters make it easy for emigrants to make the drives, besides which the Mohaves, from whom breadstuffs, vegetables, such as beans, corn and pumpkins, may be obtained, do not live to the northward of this point, and which becomes important for these reasons.

We gained the summit without difficulty, and found it only a mile and a half from the spring.

Only a quarter of a mile was steep, and the whole was accomplished without double teaming.

The descent looked so steep that I determined to encamp on the top and make it in the morning. We had a slight shower of rain during the night.

October 16. The whole morning has been employed in getting down the mountain, which, though not over three-quarters of a mile, was difficult to pass over, being steep and rocky.

Emigrants cannot pass here until the hill is worked. I estimate the expense of making this mountain pass a good one, and a good road for emigrants, at five thousand dollars.

In coming down the mountain, the little buggy used for the carriage of the instruments upset and broke a wheel, which is the first breakage we have had since leaving. As the chronometers had been taken out no harm was done, and as it had fulfilled the purpose for which it was purchased, and our journey was accomplished, I did not care to encamp to repair, especially as the camels, with the tool chest, by a mistake of the gentleman having charge, had been carried many miles beyond the place I had intended for them; thus, to our regret, separating our party a considerable distance, as they had with them all that remained of our rations.

October 17. At daylight we were at work, and, passing down an arroyo making out of the mountains, encountered a short hill of not over fifty yards, which, on account of the arroyo running through a narrow chasm, we were forced to cross, in order to get back into the arroyo again lower down. The passage of this hill which we were obliged to work down cost us nearly all the morning. Once over this, we descended the dry bed of the arroyo rapidly. Here the Indians began to pour in upon us from the Mohave villages. First, two or three, and then by dozens. They were a fine-looking, comfortable, fat and merry set; naked excepting a very small piece of cotton cloth around the waist, and, though barefooted, ran over the sharp rock and pebbles as easily as if shod with iron. We were soon surrounded on all sides by them. Some had learned a few

words of English from trafficking with the military posts two hundred and fifty miles off, and one of them saluted me with: "God damn my soul eyes. How de do! How de do."

A few miles down the arroyo the growth of a patch of cottonwoods and willows announced the presence of springs; but we did not wait to examine, though some of the party found water there. Shortly after we left the arroyo, and coming out on the left bank, followed an excellent Indian trail leading us directly to the river.

Night overtook us a mile before we reached the river. The plain over [76] which we passed bore neither wood, water, nor grass, so that our camp was a rough one, and only enlivened by the Indians who brought some pumpkins, which we purchased, and baking them, we made an excellent supper. Weather during the day has been warm, and the soil barren.

The distance made today has been about eight miles, on a course nearly west.

October 18. This morning the mules were sent off before daybreak to water. We had tried ineffectually to get them to the river last night, but found it impossible on account of the brush wood.

Camp is crowded with Indians again this morning, some bringing melons, others corn, and others beans, &c., to trade for old clothes, worn out shirts, handkerchiefs, or almost anything of ours they fancy. They are shrewder at a bargain, though, than our men, whose keen appetites cannot bear the delay necessary to a successful trade. The watermelons, cantaloupes, and pumpkins, are of excellent flavor and fair size.

In the river bottom, which is several miles wide, and of very rich soil, we found grass and wood in great abundance. Trading with the Indians, in a day we had secured a hundred bushels of corn and beans, pumpkins, watermelons, and cantaloupes, to last us to the settlements. Here my journey, as far as the road is concerned, terminated. My instructions directing me, in the event of a want of provisions, to proceed to Fort Tejon and procure them there.

Crossing my wagons over the river on the common air beds which I had brought for the purpose, and the use of which I recommend to others, I followed the United States surveyor's trail from the river to Los Angeles, my wagons and train taking the right-hand road, and coming directly from the Mohave to the Fort Tejon. Here I remained until about the 1st of January, when I commenced my winter journey homeward, arriving at the Colorado January 23, 1858.

Saturday, January 23, 1858. We reached the Colorado river early in the morning, having encamped in a rain-storm the night previous a few miles from it. Shortly after leaving camp, my clerk, F. E. Kerlin, who with two of my party had been despatched the day previous in order to have my boat ready for crossing, was seen returning. Various surmises were immediately started as to the cause, and as soon as he was within speaking distance he was questioned eagerly for the news. He gave us a joyful surprise by the information that the steamer *General Jesup*, Captain Johnson, was at the crossing waiting to convey us to the opposite side. It is difficult to conceive the varied emotions with which this news was received. Here, in a wild, almost unknown country, inhabited only by savages,

the great river of the west, hitherto declared unnavigable, had, for the first time, borne upon its bosom that emblem of civilization, a steamer. The enterprise of a private citizen had been rewarded by success, for the future was to lend its aid in the settlement of our vast western territory. But alas! for the poor Indians living on its banks and rich meadow lands. The rapid current which washes its shores will hardly pass more rapidly away. The steam whistle of the *General Jesup* sounded the death knell of the river race.

[77] Accompanying Captain Johnson, was Lieutenant White, of the United States army, and fifteen soldiers as an escort, which, with as many rugged mountain men, and the steamer as a fort, made a dangerous party to meddle with.

In a few minutes after our arrival the steamer came alongside the bank, and our party was transported at once, with all our baggage, to the other side. We then swam the mules over, and bidding Captain Johnson good-bye, he was soon steaming down the river towards Fort Yuma, three hundred and fifty miles below. I confess I felt jealous of his achievement, and it is to be hoped the government will substantially reward the enterprising spirit which prompted a citizen, at his own risk and at great hazard, to undertake so perilous and uncertain an expedition.

I had brought the camels with me, and as they stood on the bank, surrounded by hundreds of wild unclad savages, and mixed with these the dragoons of my escort and the steamer slowly revolving her wheels preparatory to a start, it was a curious and interesting picture.

The camels, immediately on my arrival, for the sake of testing their capability of withstanding cold, I had placed

in camp within a few hundred yards of the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and to this date they had lived in two or three feet of snow, fattening and thriving wonderfully all the while. Lately, in a terrible snowstorm, the wagon, carrying provisions to the camp, could proceed no further. The camels were immediately sent to the rescue, and brought the load through the snow and ice to camp, though the six strong mules of the team were unable to extricate the empty wagon.

At the river I bade farewell to Major Blake and the officers who had accompanied me, and the same evening commenced my homeward journey. My object in undertaking a winter journey is to test the practicability of the road surveyed last summer for winter transit. For this purpose I have taken with me a party of twenty men, and hope to reach home in March.

We did not go far the first day, and shall not tomorrow, as I desire a day to regulate my party, and the mules cannot find very good grass for the first forty miles of the road. We encamped in a clump of willows, fifteen miles from the river.

January 24. Started late and crossed the mountain to Murray's springs; the Indians of this side of the mountain, who are not friendly, yelling at us as we passed down the cañon, and showing themselves at a respectful distance on the high bluff on either side.

Grass tolerably good. Willow and mesquite wood plenty. Water is abundant, much more so than when we passed last summer. The weather cold.

January 25. Breakfast at 4 and off at 7. The night was passed without trouble from the Indians, though they shouted at us as we left camp from the hills where we saw

their camp fires, which had been divided from ours by a small intervening ridge. The morning was cold and raw, and a keen easterly wind made walking much more agreeable than riding; accordingly, most of us walked for ten or fifteen miles towards Saevedra's spring. We passed close under Frank Murray's Peak, and, by going around the [78] base, avoided a steep hill which we came over on the previous journey, and which is the only pull for a loaded wagon between Saevedra's spring and the summit of John Howell's Pass.

I am pleased to find how clearly our wagons have defined the road we explored last summer. The Indians have already commenced to follow our broad well beaten trail, and horse, mule, moccasin and bare-footed tracks are quite plenty on the road. At Saevedra's spring we found the greatest abundance of water, and our mules having drunk, we filled our canteens and came on to the end of the "Boys' Pass," and encamped, having made twenty-five miles.

Grass abundant, and wood, though small, in quite sufficient quantities.

I ascended this evening the steep mesa or rocky bluff which forms the pass, and found an extensive table land, stretching in every direction, and covered everywhere with excellent grass.

The latter part of the day pleasant, though the morning was cool.

At noon the barometer was 50°:

January 26. Up at 4 and left camp at 7. Coming out of the "Boys' Pass," we left our wagon trail road, and striking a direct course down the broad and beautiful val-

ley for our former day camp, we travelled until we entered the cañon of our first camp, from Hemphill spring. The valley we have travelled today is one of the most beautiful and extensive on the entire road. It is in extreme length not less than sixty miles, by a width of fifteen, and is filled with the most luxuriant grass in every part. As yet we have only discovered three waters in it, Via's spring, Butler's well, and a small spring at the head of it; but subsequent explorations will doubtless discover more, as there is evidently a number of Indians living in it. Although surrounded by high mountains — Buchanan, Benton, and Harry Edwards' — it is very easy of access and egress from the character of the passes. A large number of deer, antelope, and big horn tracks, show it to be well supplied with game, which, finding abundant grass, probably seek its warmth in winter, and retreat to the neighboring mountains during the heat of summer.

The grass is gramma.

It was my intention to have encamped today at the spring where we sent our horses to water from the Cosmino camp, but arriving in the night we were unable to discover the locality, and having passed Via's spring, Butler's well, and the little one, we were obliged to seek our blankets supperless; but our mules fared well, the grass being excellent, and the cañon smooth, level, and a mile wide.

Thermometer 48° at 8 p.m.

January 27. Determined to lay by and shoe the mules. Up at 4 and found the spring a short distance from us. It is a beautiful one; the water pouring over the rock is received in a basin of some twenty feet diameter and eight or ten deep. Coming down the cañon it lies to the right

hand, where a cañon coming in from the left widens the valley to a beautiful camp full of fine grass. The spring of the first water, on entering the cañon at its commencement, is three or four miles above. The weather clear and cool. Thermometer 50° at noon.

[79] This morning, at 2 o'clock, we had a skirmish with the Indians. We lost one mule, killed with arrows, and another badly wounded.

At 2 o'clock thermometer 30°.

Two of the Indians who attacked us last night were slain this morning.

January 28. Up at 4 and off at 6.30. Left Truxton's spring, travelled up the cañon by White Rock spring, and entered the wide valley leading to Hemphill's spring.

There is snow on the ground in patches which are rapidly passing away. Leaving our road at the head of the valley, we took a course nearly east, through some low hills covered with fine grass, and encamped among some cedars near the valley into which we entered by Dornin's Pass.

Gamma grass abundant.

Thermometer at sun down 45°.

A few Indian tracks seen today.

January 29. Up at 4 o'clock and off at 6.30. The night pleasant. At midnight the thermometer was 36°, and at noon 76°. We rode all day in our shirt sleeves. Crossed some easy hills, through a fine forest of cedar and a little piñon pine. Grass everywhere abundant. By crossing the low hills we came directly east and entered the broad valley opposite Tucker's Pass, bearing straight for Dornin's Pass, and keeping along the foot of the hills which we passed some distance to our left as we were going over, and

which form the boundary on that side of the valley into which both Dornin's and Tucker's Passes enter. We found some snow on the hills, but not enough to cover the ground, except where it had drifted. In the valley there was none. Encamped among the cedars at Dornin's Pass. Grass luxuriant and green. Saw a large band of antelope, and killed some rabbits. Indian tracks have been seen today, but old, probably a week.

Thermometer at sun-down 65° , at 8 p.m. 39° .

January 30. Up at 2 and off at 3. The morning bright and clear. At daybreak the thermometer 31° . We found no snow on the road, and but very little at Worley's cañon, or Smith's spring, where the water was abundant and grass excellent. Encamped in a grove of cedar trees, with which the country hereabouts is covered. Here I determined to pass the day, as we had yesterday a fatiguing march, and our mules want rest.

It is pleasant to see our old camps again, and to recall the anxious hours we passed at them when in doubt as to what we were to find ahead of us. At present we are under Floyd's Peak, which, for so long a time on our previous journey was our landmark in returning from our exploring expeditions, and its snow-capped summit looks as pleasant now as the face of an old friend.

At noon the sun was bright and warm, and the thermometer at 75° .

January 31. Up at 4 and off at 6. Travelled directly east from Alexander's cañon, in which we found abundance of water, and left our road at that place and travelled in a straight line for San Francisco mountain, the snow-covered peak of which made an excellent guide. Our way to-

day has been over a country of great beauty, and exceedingly rich in grass and cedar timber. The face of the country is undulating, and the landscape most pleasing to the eye. Passed large tracts of land, on which we found a red sandstone, apparently fit for building purposes without any further labor than selecting the size of the stone required. The surface is flat, smooth, and shiny, and enough of it to build a dozen towns without making any apparent diminution of its quantity. All day long we have found abundance of water in every little hollow. These streams and holes I do not suppose are permanent, but caused by recent rains and snows, spots and patches of the latter being still upon the ground.

Thermometer, at 4 a.m., 31°; at noon, 61°; at 3 p.m., 61°; at sundown, 50°.

Encamped in a cedar grove. Grass abundant. Weather bright, clear, and cloudless.

February 1. Up at 4 and off at 6. Passed a rolling country in a direct line for Mount Sitgreaves, and so heavily covered with cedar and piñon that our progress was constantly retarded by the trees. The hills and valleys are covered with bunch and gramma grass. Crossing some fine valleys, the only places we found free of a dense growth of cedar, we came at 2 upon a dim trail almost invisible, which, from the occasional marks of a wheel tire having scraped a rock, and a bush here and there crushed and broken, I took to be Whipple's. Following this a short distance, we came to a tank in the rocks, which I supposed was the Lava spring of Whipple. The grass being excellent, and water and wood plenty, I encamped here. The day has been warm and bright.

Thermometer at noon, 71°.

I determined this morning to come in a direct line to San Francisco, and therefore shall leave Breckenridge spring to our left. From an elevation we saw Mount Thorburn in the plain far below us, and the most prominent object in that quarter, in fact, on the whole road, with the exception of Floyd's Peak and San Francisco. We saw very many deer and antelope tracks. Snow only occasionally in small patches where sheltered by the cedars and pine.

After noon the travelling generally became laborious from the softness of the ground, so that we make but short day's journeys.

February 2. Up at 4 and off at 6. After travelling a mile we came to a large tank in the rocky cañon, which, from the sign about it of camp fires, I knew to be Whipple's lava spring. From this point I determined to go south of Mount Sitgreaves, and by that means to Leroux's spring in a straight line. We passed over a fine country — rolling hills and timbered land — and found no snow until we reached the summit of the plateau at the greatest altitude over which we passed it last summer. Here, on the foot of the mountain, it had drifted for probably twelve inches in height. The travelling being laborious, I encamped near where we made our day camp, after leaving Leroux's springs, last summer. Shortly after leaving Lava spring, in which there was abundance of water, we came to New Year's spring, which was also full, and in a mile or two more entered the noble forest of San Francisco. The old mountain covered with snow, relieved by [81] the dark green patches of pine, and the plain at its base, with its black forest of gigantic timber, presents a beautiful sight as the sun is setting this evening.

Thermometer at noon, 39°. At sundown under the shelter of the mountain, 46°.

Leaving the plain, which was covered with snow, we sought shelter under a spur of Sitgreaves' mountain for a camp and found a warm corner and plenty of grass and timber.

February 3. Up at 4 and off at 7. Found the snow from a foot on the level to eighteen inches in drifts. Put all men, excepting enough to drive the train, on foot ahead to break the road. The leader was changed every few hundred yards and came behind to the end of the line, nevertheless it was tedious work as the snow was just hard enough on top to break through at each step. This lasted for three miles, after which we had no trouble. After travelling all day through the beautiful forest of pine which covers the country, at four in the evening came to our old camp at Leroux's spring. At this pretty spring, which breaks out of the side of San Francisco mountain and runs four hundred yards into the valley, we found, as everywhere else, the southern exposure of the mountain entirely free of snow and covered with fine grass. Here we encamped for the night. At daybreak, thermometer, 29°, at noon, 36°; at sunset, 31°. A keen and cutting northwest wind all day, filling the air with fine snow, or what the Canadians call pondice.

February 4. My birth-day.

Up at 4, but did not get off before 8, the animals having good grass and the previous day's journey having been a fatiguing one.

Directly after leaving Leroux's spring the snow commenced getting lighter, and broad bare patches to appear

by the time we had reached San Francisco spring, which we passed but did not go to. It had become so light and so little of it that the travelling became easy. After coming twelve miles we encamped at our old noon camp, the grass being excellent; and, moreover, I knew I could not go further than Walnut creek the next day, or between there and the Little Colorado; there is no wood, which is very necessary to one's comfort these cold nights. Our camp is a beautiful one this evening; a clear space of three miles around and skirted with lofty pine trees. We amused ourselves, as we strolled through the pine forest this morning, in shooting squirrels, which are abundant here and of a very beautiful species. Their ears are tufted and very long, the back a beautiful rich brown with silver gray on the sides and white on the belly.

At 4 a.m., thermometer 20°; at noon, 48°; at 3 p.m., 57°.

The day has been calm, cloudless, and very pleasant.

February 5. Up at 4 and off at 6.30. Still travelling through the forest we came at noon to Cosmino caves. The snow for the latter part of the morning scarce, and even in the drifts and patches where it did exist light and thin.

Encamped about a quarter of a mile below the caves, where we camped in travelling west last summer. If any one should ever follow our trail, it must be remembered that the water at this point is [82] not that found at our wagon camp at the caves, although that is generally sufficient, but in an immense tank a quarter of a mile or so below. This singular tank in the rock is from eight to ten feet in depth, about twenty feet in width, and seventy feet

in length at this time, and I presume is lower now than at any other season of the year. An excellent entrance for animals is found at its lower extremity. Cutting the ice, which was a foot thick on the surface, the sun only reaching it at noon for a moment or two, our animals drank plentifully, and after eating dinner we again started on our journey. The grass here is the best gramma and very abundant. Timber in the greatest abundance; cedar, pine, and piñon. The day very warm, calm, and clear. Indian horse and foot tracks seen on the trail all day and last night near camp. Entirely out of the snow, it being only visible on the distant hill tops.

Thermometer at midnight, 18° ; at 4 a.m., 18° ; at noon, 67° ; at midnight, 22° .

February 6. Up at 3 and off at 4.30 a.m. Shortly after sunrise came to Walnut creek, where we stopped for breakfast. Water not so plentiful as when we passed here outward bound. The grass very fine; no snow at all. The morning calm, clear, and cold. Walked from camp to Walnut creek. After breakfasting I determined to remain all day, as we found more water than we at first thought; more than sufficient for all our animals and camp purposes.

Examined the ancient ruins near here. We found one house in which the floor had been laid in adobe. The ground was covered for many acres with pottery, and some fine arrow heads were found near the ruins. Looking more closely we discovered that what we at first took for piles of loose stones and earth were the ruins of houses, in one of which we could trace five distinct rooms separated by what remained of the partition walls. Behind one of these the ground on stamping gave forth a hollow sound; but

having no pickaxe with us, we could not investigate the cause.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 27°; at noon, 70°; at sundown, 37°.

February 7. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m. We came to the Little Colorado at noon, and encamped a few miles above our old camp. We found the river very much lower than when we passed in September, though from the ground it was evident much rain had fallen lately.

The weather is warm and pleasant though a good breeze is blowing from the westward.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 33°; at noon, 67°.

February 8. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m. Soon after starting we left the river and followed our old cut off, and passing the holes where we watered last fall, and which we found equally full today, we came soon after to the little stream which we found running when we passed it the first time. Here we found abundance of water, but not running as formerly. Crossing the playa, through which the water runs off, and leaving the road to our right hand, we entered a small cañon in which we found plenty of grass, shelter from the wind, and a considerable quantity of brushwood, where we encamped.

The day has been rather disagreeable, and a stiff breeze (double reefed topsail) blowing in our faces, with an overcast sky, has made it the most uncomfortable day we have had on the road.

[83] Thermometer at 4 a.m., 25°; at noon, 58°; at sundown, 45°.

February 9. Up at 4 and off at 6. After leaving camp a short distance we came upon a fresh trail of Indians, which

we followed as far as Davis' creek — thirteen miles. Here I crossed the river. Davis' creek is much fuller than when we passed, and the river is rising.

Last night the wind blew half a gale, and though the morning was calm it is now blowing fresher than ever. Fortunately we have abundance of timber, and the cotton wood on the river makes a good lee for us.

Found some fine ducks in ponds near the river, of which I killed two.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 31°; at noon, 58°; at sundown, 45°.

February 10. Up at 4 and off at 7 a.m. Travelling up the river, and passing two of our old camps, we encamped near Cottonwood Fork, in sight of Mount Whipple, San Francisco mountain being hull down to the westward. Found a good camp, where some cedars and cottonwoods grow, near the river bank. The day has been cloudy, with rain this evening and a prospect of it all night long. Passed two old Indian trails — nothing fresh.

Thermometer at noon, 31°; at sundown, 45°.

February 11. Up at 5 and off at 7.30. It rained on us all night in drizzling showers, as well as some little this morning. The day raw and squally, with heavy clouds.

After travelling eight miles we left the river at the mouth of the Puerco. The more I see of the Little Colorado the better I like it. The stream is of the size of the Gila, but to be likened to that fresh water abomination in nothing else. The soil seems fertile and bears good meadow grass in all parts, while the plains, extending from its banks as far as one can see, are covered with rich gramma grass. The growth of timber in the bottom is in places very heavy

and almost entirely cottonwood, but on the left bank, a mile or two from the river, cedar is abundant along the whole length of the stream. All who are with me, and who have been raised in the south, declare it to be excellent tobacco and cotton land. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the culture of these products to give an opinion, but for stock of all kinds I should say that a better country is not within the United States. We found Cottonwood Fork running a brisk but muddy stream, and also the Puerco. Travelling up the latter river we encamped, a mile from our old camp, in abundant and excellent gramma and bunch grass at a half mile distance from the river. The little lagoons between this and the mouth were filled with water.

Thermometer at midnight, 28°; at 4 a.m., 32°; at noon, 54°; at sundown, 45°.

In the evening strolled with Joe Bell over the hills, and found the remains of a house. At another point overlooking the river found quite a number of ruins; apparently all the wood used had become petrified; as usual, a large amount of broken pottery ware, painted in various shapes, was laying around.

February 12. It rained and snowed on us most of the night. This morning, shaking the snow from our blankets, we pursued our road [84] at 8 o'clock, over the rolling plain, between the Puerco and the Xara. The snow passed off so rapidly, that by noon there was scarcely a trace of it to be seen, but the ground became so muddy that it made the travelling of today the hardest on our animals we have experienced during the voyage. At 2 o'clock we encamped on the Xara, having found a good lee under the cliffs, which

bound the stream, and excellent grass and shelter for the animals. Our camp is about a mile below our former one, where we moored as we were going over. Weather squally, with rain, and occasionally spitting snow; wind blowing a gale from the northwest. Found the Xara twenty or thirty yards wide, and about two feet deep.

Thermometer at 5 a.m., 28°; at noon, 45°; at sundown, 42°.

February 13. Up at 4 and off at 7 a.m. Found the stream we had encamped on was not the Xara; crossed the divide, and struck our old trail, where it comes into the Xara, and at 2 o'clock encamped on the Carisso, at our old camp. The travelling very heavy from late rains; found nothing but mud to put our blankets on, but rendered it comfortable by putting down a layer of bushes first. The stream running, and grass good and abundant.

Thermometer at midnight, 31°; at 4 a.m., 28°; at noon, 55°; at sundown, 48°

February 14. Up at 4 and off at 6 a.m. Travelled towards Navajoe spring; found some Indian horses, which we at first thought were strays or lost, we captured them at the Little Cotton Wood creek, half-way to the spring. In the evening, as we approached the spring, we found that many Indians were about, and not knowing whether they were Garroteros or Navajoes, we prepared for war. Just before arriving at the spring, discovered a band of sheep, and from the Indians in charge heard that the large number of savages in the vicinity were Navajoes; watered our animals at the spring, and encamped a couple of miles from it in splendid grass, bunch and gramma. Cedar in abundance all over this country.

February 15. Up at 5 and off at 8 a.m. The Navajoes were in camp early, but unwilling to trade horses. We left them with the promise that they would come over to Jacob's well and trade, we promising to wait until evening for them. Jacob's well I have previously described. It is the greatest curiosity of the kind I have ever seen. A third of a mile in circumference, a hundred yards in depth, and at the bottom a pool of water about thirty yards across, and fringed with cedar trees, rushes, and willows. It is descended by a spiral trail leading down the sides, which are of soft, yellow clay. Thermometer at 4 a.m., 25°; at noon, 75°.

February 16. Up at 4 and off at 7 a.m. Met two Indians on the road, whom we supposed to be Garroteros. At noon came in sight of Zuñi, and encamped near the town.

Thermometer at midnight, 38°; at 4 a.m., 25°; at noon, 58°.

February 17. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m. Passing the Pueblo of Zuñi, we went a few miles beyond and encamped. Here I bought corn, of which these Indians have plenty, for our mules. They were all in great trouble, the Navajoes having stolen one hundred and fifty of their horses.

[85] Here I parted with Sergeant Armstrong and the soldiers who had been with me so long. They were all excellent men, and I parted with them with great regret. I sent them back from this place to Fort Defiance, having hired of the Indians burros for their transportation.

Thermometer at midnight, 39°; at 4 a.m., 27°; at noon, 52°.

February 18. Up at 4 and off at 5.30. Travelled by a very pretty valley to Ojo Pescada, which is one of the fin-

est springs we have seen, and the land exceedingly fertile. The valley is reached by the trail from Zuñi, so gradually ascending as to seem a level road to the eye, though the elevation attained is considerable. The spring bursts a lively brook from under the rocks, and runs a bold stream at this season beyond Zuñi. Here the fine wheat of the Zuñians is principally raised, and the stubble remaining on the imperfectly cultivated patches, show clearly the natural resources of this beautiful valley.

Timber of both pine and cedar is abundant, and everywhere the richest grass covers the ground.

In the evening we came on by a beautiful, undulating country to the night camp, which we made in some cedars. The day has been warm and delightful, and the evening mild and clear.

There is a fine valley with a bold stream of water running through it, which may be reached by going three miles to the westward, across the mesa, at the Ojo Pescada. This whole country, with the exception of the valleys, which are clear and open, is covered with a dense growth of timber — cedar and pine.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 26°; at noon, 60°.

February 19. Up at 3 and off at 5 a.m. One would have to deal in superlatives altogether to describe the beauty of the country through which we have passed this morning. When at 9 a.m. we reached Inscription rock, I was tired of exclaiming, as every hundred yards opened some new valley, "how beautiful." The rock itself seems to be a centre from which radiates valleys in all directions, and of marvellous beauty. It rises grandly from the valley, and the tall pines growing at its base give out long before they reach

the top of its precipitous face. Inscriptions, names, and hieroglyphics cover the base, and among the names are those of the adventurous and brave Spaniards who first penetrated and explored this country, with dates as far back as 1620. The race has long ago passed away, and left no representative of Spanish blood behind them. Those with us looked with listless indifference at the names of the great men of their nation, and who had made it famous centuries ago, cut by themselves upon this rock, and turned off to take charge of the mules, which is about all even the best of them are fit for.

The rock is some three or four hundred feet in height, and the spring almost hidden in the cavity of it; the face is perpendicular. The valley is ten miles in width, rolling but not hilly, and dotted over with clumps of pine and groves of cedar. A thick forest of pine covers the mountain, which defines the limits of the valley.

In the same valley with "Inscription rock" (as the name has been changed from the pretty old Spanish one of "El Moro") are, as I am informed by a Mexican of my party well acquainted with the country [86], four fine waters. The first, a large tank called El ojo del Trinidad, bears north northeast from this spring, and is two leagues distant. The next is the rivulet of the Muertas (so called because of some people having been killed by the Indians), bearing north northwest, or northwest, and ten miles distant. The next, the rivulet of La Savoya, bearing northwest by north, or west northwest, and twelve miles distant. The fourth is Los Nutinas, which is the largest, and bears west by north, and is fourteen miles distant.

On the summit of the rocks are ancient ruins, the walls

of which are four feet in thickness. They are square, one hundred and seventeen yards in front. To the west the mouth of a natural inclosure opens into the heart of the rock, containing within its walls from twenty to thirty acres of level land, and growing in it the finest pine timber. The sides are from one to two hundred feet in height. The ground is covered with fine grass, and the whole may be closed by a wall or fence of thirty-five or forty yards length. Leaving this beautiful place with regret, we travelled up the valley some miles further, through a country of the same character, and encamped for the night.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 28°; at noon, 70°; at sundown, 32°.

February 20. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m. All the morning passing through a fine open forest of tall pine, with extensive open glades and meadows at short distances. At noon we came to the beautiful valley of the Agua Frio. It is not very large, but is the finest we have yet seen. Its length is about five miles by one and a half in width. The stream issuing out of the head of it is clear and cold, but does not run over a mile before it sinks. The soil is exceedingly rich, and the hills bounding it covered with pine, and among the trees, which are not thick or scrubby, the finest grass. We had at this point crossed the Rocky mountains, but our passage had been through a country of such beauty that we could scarcely recognize, in the fairy land we had been travelling in, these rugged barriers, as they have been considered, to our westward progress in civilization. The temperature of the weather at the summit was delightful. The sun clear and bright. The trees green and luxuriant, and nothing but here and there a patch of snow reminded us that the winter was not yet passed.

Descending gradually by a most pleasant trail through beautiful valleys, and without crossing a hill, we came to our night camp, in a fine grove, where we found a fine pool of water and abundance of grass. As for the latter, that may be found everywhere. In the evening a stiff breeze blew up from the westward. It was a free wind, however, and we bowled off before it handsomely. Thermometer at 4 a.m., 30°; at noon, 50°; at sundown, 30°.

For a better description of the country through which we have been passing for the last three days, I refer to the very interesting report of Captain Simpson, United States army.

February 21. Up at 4 and off at 5 a.m. Still descending gradually over a fine country we came to the Gallo. Crossed many streams of lava, which appear to have rolled in a fiery torrent just as a mountain stream from the hills. Crossing the rough face of this, we encamped at 10 near our old place on the Fort Defiance road, having been absent seven months. Here my labors ended; the main road to Fort [87] Defiance being intersected at this point by that which I have explored and surveyed to Fort Tejon, California.

Thermometer at 4 a.m., 35°; at noon, 77°.

A year in the wilderness ended! During this time I have conducted my party from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and back again to the eastern terminus of the road, through a country for a great part entirely unknown, and inhabited by hostile Indians, without the loss of a man. I have tested the value of the camels, marked a new road to the Pacific, and travelled 4,000 miles without an accident.

Part V
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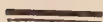
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